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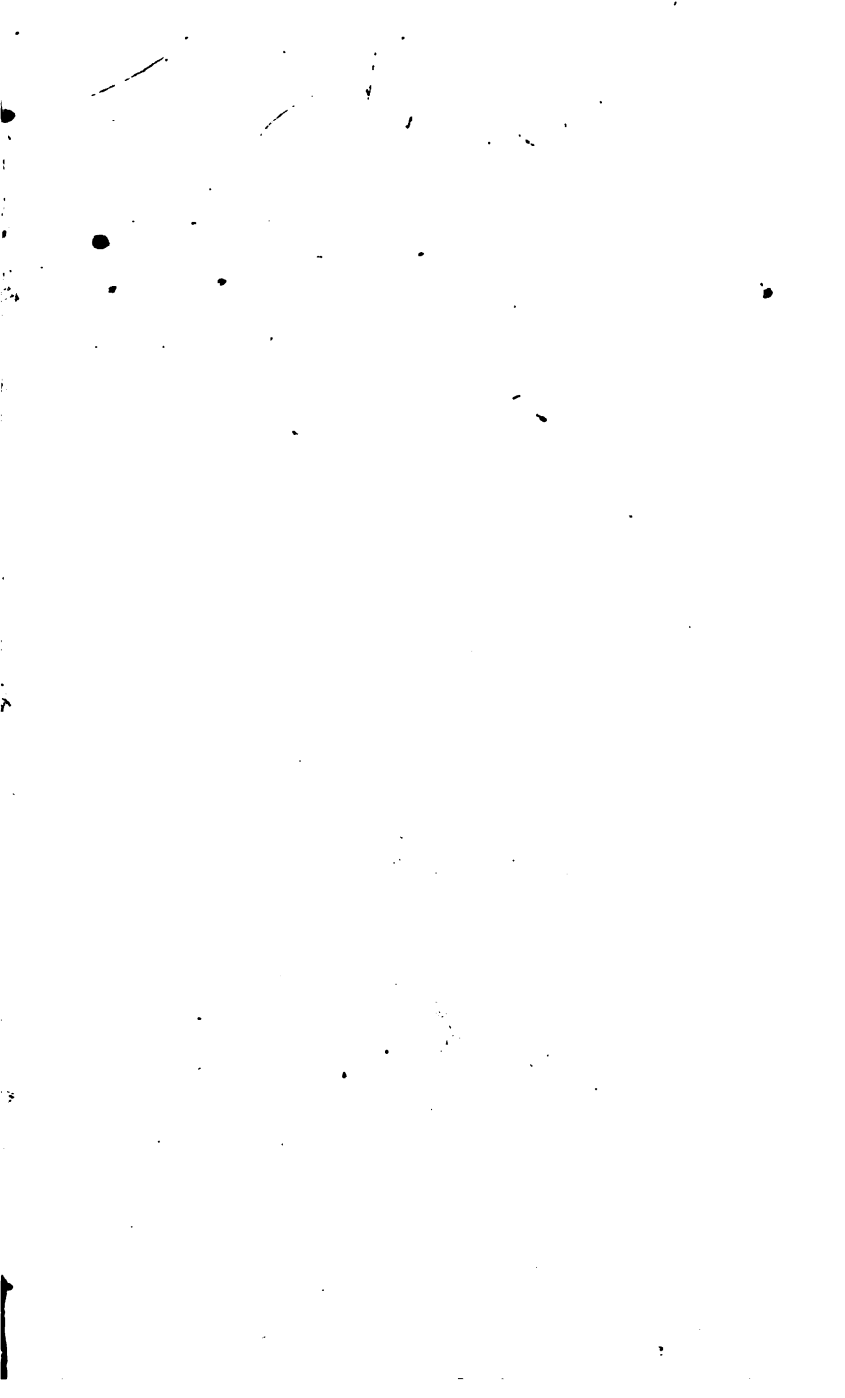
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REVISED EDITION.

THE

FOURTH READER

OR

EXERCISES IN READING AND SPEAKING.

DESIGNED

FOR THE HIGHER CLASSES

IN OUR

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

BY SALEM TOWN, L. L. D.

PORTLAND:
PUBLISHED BY SANBORN & CARTER,
1853.

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PREFACE.

IMPROVEMENT is characteristic of the present age; and especially is this true in respect to the preparation of school books. The author, therefore, has no apology to offer, for presenting this revised edition of his former Third Reader, with its present title, except that he desired to make such additions and improvements as would be calculated to render it more permanently useful.

That philosophy which teaches us to follow in the beaten path, because it is most familiar, is erroneous; since its tendency is to put an end to all progress in knowledge.

A primary object, in presenting this work, has been to furnish a thorough and systematic course of reading, and to lead our youth to a more careful and critical study of its principles. The author believes that *reading* is a science founded upon *principles* peculiar to the constitution of man — that the principles of *good* reading are as unchangeable as those of the natural sciences. If, therefore, these principles are not perfectly understood and correctly applied, it is not from any imperfection in them, but from a want of knowledge and experience on our part.

As aids in carrying out the plan of this book, the most popular works upon elocution have been consulted. The first part consists of rules and observations, with pertinent and copious examples to illustrate them. These are presented as clear and brief a manner as possible, so as not to weary the learner by their prolixity, nor embarrass him by their philosophical minuteness.

The course commences at the very foundation of elocution — the elementary sounds of the language — and gradually advances through all the departments of vocal culture, to the most intricate principles of elegant reading and speaking.

The views of Dr. Porter, the great pioneer in this department of learning, and author of the *Rhetorical Reader*, have generally been adopted, while, at the same time, the deficiencies found in that excellent work — which doubtless would have been supplied, had the author lived — have not been overlooked in this.

The subject of expression, which is very often omitted in reading books, is made a prominent topic, and such principles have been presented, and

examples selected, as it is thought, cannot fail to show how much beauty and force may be given to reading by a proper expression, adapted to the sentiment of the language which is read.

The correct reading of poetry is so important an attainment—indeed, so elegant an accomplishment, and so frequently neglected, or, if attended to, so imperfectly understood—that the author has made it a subject of special attention, and entered briefly into its metrical structure. By a little study, the learner may become familiar with the most common forms of English verse, and by a little exercise in scanning it, be able to appreciate all the beauties of harmonic compositions.

In order to make a more general application of the rules, the second part is composed of selections embracing a great variety of style, from the simple, unimpassioned narrative, to that of the most dignified and sublime. These selections offer choice exercises for almost every kind of modulation; and frequent reference is also made from them, to the rules in the first part, by which the most essential elocutionary principles are drawn out, and impressed on the mind.

Another object, in presenting this work, has been a desire to improve the literary taste of the learner, to impress correct moral principles, and augment his fund of knowledge. The selections have been made from the best writers in the language, and are distinguished for elegance of diction and classical style. Every expression which would have a tendency to vitiate the taste, has been rejected.

It is believed, also, that the moral sentiment of the pieces is of the highest order. The English Reader, a book preëminent for purity of style and sentiment, has, in this respect, been imitated.

Care has been taken to explain by notes, at the bottom of the page, all difficult terms, historical and classical allusions, and proper names. It is presumed that many advantages will be derived from these, both on account of the historical information they contain, and as affording a better understanding of what is read. Indeed, it is in vain to think of reading any piece well, without an understanding of the subject.

S. TOWN.

NOTE TO TEACHERS. — As to the manner of using this work, every teacher will of course exercise his own judgment. The author, however, would suggest, that the class, on taking it up, commence with part first, and carefully study the definition and rules of each chapter, with the examples under them; at the same time, further illustrating each rule separately, by the general exercises following the chapter in which the rule is found.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

| | PAGE. | | PAGE. |
|--|-------|--|-------|
| ARTICULATION, | 9 | Monotone, | 34 |
| Table of Elements, | 10 | Class Exercises for Reading, under Rules for Inflection, | 37—50 |
| Table of Substitutes, | 11 | MODULATION, | 50 |
| Table of Combinations, | 12 | Pitch, | 51 |
| Exercises for Articulation, | 13 | Quantity, | 51 |
| ACCENT, | 15 | Movement, | 52 |
| EMPHASIS, | 16 | Class Exercises, | 52—66 |
| Absolute Emphasis, | 18 | Transition, | 66 |
| Antithetic Emphasis, | 20 | Personation, | 62 |
| Emphatic Clause, | 20 | RHETORICAL PAUSE, | 63 |
| Absolute Emphatic Clause, | 21 | Class Exercises under Modulation and Rhetorical Pause, | 64—66 |
| Antithetic Emphatic Clause, | 21 | Reading Poetry, | 68 |
| Class Exercises on Emphasis, | 22 | Harmonic Pauses, | 70 |
| INFLECTION, | 27 | Metrical Accent, | 71 |
| Rising and Falling Inflection, | 28 | Metrical Changes, | 71 |
| Rising Inflection, | 31 | Class Exercises in Poetry, | 73 |
| Falling Inflection, | 33 | | |
| Circumflex, | 35 | | |

PART II.

EXERCISES IN READING.—PROSE.

| LESSON. | | PAGE. |
|---------|---|---------------------------|
| 1. | Preëminence of American Institutions, | <i>Bancroft.</i> 75 |
| 2. | The last Night of the Voyage, | <i>Shaw.</i> 77 |
| 3. | Return and Reception of Columbus, | <i>Irving.</i> 79 |
| 4. | Suffering of the Pilgrims, | <i>Everett.</i> 82 |
| 6. | Westward Movement of Civilization | <i>Morley.</i> 86 |
| 7. | The same Subject, concluded, | " 88 |
| 8. | Fate of the Indians, | <i>Story.</i> 90 |
| 11. | What Young Ladies should read, | <i>Mrs. Sigourney.</i> 96 |
| 12. | What Young Ladies should read, concluded, | " " 98 |
| 13. | Rules for the Attainment of Knowledge, | <i>Watts.</i> 101 |
| 14. | On the Study of History, | 103 |
| 15. | Ancient Rome, | 105 |
| 6. | Same Subject, concluded, | 107 |
| 7. | Herculaneum, | <i>Anon.</i> 109 |
| 8. | Scene in the Burning of Rome by Nero, | <i>Croly.</i> 110 |

| | | |
|---|--------------------|-----|
| 20. Westminster Abbey, | <i>Lester.</i> | 116 |
| 21. Same Subject, continued, | " | 118 |
| 23. Life in Sweden, | <i>Longfellow.</i> | 121 |
| 24. Same Subject, concluded, | " | 123 |
| 25. Labor, | <i>Judson.</i> | 126 |
| 26. Mental Discipline, | <i>Todd.</i> | 128 |
| 28. Exalted Character of Poetry, | <i>Channing.</i> | 133 |
| 29. The Fine Arts, | <i>Dewey.</i> | 134 |
| 30. Physical Education, | <i>Humphrey.</i> | 136 |
| 31. Advantages of Temperance, | <i>Hitchcock.</i> | 137 |
| 32. Astronomy, | <i>Wirt.</i> | 140 |
| 34. Unwritten Music, | <i>Willis.</i> | 145 |
| 35. The Falls of Niagara, | <i>Becher.</i> | 150 |
| 37. The Sea, | <i>Greenwood.</i> | 154 |
| 38. Same Subject, concluded, | " | 156 |
| 39. Wier's Cave, in Virginia, | | 160 |
| 40. Natural Bridge, in Virginia, | | 163 |
| 43. Siege of Calais, | <i>Brooke.</i> | 170 |
| 44. Same Subject, concluded, | " | 172 |
| 45. Rural Life in England, | <i>Irving.</i> | 175 |
| 46. Home, | | 179 |
| 47. The Wife, | <i>Irving.</i> | 180 |
| 48. Eulogy on Washington, | <i>Otis.</i> | 184 |
| 51. Our own Country, | | 190 |
| 52. Same Subject, concluded, | | 194 |
| 55. Lakes and the Ocean, | <i>Mellen.</i> | 200 |
| 56. Scene from Pizarro, | <i>Kotzebue.</i> | 201 |
| 57. Cultivation of Taste for Beauty, | <i>Channing.</i> | 205 |
| 60. The Bereaved Sister, | <i>Anon.</i> | 211 |
| 61. The Burial, | | 215 |
| 62. Sorrow for the Dead, | <i>Irving.</i> | 217 |
| 64. Integrity, | | 222 |
| 65. Hafed's Dream, | <i>Todd.</i> | 224 |
| 66. Same Subject, concluded, | " | 227 |
| 67. Escape from a Panther, | <i>Cooper.</i> | 230 |
| 70. A Ghost Story, | <i>Whittlesey.</i> | 237 |
| 71. Imaginary Dedication, &c., | <i>Ware.</i> | 240 |
| 72. Description of a Herd of Bisons, | <i>Cooper.</i> | 244 |
| 75. The Indian as he was, &c., | <i>Sprague.</i> | 250 |
| 77. Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, | <i>Anon.</i> | 253 |
| 78. Same Subject, concluded, | " | 256 |
| 79. St. Peter's Church, at Rome, | <i>Dewey.</i> | 259 |
| 83. Eruption of the Volcano of Kilauea, | <i>Coan.</i> | 266 |
| 84. A Scene at Sea, | <i>Leggett.</i> | 272 |
| 87. A Scene in the Catskill Mountains, | <i>Mellen.</i> | 283 |
| 88. The Bible, | <i>Judson.</i> | 284 |
| 89. The Blind Preacher, | <i>Wirt.</i> | 286 |
| 91. Benevolence of God, | <i>Chalmers.</i> | 289 |

| | |
|--|-------------------|
| 92. Decisive Integrity, | Wet. 292 |
| 94. Duties of Youth, | Channing. 297 |
| 95. Female Accomplishments, | Hannah More. 301 |
| 96. Female Education, | Story. 302 |
| 97. Female Piety, | Anon. 304 |
| 99. Influence of Superior Minds, | Sprague. 309 |
| 100. Duty of Literary Men to their Country, | Grinks. 310 |
| 101. The Object of Astronomy, | Dick. 312 |
| 102. Number and Magnitude of the Stars, | " 314 |
| 105. Considerations for the Young, | Hunter. 318 |
| 106. The Loss of National Character, | Marcy. 321 |
| 107. Our Obligations as Citizens, | Knowles. 322 |
| 108. The Just Judge, | Anon. 323 |
| 109. Character of Mr. Brougham, | 327 |
| 112. Self-Instruction, | Clark. 331 |
| 113. Washington's Resignation, | Ramsay. 333 |
| 114. One Century after Washington, | 337 |
| 117. Exordium of a Speech, | Webster. 343 |
| 118. Eulogy on Hamilton, | Mason. 345 |
| 119. Lafayette's Last Visit to this Country, | Headley. 346 |
| 121. Eloquence, | 351 |
| 122. Ames' Speech on the British Treaty, | 354 |
| 123. Keeping up Appearances, | 356 |
| 124. Formation of Character, | Mrs. Tuthill. 359 |
| 127. Scotland, | Flagg. 364 |
| 128. The Character of Greene, | Headley. 366 |
| 129. Contribution of the New World to the Old, | Webster. 370 |
| 131. Intellectual Qualities of Milton, | Channing. 375 |
| 134. Extract from President Jefferson's Inaugural Address, | 384 |
| 135. Reflections on the Death of Adams and Jefferson, | Webster. 386 |
| 137. Extract from Emmet's Speech, | 391 |
| 138. In favor of the Greek Revolution, | Clay. 394 |
| 139. Speech of the Earl of Chatham, | 395 |
| 141. Tribute to Washington, | 399 |
| 142. Speech on the Question of War with England, | Patrik Henry. 400 |
| 143. Industry necessary to form the Orator, | Ware. 403 |
| 145. Improvement of Time, | Bonhote. 407 |

POETRY.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------|
| 5. The Pilgrims, | Mrs. Sigourney. 84 |
| 9. The Cherokee's Lament, | Anon. 92 |
| 0. Two Hundred Years Ago, | Mellen. 93 |
| 9. Night in Eden, | Mrs. Evans. 114 |
| 22. Westminster Abbey, | Lester. 120 |
| 27. Ode on Education, | Montgomery. 131 |
| 23. Ursa Major, | Ware. 143 |
| 26. The Gray Forest Eagle, | Street. 153 |
| 41. Mount Monadnock, | Peabody. 168 |

| | | |
|---|-----------------------|-----|
| 42. Sacking of Prague, | <i>Campbell.</i> | 167 |
| 49. Greenough's Washington, | <i>Tuckerman.</i> | 168 |
| 50. Death of Napoleon, | <i>McLellan.</i> | 169 |
| 53. Our Country, | <i>Pabodie.</i> | 197 |
| 54. Union, Liberty, | | 198 |
| 58. Spirit of Beauty, | <i>Dawes.</i> | 208 |
| 59. Virtue, | <i>Akenside.</i> | 209 |
| 63. The Closing of the Year, | <i>Prentice.</i> | 219 |
| 68. Song of the Stars, | <i>Bryant.</i> | 234 |
| 69. To a Star, | <i>Miss Davidson.</i> | 236 |
| 73. Song of the Pilgrims, | <i>Upham.</i> | 243 |
| 74. Western Emigration, | <i>Humphreys.</i> | 249 |
| 76. The Captive Chief, | | 252 |
| 80. Ode to Art, | <i>Sprague.</i> | 263 |
| 81. To the Condor, | <i>Ellet.</i> | 264 |
| 82. The Leaf, | <i>Goodrich.</i> | 265 |
| 85. The Tempest, | <i>Anon.</i> | 277 |
| 86. Lord Ullin's Daughter, | <i>Campbell.</i> | 281 |
| 90. Christian Consolation, | <i>Anon.</i> | 289 |
| 93. Gustavus Vasa, | <i>Brooke.</i> | 293 |
| 98. The Roman Soldier, | <i>Atherstone.</i> | 306 |
| 103. Hymn to the Stars, | | 316 |
| 104. A Summer Shower, | <i>Norton.</i> | 317 |
| 110. Genius Waking, | | 323 |
| 111. Burial of Sir John Moore, | <i>Wolfe.</i> | 330 |
| 115. Song of the Modern Greeks, | <i>Campbell.</i> | 338 |
| 116. Lochiel's Warning, | " | 340 |
| 120. Lament for Lafayette, | | 350 |
| 125. Melancholy, | | 362 |
| 126. To a Sister on the Death of an Only Son, | | 363 |
| 130. Thanatopsis, | <i>Bryant.</i> | 372 |
| 132. Col. Walsingham, | <i>Shaw.</i> | 377 |
| 33. Lines to a Child on his Voyage to France, | | 382 |
| 36. Hamlet's Soliloquy on Life and Death, | <i>Shakespeare.</i> | 390 |
| 40. On Time, | <i>White.</i> | 397 |
| 44. Cato's Speech over his Dead Son, | <i>Addison.</i> | 406 |

PART I.

RULES FOR READING.

GENERAL DIVISIONS.

- | | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| I. ARTICULATION. | IV. INFLECTION. |
| II. ACCENT. | V. MODULATION. |
| III. EMPHASIS. | VI. READING POETRY. |
-

CHAPTER I.

ARTICULATION.

ARTICULATION consists in giving to every letter its appropriate sound, and to every syllable and word a proper and distinctive utterance.

Articulation being the basis of all correct elocution, the beauty and harmony of conversation, of reading, and of oratory, depend perhaps in a greater degree upon this than upon any other principle. The student, therefore, who aspires to the distinction of being a correct and impressive speaker, may be assured that he cannot study it too minutely, or with too untiring perseverance.

Indeed, however readily he may pronounce the words of a sentence, or vary his tones and inflections, he cannot be called an effective and interesting reader or speaker, unless there be joined with these, a clear and distinct enunciation.

To aid him in the attainment of this, the following rules and tables are introduced.

RULE 1. A clear and distinct articulation should be given to the elementary sounds, employed in vocal utterance.

Questions. What are the general divisions of Part First? What is articulation? Of what is it the basis? How should it be studied? What is Rule First?

Table 1.—*Elements.**

| VOCALS. | | | | | |
|-------------|--------|----------|------------|--------|---------|
| Name. | Power. | Element. | Name. | Power. | Element |
| 1 A | Ale | Ā | 21 M | Him | M |
| 2 A | Arm | Ä | 22 N | Run | N |
| 3 A | All | Ā | 23 R | Bur | R |
| 4 A | At | Ä | 24 V | Ev | V |
| 5 E | Eat | Ē | 25 W | Woe | W |
| 6 E | Bet | E | 26 Y | Yet | Y |
| 7 I | Ice | Ī | 27 Z | Buzz | Z |
| 8 I | It | I | 28 Z | Azure | Z |
| 9 O | Ode | Ō | 29 Th | Thy | TH |
| 10 O | Do | Ö | 30 Ng | Sing | Ng |
| 11 O | Ox | O | ASPIRATES. | | |
| 12 U | Sue | Ū | 31 P | Up | P |
| 13 U | Up | U | 32 T | It | T |
| 14 U | Full | Ū | 33 K,C | Ark | K |
| 15 OU | Out | ÖU | 34 Ch | Much | Ch |
| SUB-VOCALS. | | | 35 H | He | H |
| 16 B | Ebb | B | 36 F | If | F |
| 17 D | Odd | D | 37 Wh | When | Wh |
| 18 G | Egg | G | 38 S,C | Sin | S |
| 19 J,G | Jet | J | 39 Sh | Fish | Sh |
| 20 L | Ill | L | 40 Th | Thin | Th |

* This tabular view of elementary sounds is introduced to exercise the pupil in the elements of the language. By most elocutionists they are considered to be forty in number; consisting of vocals, sub-vocals and aspirates.

The class, either individually or in concert, may first pronounce the word containing the element, and then the element itself.

This exercise should be continued, from time to time, until the sounds can be perfectly uttered.

QUESTIONS. For what is the first table introduced? What is its subject? How many and which are vocals? Sub-vocals? Aspirates?

Table 2. — *Substitutes.*

NOTE. The following is a list of letters, or characters, frequently used as substitutes, to represent several of the elements as given in the preceding table. The learner should first name the substitute, then the element it represents and the example in which it is combined.

| Vocal Substitutes. | | | | | Sub-vocal & Aspirate Substitutes. | | | | |
|--------------------|-----|---|-------|---------|-----------------------------------|-----|----|-------|---------|
| ei | for | ā | as in | Vēil | ph | for | f | as in | Phrase |
| ey | " | ā | " | Thēy | gh | " | f | " | Laugh |
| o | " | a | " | Oft | d | " | j | " | Soldier |
| ou | " | a | " | Cough | g | " | j | " | Gem |
| i | " | ē | " | Marīne | c | " | k | " | Cat |
| a | " | e | " | Any | ch | " | k | " | Chord |
| u | " | e | " | Bury | gh | " | k | " | Hough |
| y | " | ī | " | Spy | q | " | k | " | Quart |
| y | " | i | " | Hymn | c | " | s | " | Cent |
| e | " | i | " | English | f | " | v | " | Of |
| o | " | i | " | Women | ph | " | v | " | Stephen |
| u | " | i | " | Busy | c | " | z | " | Suffice |
| ew | " | ō | " | Sew | s | " | z | " | His |
| eau | " | ō | " | Beau | x | " | z | " | Xanthus |
| a | " | o | " | What | n | " | ng | " | Sink |
| ew | " | ū | " | New | c | " | sh | " | Ocean |
| iew | " | ū | " | View | c | " | sh | " | Social |
| e | " | u | " | Hēr | s | " | sh | " | Sure |
| i | " | u | " | Sīr | ch | " | sh | " | Chaise |
| o | " | u | " | Sōn | s | " | sh | " | Passion |
| o | " | u | " | Wōlf | t | " | sh | " | Notion |
| oo | " | ū | " | Wōol | t | " | ch | " | Bastion |
| u | " | w | " | Suasion | s | " | zh | " | Osier |
| i | " | y | " | Onion | x | " | gz | " | Exact |

The following table exhibits at a glance all the elementary combinations known in the language.

The first horizontal line at the top of the table gives the subvocal element *b*, united with every vocal element in the language; as in *bate*, *bar*, *ball*, &c.

In every succeeding horizontal line we have one subvocal or aspirate sound combined with every vocal sound with which it is known to unite.

In each perpendicular line we find that vocal element which is placed at its head, combined with every subvocal and aspirate sound with which it is known to unite.

QUESTIONS. What is the subject of the second table? What are substitutes? What are the substitutes for *a*? — for *e*? — for *i*? &c.

REMARK. This table offers to the teacher a very comprehensive class of combinations upon which he should thoroughly drill his class, in explosive and other exercises in concert and individually, until all are able to utter them perfectly and with facility.

Table 3. — A Synopsis of the Elementary Combinations.

| | ā | ā | ā | a | ā | e | i | i | ō | ō | ū | u | u | ou | ow |
|----|-------|--------|-------|-------|-------|--------|--------|------|--------|----------|-------|--------|---------|--------|----|
| b | bate | bar | ball | bat | be | bet | bite | bit | bolt | boot | brute | but | bush | bow | |
| d | date | dark | dawn | dash | deep | den | dine | din | dome | do | due | dust | padding | down | |
| f | fade | far | fall | fat | feat | fen | fine | fin | foe | food | fume | fun | full | foul | |
| g | gate | garb | gall | gat | geese | get | guide | glib | go | group | glue | glut | sugar | gout | |
| h | hate | hark | hall | hat | he | hen | hive | hit | hole | hoot | hue | hut | hood | how | |
| j | jane | jar | jaw | jam | jeer | jet | gibe | jib | joke | jot | june | just | | ounce | |
| k | kale | carl | kaw | cat | key | ken | kite | kit | coke | croup | cue | cull | could | cow | |
| l | lade | lark | law | lad | lee | let | line | lit | lone | lose | lute | lull | full | loud | |
| m | mate | mar | mail | mat | me | met | mine | mix | mote | move | mute | nut | | mount | |
| n | nape | nard | gnaw | nap | need | net | nine | nit | note | noose | nude | nut | | noun | |
| p | pate | par | pall | pat | pete | pet | pine | pin | pole | prove | pale | par | pull | pout | |
| r | rate | raft | raw | rat | reel | rest | ripe | rip | rope | roast | rule | rot | | roul | |
| s | sate | salve | saw | sat | see | set | sile | sit | sole | soup | sue | sup | pass | south | |
| t | tame | tar | tall | tan | teem | ten | tine | tui | tone | too | tune | tan | put | town | |
| v | vane | vast | vault | van | veer | vex | wine | will | vote | wool | | vulgar | | vouch | |
| w | wave | waft | wall | wax | we | wet | wine | wit | wove | woo | won | would | | wound | |
| y | yate | yarn | yawl | yam | yo | yet | zeal | zinc | yoke | yoze | yule | yug | | | |
| z | gaze | czar | gauze | adz | zes | zed | size | zing | zone | zocco | zunic | buzz | | | |
| ch | chain | char | chalk | chap | cheer | check | chime | chin | choke | cartouch | chub | chuse | butcher | chouse | |
| ng | | | | sang | | | thrill | sing | | song | sung | | | | |
| th | thane | lath | thaw | thank | three | thrift | thrive | thin | throne | tooth | truth | thrust | | mouth | |
| th | lath | father | that | thaw | those | then | thine | with | these | poth | thus | thus | | thou | |
| sh | sharp | sharp | shawl | shall | she | shed | shine | shin | shoal | shot | sure | shut | should | about | |
| wh | whole | | wharf | whack | wheel | when | white | whit | whop | | | whur | | | |

† C hard is the same element as k, c soft the same as s, and g soft as j. † The power of sh.

* Worcester regards the sound of a in the words *raft*, *vast*, *waft*, *lath*, and *lather*, intermediate between that of a in *fat*, and a in *far*.

|| In the words *brute*, *rule*, *truth*, *sure*, Worcester sounds the u the same as o in *move*.

QUESTIONS. What is the subject of Table Third? With what does the subvocal ā in the second horizontal line combine?—d in the third, &c.? With what does the first element of a combine in the second perpendicular column? Second element of a in the third, &c.?

RULE 2. The sound of the subvocals and aspirates, especially when used as the final letter, or letters of a word, should not be slurred nor suppressed.

EXAMPLES.

| | | | |
|---------|---------|-----------|------------|
| decks | hadst | shrink'st | return'st |
| cents | whiffs | depths | return'dst |
| sing'st | sticks | startl'st | reason'dst |
| nests | nerv'st | twists | precincts |
| mists | bask'st | lov'st | thank'dst |
| posts | acts | writh'st | instincts |
| starts | didst | eighths | troubl'dst |
| lists | sifts | waft'st | drivel'dst |
| gar'st | sixths | curb'st | mangl'dst |
| baths | tuf'st | robb'dst | wak'n'st |
| sitt'st | trusts | whelm'dst | bridl'dst |
| silks | crests | fetch'dst | hobbl'dst |
| saidst | ask'st | turn'dst | stiff'dst |
| coasts | sang'st | nestles | bubbl'dst |
| sects | thanks | puzzl'st | walk'dst |

NOTE 1. An imperfect utterance of the subvocals or aspirates sometimes perverts the meaning.

EXAMPLES.

Who ever imagined such *an* ocean to exist?

Who ever imagined such *a* notion to exist?

He can debate *on* either side of the question.

He can debate *on* neither side of the question.

That *lasts* till night.

That *last* still night.

The magistrates ought to prove it.

The magistrate sought to prove it.

They wandered over *wastes* and deserts.

They wandered over *waste* sand deserts.

QUESTIONS. What is Rule Second? In which divisions of the alphabet are the italicized letters in the examples classed? What is Note First? What letter is imperfectly uttered in the first example? In the second, &c.?

NOTE 2. The immediate succession of similar sounds, and the collision* of open vocals, occasion difficult utterance.

EXAMPLES.

For Christ's sake. The youth *hates study*.
 The *beasts straggled* through the *wastes and forests*.
 The steadfast *stranger* in the *forests strayed*.
 The barren *wastes still stole* upon his view.
 He *twists the texts* to suit the several *sects*.
 The *heights, depths and breadths* of the subject.
 He sawed *six sleek, slim saplings* in twain.
 Thou *stumbl'st on amidst* the *mists*.
 Rough winter *rudely rends* the *robes* of autumn.
 Up the high hill *he heaves* a huge round stone.
 Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire.

When a *twister*, a *twisting*, will *twist* him a *twist*,
 For *twisting* his *twist* he three *twines* doth *intwist*;
 But if one of the *twines* of the *twist* doth *untwist*,
 The *twine* that *untwisteth*, *untwisteth* the *twist*.

NOTE 3. Remoteness of accent occasions much difficulty in utterance.

EXAMPLES.

Commu'nica'tory. Unrea'sonableness. Per'emptorily. Disin'terestedness. Per'emptoriness. Practicableness. Inex'plicableness. Authóritatively. Inex'orableness.

RULE 2. The sounds of unaccented letters, or syllables, should not be perverted nor improperly suppressed, but fully and correctly uttered.

EXAMPLES.

1. SUPPRESSION OF A LETTER. *Mornin* for *morning*; *thousan* for *thousand*; *harves* for *harvest*; *prvent* for *prevent*; *prmote* for *promote*; *gospl* for *gospel*; *latn* for *latin*.

* In the Greek and French languages a subvocal or aspirate is frequently inserted to prevent the meeting of two vocals.

QUESTIONS. What is Note Second? What sounds are similar in the first example? in the second, &c.? What is Note Third? What is Rule Third? What three faults are noted under this rule? Give an example of each.

2. **PERVERTING A LETTER OR SYLLABLE.** *Popelous* for *populous*; *singelar* for *singular*; *regelar* for *regular*; *elemunt* for *element*; *gentilemun* for *gentleman*; *chickun*, for *chicken*; *reluctunt* for *reluctant*; *evidunce* for *evidence*; *theërem* for *theorem*; *holle* for *hollow*; *winder* for *window*; *rebound* for *rebound*; *rute* for *root*.

3. **SUPPRESSION OF A SYLLABLE.** *Histry* for *history*; *intrest* for *interest*; *uttrance* for *utterance*; *diffrent* for *different*; *refrence* for *reference*; *libry* for *library*

CHAPTER II.

- ACCENT.

ACCENT is a more forcible utterance of some one syllable of a word, so as to distinguish it from others; and it may be marked thus, (').

Accent in the English language, is generally considered to depend very much upon custom.

This is probably true to some extent; but it is believed that specific, and, in most instances, infallible rules may be given, by which the syllable taking the full accent may be determined; but it is not thought it would be of practical utility to give them at length in this work; therefore but one general principle is laid down.

RULE. Each syllable on which accent falls must be marked by its proper distinctive stress.

EXAMPLES.

| | | |
|----------|---------|---------------|
| na'tion | appear' | invita'tion |
| sta'tion | endear' | admoni'tion |
| ab'sent | defeat' | constitu'tion |
| ac'tion | repeat' | everlast'ing |

NOTE 1. Besides the primary, a half or secondary accent is given upon words when they consist of several syllables. It may be marked thus, (").

QUESTIONS. What is accent? How is it marked? Upon what does it very much depend? Can specific rules be given for it? What is the general rule for accent? On which syllable does it fall in the first examples? In the second? In the third? What is note first? What is meant by primary or full accent? What by the secondary or half accent?

EXAMPLES.

| | | |
|---------------|--------------|----------------|
| ac'rimo'nious | rea'sona'ble | in'termit'tent |
| cul'tiva'tion | mem'ora'ble | fun'damenta'l |
| val'edictory | ex'piato'ry | in'divid'ual |

NOTE 2. The meaning of a word is sometimes changes by changing the place of accent.

EXAMPLES.

| Nouns. | Verbs. | Nouns. | Verbs. |
|-----------|------------|----------|----------|
| ab'stract | ab'stract' | des'ert | desert' |
| com'pound | com'pound' | in'sult | insult' |
| ex'port | export' | con'duct | conduct' |

The harmony of discourse depends very much upon accent; and however perfect the articulation may be, if the accent is misplaced, an unpleasant harshness is produced, which detracts from the beauty of expression. It is recommended to the pupil to make himself familiar with this subject, by carefully consulting those works in which it is critically treated, and by observing the usage of the best readers and speakers.

CHAPTER III.

EMPHASIS.

EMPHASIS is a forcible stress* of voice on some word or words in a sentence, to distinguish them from others.

Emphasis is ranked among the most important principles of elocution, and consequently should be most carefully observed. In many instances it directs and governs other principles of correct speaking, giving animation, strength, and power to delivery.

When words are emphatic, they are commonly printed in *italics*; if very emphatic, in CAPITALS.

* The power or energy with which words are uttered.

QUESTIONS. What syllables in the examples have the primary accent? What the secondary, and how marked? What is Note Second? What does the noun sometimes become by changing the accent? What is emphasis? How does it rank in elocution? What is its influence? How are emphatic words usually printed?

NOTE 1. EMPHASIS frequently changes the meaning of a sentence.

EXAMPLES.

1. Brutus hath told you that *Cæsar* was *ambitious*.
2. Brutus hath told you that *Cæsar* was ambitious.
3. Brutus hath told *you* that *Cæsar* was ambitious.
4. *Brutus* hath told you that *Cæsar* was ambitious.

It will be observed, that the meaning of the above sentence is changed whenever a change is made in the emphatic word. Thus: Brutus told you that *Cæsar* was ambitious; not some *other* man. Again: Brutus told *you* that *Cæsar* was ambitious; he did not tell *me*.

NOTE 2. The particles of a sentence are not usually emphatic, but are made so when they become peculiarly significant or important in sense; and when thus emphasized, the meaning of the sentence is frequently changed.

EXAMPLES.

He determined to sail by New York to Boston.

With a strong emphasis on *New York*, the reader will readily see that the meaning is, he intended to *stop* there on his way to Boston. But with the emphasis on *by*, the meaning is entirely changed, and implies that he did not intend to touch at New York at all.

NOTE 3. EMPHASIS frequently changes the accent of words.

EXAMPLES.

He must *increase*, but I must *decrease*.

There is a difference between *giving* and *forgiving*.

He that *descended* is the same also that *ascended*.

This *corruptible* must put on *incorruption*.

What fellowship hath *righteousness* with *unrighteousness*?

The subject of *Emphasis* has been considered by different authors under various divisions, viz., *Absolute*, *Antithetic*, *Superior* and *Inferior*, *Single* and *Double Emphasis*, and *Emphatic Clause*. As *Superior* and *Inferior Emphasis* are distinguished only by the degree of

QUESTIONS. What is Note First? Read the examples. What is Note Second? What is Note Third? Will you explain it by examples? Under what divisions has emphasis been considered by some authors? How are superior and inferior emphasis distinguished?

stress, the former being greater than the latter; and as *Single* and *Double Emphasis* refer only to the number of words which are opposed to each other in different clauses of a sentence, it is not thought that it would be of any practical importance to distinguish them in this elementary work.

It is therefore proposed to consider the subject under three heads: *Absolute Emphasis*, *Antithetic Emphasis*, and *Emphatic Clause*.

Absolute Emphasis.

ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS is that stress of voice which is placed upon some word or words, unconnected with contrast, or where the contrast is not expressed or plainly implied.

By some authors it is contended, that in all cases where words are emphatic there is contrast, either expressed or understood. By others, and much the larger number, it is maintained that there are many instances in which the emphatic force laid upon a word is absolute, in the most literal sense of the term, because the thought expressed by it is forcible in itself, without any aid from comparison or contrast.

From this diversity of opinion, the extreme awkwardness, and, in many instances, great difficulty, of supplying the antithetic word or words, we shall explain this last class of words, together with those in which contrast is not expressed or obviously implied, under the head of absolute emphasis.

RULE 1. All words important in meaning, or peculiarly significant, or which express some incident, object, or subject of discourse, are generally emphatic.

EXAMPLES.

True politeness is based upon *sincerity*; it flows from the *heart*, is equally fascinating in the *cottage*, the *court*, and the *camp*; and is capable of softening even an *enemy*.

The waters *swept* over the drowning wretches, and *hushed* their gurgling cry.

Wide and deep *chasms* also met the eye, both on the summit and

QUESTIONS. How are *Single* and *double emphasis* distinguished? Under what three heads is emphasis considered in this work? What is *absolute emphasis*? What opinion is maintained by some authors in regard to emphasis? What by others? What class of emphatic words is marked under the head of *absolute emphasis*? What a *Rule*

1 How are the emphatic words represented in the examples?

sides; and strongly impressed the imagination with the thought, that the hand of immeasurable power had rent asunder the solid rocks and tumbled them into the subjacent valley.

The power of *faith* was the subject of the preacher's discourse.

Temperance promotes clearness and vigor of intellect.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now approaching. We have *petitioned*; we have *remonstrated*; we have *supplicated*; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been *slighted*; our remonstrances have produced additional *violence* and *insult*; our supplications have been *disregarded*; and we have been *spurned with contempt* from the foot of the throne.

RULE 2. Words used as exclamations and interjections, when attended with strong feeling or emotion, are generally emphatic.

EXAMPLES.

Up! let us to the fields away!

AWAKE! ARISE! or be forever fallen!

'T is HORRIBLE! 't is HIDEOUS, as 't is HATEFUL!

But what have I to do with this!

Call me their *traitor*! Thou *injurious* tribune!

Within thine eyes sat *twenty thousand deaths*,

In thine hands clutched as many *millions*, in

Thy lying tongue *both* numbers; I would say

Thou *liest* unto thee, with a voice as free

As I do pray the gods.

RULE 3. In the utterance of successive particulars, and words which are repeated, the emphasis generally increases with the repetition.

EXAMPLES.

I may be *rebuked*; I may be *persecuted*; I may be *impeached*; nay, IMPRISONED, CONDEMNED, and put to the RACK; yet NOTHING shall tear me from my firm hold on *virtue*.

Oh! *save* me, Hubert, *SAVE* me! my eyes are out,

Even with the *fierce* looks of these *bloody* men!

Woe! Woe! to the riders that trample them down.

QUESTIONS. What is Rule Second? How are the words which are very emphatic represented in the examples? What is Rule Third?

For HEAVEN's sake, Hubert, let me not be *bound* !

While a single foreign troop remained on my native shore, I would *never* lay down my arms. *Never, NEVER, NEVER.*

Antithetic Emphasis.

ANTITHETIC EMPHASIS is the stress of voice placed upon words and sentences when in contrast.

This *emphasis*, in some instances, appears to result more from the antithetic relation of the words to each other than from any very prominent importance attached to their meaning.

RULE 4. Two or more words opposed to each other in meaning are emphatic by contrast.

EXAMPLES.

We ask *advice*, but we mean *approbation*.

He that cannot *bear* a jest should not *make* one.

We can do nothing *against* the truth, but *for* the truth.

I fear not *death*, and shall I, then, fear *thee* ?

Justice appropriates *rewards* to *merit*, and *punishment* to *crime*.

Business sweetens *pleasure*, as *labor* sweetens *rest*.

'T is with our *judgments* as our *watches* ; none

Go just *alike*, yet each believes his *own*.

Many persons mistake the *love* for the *practice* of virtue.

A *friend* exaggerates a man's *virtues* ; an *enemy* his *crimes*.

The Egyptians are *men*, and not *gods* ; their horses are *flesh*, and not *spirit*.

The *wise man* is happy when he gains his *own* approbation ; the *fool* when he gains that of *others*.

If his principles are *false*, no apology from *himself* can make them *right* ; if founded in *truth*, no censure from *others* can make them *wrong*.

Though *deep*, yet *clear* ; though *gentle*, yet not *dull* ;

Strong, without *rage* ; without *o'erflowing*, *full*.

Emphatic Clause.

EMPHATIC CLAUSE signifies that several words in succession are emphatic, forming a clause or phrase.

QUESTIONS. What is antithetic emphasis ? What is the rule ? What is emphatic clause ?

Clauses of this kind are subject to the same rules, that have been given under Absolute and Antithetic Emphasis, when applied to single words.

Absolute Emphatic Clause.

(See Rule 1, page 18.)

EXAMPLES.

————— Heaven and earth will witness,
If *Rome must fall*, we are innocent.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not *Jordan's stream*, nor *DEATH'S* — *COLD* — *FLOOD*
Should fright us from the shore.

Absolute Emphatic Clause Repeated.

(See Rule 3, page 19.)

EXAMPLES.

What was it, fellow-citizens, which gave to Lafayette his spotless fame! *The love of liberty*. What has consecrated his memory, in the hearts of good men! *The love of liberty*. What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him, in the morning of his days, with sagacity and counsel! **THE LIVING LOVE OF LIBERTY**. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and country, and freedom itself! **TO THE LOVE OF LIBERTY PROTECTED BY LAW**.

Antithetic Emphatic Clause.

(See Rule 4, page 20.)

EXAMPLES.

————— If these alone
Assist our flight, *fame's flight is glory's fall*.
I came not to *baptize*, but to *preach the gospel*.*

NOTE. In each of the following exercises, appended to the several general divisions of Part First, as *miscellaneous*, a part of each is marked to illustrate the rule to which reference is made, or to call the pupil's special attention to some important point in elocution; while the rest of the exercise is left without marks, to exercise the judgment of the learner.

* A phrase is sometimes contrasted with a single word.

QUESTIONS. By what rules is Emphatic Clause governed? What three kinds of Emphatic Clause are given?

EXERCISES ON EMPHASIS.

Exercise 1 — Illustrating Rule 1, Page 18.

1. As I crossed the bridge over the Avon on my return, I paused to contemplate the distant church in which *Shakspeare* lies buried, and could not but exult in the malediction which has kept his ashes undisturbed in its quiet and hallowed vaults.

2. What honor could his name have derived from being mingled, in dusty companionship with the *epitaphs*, and *escutcheons*, and venal *eulogiums* of a titled multitude? What would a crowded corner in Westminster Abbey have been, compared with this *reverend pile*, which seems to stand in beautiful loneliness as his *sole mausoleum*! The solicitude about the grave may be but the offspring of an over-wrought sensibility; but human nature is made up of *foibles* and *prejudices*; and its *best* and *tenderest* affections are mingled with these factitious feelings.

3. He who has sought renown about the world, and has reaped a full harvest of worldly favor, will find, after all, that there is *no love, no admiration, no applause*, so sweet to the soul as that which springs up in his native place. It is *there* that he seeks to be gathered in *peace* and *honor*, among his kindred and his early friends. And when the weary *heart* and the failing *head* begin to warn him that the evening of life is drawing on, he turns as fondly as does the infant to its mother's arms, to sink to sleep in the bosom of the scene of his childhood.

4. How would it have cheered the spirit of the youthful bard, when, wandering forth in disgrace upon a doubtful world, he cast back a heavy look upon his paternal home, could he have foreseen, that, before many years, he should return to it covered with renown; that his name would become

the boast and the glory of his native place; that his ashes would be religiously guarded as its most precious treasure and that its lessening spire, on which his eyes were fixed in tearful contemplation, would one day become the beacon, towering amidst the gentle landscape, to guide the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb.

Exercise 2 — Illustrating Rule 1, Page 18.

1. My brave associates! — partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! Can *Holla's* words add vigor to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? — No; you have judged, as I have, the *foulness* of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would *delude* you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the *motives* which, in a war like *this*, can animate their minds and ours. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for *power*, for *plunder*, and *extended* rule; we, for our *country*, our *altars*, and our *homes*. They follow an adventurer whom they *fear*, and obey a power which they *hate*; — we serve a monarch whom we *love* — a God whom we *adore*.

2. Whenever they move to anger, desolation tracks their progress. Whenever they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast they come but to *improve* our *state*, *enlarge* our *thoughts*, and *free* us from the yoke of error. Yes; they — they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of *passion*, *avarice*, and *pride*! They offer us their *protection*. Yes; such protection as *vultures* give to *lambs*, covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this: The throne we honor, is the people's choice; the laws we reverence, are our brave fathers' legacy; the faith we follow, teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with the hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders *this*, and tell *them*, too, we seek no change; and, least of all, such a change as they would bring us.

Exercise 3—Illustrating Rule 4, Page 20.

1. Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in retired privacy; for ornament, in discourse; and for ability, in the arrangement and disposition of business; for *expert* men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but general councils, and the plots and marshaling of affairs, come best from the *learned*.

2. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to form one's judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, and need pruning by study; and studies, themselves, give forth directions too much at large, unless they are hedged in by experience.

3. Crafty men condemn studies; simple men admire, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but there is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to *contradict* and *confute*; nor to *believe* or *take for granted*; nor to find matter merely for *conversation*; but to *weigh* and *consider*.

4. Some books are to be *tasted*, others to be *swallowed*, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, *some* books are to be only *glanced at*, others are to be *read*, but not critically; and some few are to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books, also, may be read by deputy, and extracts received from them which are made by others; but they should be only the meaner sort of books, and the less important arguments of those which are better; otherwise, *distilled books* are, like common *distilled waters*, flashy things.

5. Reading makes a full man; conversation, a ready man; and writing, an exact man. Therefore, if a man write little, he needs a great memory; if he converse little, he wants a present wit; and if he read little, he ought to have much cunning, that he may seem to know what he does not. History makes men wise; poetry makes them witty; mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral philosophy,

grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend; nay, there is no obstruction to the human faculties but what may be overcome by proper studies.

Exercise 4—Illustrating Rule 4, Page 20.

1. Like other tyrants, death delights to smite
What, smitten, most proclaims the pride of power
And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,
To bid the *wretch* survive the *fortunate*;
The *feeble* wrap the *athletic* in his shroud;
And weeping *fathers* build their *children's* tomb:
Me, thine, NARCISSA! — What though short thy date?
Virtue, not rolling *suns*, the mind matures.

2. That life is long, which answers life's great end;
The tree that bears no fruit, deserves no name.
The man of wisdom, is the man of years.
NARCISSA's youth has lectured me thus far.
And can her gayety give counsel too?
That, like the Jew's famed oracle of gems,
Sparkles instruction; such as throws new light,
And opens more the character of death;
Ill known to thee, LORENZO; this thy vaunt:
"Give death his due, the wretched, and the old;
Let him not violate kind nature's laws,
But own man born to *live* as well as *die*."
Wretched and old thou *givest* him; young and gay
He *takes*; and plunder is a tyrant's joy.

3. Fortune, with youth and gayety conspired
To weave a triple wreath of happiness,
(If happiness on earth,) to crown her brow,
And could death charge through such a shining shield!

That shining shield invites the tyrant's spear,
As if to damp our elevated aims,
And strongly preach humility to man.
O, how portentous is prosperity!
How, comet-like, it threatens, while it shines!

Few years but yield us proof of death's ambition,
To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.

4. When flooded with abundance, and purpled o'er
With recent honors, bloomed with every bliss,
Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,
'The gaudy center, of the public eye ;
When fortune thus has tossed her child in air,
Snatched from the covert of an humble state,
How often have I seen him dropped at once,
Our morning's envy, and our evening's sigh !

5. Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow ;
A blow, which, while it executes, alarms ;
And startles thousands with a single fall.

As when some stately growth of oak or pine,
Which nods aloft and proudly spreads her shade,
The sun's defiance and the flocks defence ;
By the strong strokes of lab'ring hinds subdued,
Loud groans her last, and rushing from her height,
In cumb'rous ruin, thunders to the ground :
The conscious forest trembles at the shock,
And hill, and stream, and distant dale resound.

Exercise 5 — Illustrating Rule 1, Page 18.

1. *Banished from Rome !* what's banished, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe ?

" *Tried and convicted traitor !* " Who says this ?

Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head ?

Banished ? I thank you for 't. It breaks my chain !

I held some slack allegiance till this hour —

But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords ;

I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,

Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,

I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,

To leave you in your lazy dignities.

2. But here I stand and scoff you : — here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face.

Your Consul's merciful. For this all thanks.
 He dares not touch a hair of Catiline.
 "Traitor!" I go — but I return. This — trial!
 Here I devote your senate! I've had wrongs,
 To stir a fever in the blood of age,
 Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrows! — This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions. — Look to your hearths, my lords;
 For there henceforth shall sit, *for household gods*,
 Shapes hot from Tartarus! — *all shames and crimes*; —
Wan treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked rebellion, with the torch and ax,
 Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
 Till anarchy comes down on you like night,
 And massacre seals *Rome's eternal grave*.

CHAPTER IV.

INFLECTION.

INFLECTION is a modification of the voice in reading or speaking, commonly referring to the upward and downward slides.

We shall consider *Inflection* under the four following heads; viz., *Rising Inflection*, *Falling Inflection*, *Circumflex*, and *Monotone*.

The first is marked thus ('); the second thus (`); the third thus (◡); and the fourth thus (—).

It should be distinctly remembered, that, although each of the above characters indicates an inflection of voice the same in *kind*, yet in degree, intensity, and significant expressiveness, there is a great variety of shades. Any attempt, therefore, to give *definite* rules, touching the minor shades of modification, would rather perplex than aid the learner. Good sense, a correct taste, and a delicate ear, will ordinarily adapt the more graceful inflections to the spirit of the piece in the best way, and the most natural manner.

QUESTIONS. What is inflection? Under what four heads is it treated? How are the several inflections marked? What is said of the shades of inflection?

The Rising and Falling Inflections.

The **RISE** INFLECTION is an upward turn or *slide of the voice*; as, *Will you go to-day?*

The **FALL** INFLECTION is a downward turn or slide of the voice; as, *Where has he gone?*

The falling slide is sometimes mistaken for the rising, when it is attended with strong emphasis. If the learner is in doubt which has been employed, let him use the doubtful word in the form of a question, thus: Did I say *hóme* or *hòme*? In the rising slide, it must be remembered that the voice rises *from* the *general pitch* gradually to its highest note; in the falling, it commences *above* the *general pitch* and falls down *to* it, but not *below*, as in a cadence.

RULE 1. Direct questions, or those that can be answered by *yes* or *no*, generally require the rising inflection, and the answers the falling.

EXAMPLES.

Will you go to Báltimore? Nò.

Have you been to New Yórk? Yès.

Are we to interfere in the Greék cause? Certainly not.

Did Clodius waylay Mílo? He did.

Do temptations surróund you? Trust in Gód.

Think you they will come to-dáy? No, to-mòrrow.

Was that man George Wáshington? It wás.

Does he pronounce corréctly? He does nòt.

Keep you the watch to-níght? We dò, my lord.

Can nothing more be dóne for him? Nòthing.

EXCEPTION 1. Direct questions, when attended with earnestness and strong emphasis, the answers being anticipated, take the *falling* inflection.

QUESTIONS. What is the rising inflection? Give the example. How does the falling inflection affect the voice? Will you give one example? What effect has strong emphasis on this inflection? When the learner is in doubt, how can he determine the inflection? In the falling inflection, at what pitch or note does the voice start, and where end? What is Rule First? Will you give an example? How does the voice end in a cadence? What is Exception First?

EXAMPLES.

Will you blindly rush on to destruction?
 Would you say so, if the case were your *own*?
 Is not that a beautiful sunset?
 Now *can* you complain of me?

EXCEPTION 2. Direct questions, when *repeated* with earnestness and emphasis, also take the *falling* slide; as, Are you going to London? If not understood, I repeat it, thus, Are you going to *London*?

RULE 2. Words and clauses connected by the disjunctive *or*, generally require the rising slide before, and the falling after it.

EXAMPLES.

Was it from heaven, *or* of men?
 Shall we remain, *or* depart?
 Is this book yours, *or* mine?
 Shall I come to you with a rod, *or* in love?
 Does he reside with you, *or* your brother?
 Did he depart for Buffalo, *or* Rochester?
 Are the people virtuous, *or* vicious?
 Are they intelligent, *or* ignorant?
 Is he affluent, *or* indigent?
 You are either my friend, *or* my enemy.

NOTE. When *or* is used *conjunctively*, it takes the rising slide after, as well as before it.

EXAMPLES.

Would the influence of the Bible, even if it were not the record of a divine revelation, be to render princes more tyrannical, or subjects more ungovernable; the rich more insolent, or the poor more disorderly; would it make worse parents, or children, husbands, or wives, masters, or servants, friends, or neighbors?

RULE 3. When *negation* is opposed to *affirmation*, the former has the *rising*, and the latter the *falling* inflection, in whatever order they occur.

QUESTIONS. Give an example illustrating the first exception. What is Exception Second? Will you repeat Rule Second? What example illustrates this rule? When *or* is used conjunctively, what slide is required? What is Rule Third?

EXAMPLES.

I do not read for *amusement*, but for *improvement*.

He did not come here to *remain*, but to *depart*.

He will not go *to-day*, but *to-morrow*.

I did not say a *better* soldier, but an *elder*.

Study not so much to *show* knowledge, as to *acquire* it.

He did not act *prudently*, but *imprudently*.

We are not descendants of the *Romans*, but of the *Saxons*.

He was esteemed for *wisdom*, not for *wealth*.

EXCEPTION. When negation is attended with strong emphasis, it requires the falling slide.

EXAMPLE.

We are troubled on *every* side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.

RULE 4. When words or clauses are contrasted, they take opposite inflections; the first member usually requires the rising inflection, and the latter the falling. This order, however, is sometimes reversed.

EXAMPLES.

By honor and dishonor; by evil report and good report; as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known: as dying, and behold we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.

Her regard to virtue opposes insensibility to shame; purity to pollution; integrity to injustice; virtue to villany; resolution to rage; and order to confusion.

It is more blessed to do good, than evil.

I would rather go, than stay.

I would rather walk, than ride.

It is better to study, than to play.

QUESTIONS. When the negative clause follows the affirmative, is the slide changed? Will you illustrate this rule? Give an example. What is Rule Fourth? Give an example in which the first member begins with the rising slide, and the second ends with the falling. One in which the slides are inverted.

Rising Inflection.

RULE 5. The pause of suspension, denoting that the sense is unfinished, generally requires the *rising inflection*.

EXAMPLES.

The beauty of a plain, the greatness of a mountain, the ornaments of a building, the expression of a picture, and the composition of a discourse, are to some persons matters of little or no interest.

The mild warmth of spring, the merry song of birds, and the sweet perfume of flowers, conspire to regale the senses.

The rising and setting of the sun, the splendor of Orion in a night of autumn, and the immensity of the ocean, awaken ideas of power, awful and magnificent.

Her vigor, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, her vigilance, and her address, are allowed to merit the highest praises.

NOTE. Sentences implying *condition*, the *case absolute*, the *infinitive mode* used as a nominative, the *direct address* not attended with *strong emphasis*, and the close of a *parenthesis* are some of the *specific cases* to which the rule applies.

EXAMPLES.

First, Condition.

If, therefore, the whole church be come together into one place, and all speak with tongues, and there come in those that are *unlearned* or *unbelievers*, will they not say that ye are *mad*?

Second, Case Absolute.

His father dying, and no heir being left except himself, he succeeded to the estate.

Third, Infinitive Mode.

To look upon the soul as going on from *strength* to *strength*; to consider that she is to shine forever with new accessions of *glory*, and brighten to all *eternity*; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man.

QUESTIONS. What is Rule Fifth? What are some of the specific cases named in the note to which the rule applies?

Fourth, Direct Address.

Mén, brethréén, and fátthérs, hearken.

It is no surprising thing, *str*, that men should sometimes differ in their opinions

Fifth, Parenthesis.

If we exercise upright principles, (and we cannot have them unless we *exercise them*,) they must be perpetually on the increase.

EXCEPTION. The pause of suspension, when attended with strong emphasis, sometimes requires the falling inflection, in order to express the true meaning of the sentence.

EXAMPLE.

The young man who indulges in dissipation, if he does not become *poór*, is in danger of losing his character.

The rising inflection on *poór*, perverts the sense of the passage, and makes it mean, if he becomes *poór*, notwithstanding his dissipation, he will not lose his good character.

RULE 6. The expression of *tender emotions* generally inclines the voice to a gentle, upward slide.

EXAMPLES.

Is your fáther well, the *old máx* of whom ye spáke?

Is *hé* yet alive?

Jesus saith unto her, Máry.

My *Móther*! when I learned that thou wast déad,

Say, wast thou conscious of the téars I shed?

Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sórrowing sôn,

Wretch even thén, life's journey just begun?

I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,

I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,

And turning from my nursery window, drew

A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu.

RULE 7. The last pause but one in a sentence for the sake of variety and harmony, generally has the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

The minor longs to be of agé, then to be a man of bússiness, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at hónors, then to retire.

QUESTIONS. What is the exception to the rule for the pause of suspension? What is Rule Sixth? Give an example to illustrate it. What is Rule Seventh? Give an example.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself.

A discreet and virtuous friend relieves the mind ; improves the understanding ; engenders new thoughts ; awakens good resolutions , and furnishes employment for the most vacant hours in life.

EXCEPTION. Strong emphasis sometimes requires the *falling inflection* on the penultimate pause.

EXAMPLE.

They rushed through like a hurricane ; like an army of locusts have they devoured the earth ; the war has fallen like a waterspout, and deluged the land with blood.

Falling Inflection.

RULE 8. Indirect questions, or those which cannot be answered by yes or no, generally require the *falling inflection*, and the answers the same.

EXAMPLES.

What didst thou answer ? Nothing.

Where is your master ? Yonder in the tower.

Why speakest thou not ? For wonder.

Whence comest thou ? From the mountains.

What dost thou see ? The black-eyed Roman.

At whose breast was your dagger aimed ?

How shall I learn to meet those terrors ?

Who can fathom the depths of misery into which intemperance plunges its victims ?

Why should a man be in love with his fetters, though of gold ?

If thou canst do man good, why dost thou not ?

EXCEPTION. When the indirect question is not, at first, understood, and a repetition is required, it takes the *rising inflection*.

EXAMPLES.

Where are you going ? To Portland.

Where did you say ? To Portland.

Where is the burial-place of Washington ? At Mt. Vernon.

Where did you say ? At Mt. Vernon.

NOTE. If the answers of questions, whether direct or

QUESTIONS. What is the exception to Rule Seventh ? Give an example. What is Rule Eighth ? Give an example. What is the exception to this rule ? Give an example.

indirect, are given in a careless and indifferent manner, they take the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Are you desirous to return? Not véry.

Would you like to visit Albany? I should.

How are you pleased with the country? Tolerably well.

Have you read Shakspeare? I have looked it over.

RULE 9. Language of authority, surprise, denunciation, exclamation and terror, generally requires the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Authority.

Chàrge, Chester! Chàrge! Òn, Stanly! òn!

Awàke, ye sons of Spain! — awàke, — advance.

Surprise.

What a piece of work is màn! How noble in rèason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an àngel! In apprehension, how like a Gòd!

Denunciation.

Woe unto you, Phàrisees! Woe unto you, scribes!

Paul said unto Elymas, O, full of all subtlety, and all mischief!

Thou child of the Dèvil, thou enemy of all righteousness!

Exclamation and Terror.

A mònth! Oh for a single wèek! I ask not for yèars! though an age were too little for the mùch I have to do!

They còme! they còme! the Grèek! the Grèek!

Cæsar cried, hèlp me, Cassius, or I sink!

EXCEPTION. When exclamatory sentences become questions, or are expressive of tender emotions, they usually require the rising slide.

EXAMPLES.

They planted by your càre! Nò, your oppressions planted them in Amèrica. They nourished by your indùlgence! They grew by your negligèct. They protected by your àrms! They have nobly taken up arms in your dèfènce.

O my son Àbsalom! — my sòn, my sòn Àbsalom!

RULE 10. Emphatic *succession* of particulars, and emphatic *repetition*, require the *falling* inflection.

QUESTIONS. What is the note? What is Rule Ninth? Give an example. Are there any exceptions to Rule Ninth? What is Rule Tenth.

EXAMPLES.

Thrice was I beaten with rods; once was I stoned; thrice I suffered shipwreck; a night and a day have I been in the deep.

Go and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is preached. — Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil.

The sentence is passed; you are condemned to die.

You wrong me every way; you *wrong* me, Brutus!

The war is inevitable; and, *let it come!* I repeat it, sir, **LET IT COME!!**

EXCEPTION. The penultimate pause has the rising inflection, according to Rule Seventh.

NOTE. When the principle of emphatic succession of particulars interferes with the pause of suspension, the former requiring the falling slide and the latter the rising, it is frequently difficult for the learner to determine which to employ. In such cases he must be guided by the emphasis, giving the falling inflection when it is intense, and the rising when it is slight.

RULE 11. Whenever the sense is complete, whether at the close, or any other part of the sentence, the falling inflection should be employed.

EXAMPLE.

He that receiveth you, receiveth me; and he that receiveth me, receiveth him that sent me.

EXCEPTION. When strong emphasis with the falling slide, comes near the end of the sentence, it turns the voice upward at the close.

EXAMPLE.

If we have no regard for religion in *youth*, we ought to have some respect for it in *age*.

Circumflex.

The **CIRCUMFLEX** is the union* of the falling and rising

* This union commonly begins with the falling slide, and ends with the rising. This order, however, is sometimes reversed.

QUESTIONS. Give an example. What is the exception to this rule? What is Rule Seventh? Give an example. What is the exception? What is Circumflex.

inflections on the same syllable or word, producing a slight undulation or wave of the voice.

RULE 12. The circumflex is used in language of irony, sarcasm, hypothesis, and contrast.

EXAMPLES.

Irony.

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And sũre, he is an hũnorable man.

Sarcasm.

Hear him, my lord ; he 's wũndrous condescẽding.
Your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alũne.

Hypothesis.

Hume said he would go twenty miles, to hear Whitefield preach.

Contrast.

Wẽ are accounted pũr citizens, the patřicians gũd.
What authority sũrfeits on, would relĩeũe us.

NOTE. In some instances it may be difficult to determine whether circumflex, or rising inflection should be employed. Care must be taken not to mistake the one for the other.

Monotone.

MONOTONE is a protracted sameness of sound on successive syllables or words.

RULE 13. Language that is grave, grand, or sublime, generally requires the monotone.

EXAMPLES.

For thus saith the hĩgh and lũfty Onẽ that inhũbĩteth ẽtẽrnity,
whũse nũme is Hũly ; I dwell in the hĩgh and hũly plũce.

And one cried unto another, and said, " Hũly, hũly, hũly, is the
l ỹrd of hũsts. The whũle ẽũrth is fũll of hĩs glũry.

Blẽssing, hũnũr, and glũry, and pũwer, bẽ ũnto hĩm thũt sũtteth
on thẽ thrũne, and to the Lũmb forẽver and ẽver.

The sũas shũll wũste, the skĩes in smũke decũy,
Rũcks fũll to dũst, and mũntains mẽlt awũy ;

QUESTIONS. What is the rule ? Give an example where the circumflex arises from irony. From sarcasm. From hypothesis. From contrast. What is monotone ? What is Rule Thirteenth ? Give an example.

But fixed his word — his sáving pŏwer remáins,
Thy reálm forêver lásts — thy ôwn Mëssîah rêigna.

————— All hêaven
Resôunded, and hâd eárrh bêen thên, all eárrh
Hâd to her cênter shôók.

As some tâll cliff, thât lîfts its áwful fôrm,
Swélls frôm the vâle, and midwâý leáves the stôrm,
Though rôund its breást the rôlling clôuds áre spreád,
Etêrnal súnshine sêttles on its hêad.

Sôft ás the slúmbers of a sáint fôrgîvên,
And mîld as ôpening glêams of prômised hêaven.

Emphatic Monotone.

Thôu shâlt nôt tâke the nâme of the Lôrd thy Gôd in vâin.
Thôu shâlt nôt kîll.

Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jêsüs Chrîst lîke a Gôd.
Mân gîvêth up thê ghôst, ând whêre îs hê?

NOTE. MONOTONE is not literally an inflection, but a sameness of sound on the same note. It is not, however, a perfect monotony, but has certain slight variations, peculiar to itself; and is usually numbered among the inflections.

EXERCISES ON INFLECTION.

Exercise 1.—To Illustrate Rule 1, Page 28.

What, then, what was Cæsar's ôbject? Do we select extortioners, to enforce the laws of équity? Do we make choice of profligates, to guard the morals of sociêty? Do we depute atheists, to preside over the rites of rêligion? I will not prèss the answer; I nêed not press thê answer; the premises of my argument render it unnêcessary. What would contênt you? Tálent? Nò! Énterprise? Nò! Còurage? Nò! Rêputátion? Nò! Vîrtue? Nò! The men whom you would select, should possess, not one, but àll, of these.

He that planted the ear, shall he not hêar? He that formed the eye, shall he not sêe? He that chastiseth the

QUESTIONS. What rule is thîs first of the miscellaneous exercises designed to illustrate? What is the rule?

heathen, shall not he correct? He that teacheth man knowledge, shall not he know?

Are we intended for actors in the grand drama of eternity? Are we candidates for the plaudit of the rational creation? Are we formed to participate the supreme beatitude in communicating happiness? Are we destined to cooperate with God in advancing the order and perfection of his works? How sublime a creature, then, is man!

Where am I? What sort of a place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated, in every instance, to my convenience? Is there no excess of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own kind or a different? Is everything subservient to me, as though I had ordered all myself? No, nothing like it—the farthest from it possible. How, then, must I determine? Have I no interest at all? If I have not, I am stationed here to no purpose. But why no interest? Can I be contented with none, but one separate and detached? Is a social interest, joined with others, such an absurdity as not to be admitted?

Do we not only hear but see? are the victims of ebriety in our country, our state, and neighborhood? may they sometimes be found in our houses, at the tables where we sit, among our near connections? have they appeared among the young, who once gave promise of excellence, among the middle-aged and the old, and even in the delicate sex? Has this destroyer brought down the mighty—some who stood high in the world, and had a name for piety as well as talents? and has the evil spread and increased in the body of the community? It is, surely, a cause of solicitude, of grief, and dismay.

Exercise 2. — To Illustrate Rule 2, Page 29.

Will the trials of this life continue forever, or will time finally dissipate them?

Shall we crown the author of all these public calamities with garlands, or shall we wrest from him his ill-deserved authority?

'Thou must learn when young, or be ignorant when in old age.

Was this the calculation of one well versed in public affairs or was it the dream of a smattering politician?

Had you rather that Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, or that Cæsar were dead, and live all freemen?

Therefore, O ye judges, you are now to consider, whether it is more probable, that the deceased was murdered by the man who inherits his estate, or by him who inherits nothing but beggary by the same death. By the man who is raised from penury to plenty, or by him who is brought from happiness to misery. By him whom the lust of lucre has inflamed with the most inveterate hatred against his own relations; or by him whose life was such, that he never knew what gain was, but from the product of his own labors. By him who, of all dealers in the trade of blood, was the most audacious; or by him who was so little accustomed to the forum and trials, that he dreads not only the benches of the court, but the very town. In short, ye judges, what I think most to the point is, you are to consider whether it is most likely that an enemy, or a son, would be guilty of this murder.

Exercise 3. — To Illustrate Rule 3, page 29.

True charity is not a meteor which occasionally glares, but a luminary which, in its orderly and regular course, dispenses a benignant influence.

But this is no time for a tribunal of justice, but for showing mercy; not for accusation, but for philanthropy; not for trial, but for pardon; not for sentence and execution, but for compassion and kindness.

Howard visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurement of the remains of ancient grandeur; not to form a schedule of the curiosities of modern art; not to collect medals or collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depth of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge

and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men, in all countries.

Exercise 4. — To Illustrate Rule 4, page 30.

Boys and girls; men and women; old and young; parents and children; love and hatred; hope and fear; joy and grief; wealth and poverty.

What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleased to slight my mean birth; I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me; want of personal worth against them.

Mirth is short and transient; cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through the gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

I esteem a habit of benignity greatly preferable to munificence. The former is peculiar to great and distinguished persons; the latter belongs to flatterers of the people, who court the applause of the inconstant vulgar.

Dryden knew more of man in his general nature; and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation; those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the emotions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller

Exercise 5.—To Illustrate Rule 5, page 31.

Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us, even as they delivered them unto us, which from the beginning were éye-witnesses, and ministers of the wórd; it seemed good to mé also, having had perfect understanding of all things even from the very first, to write unto thee, in order, most excellent Theóphilus, that thou mightest know the certainty of those things wherein thou hast been instructed.

When the gay and smiling aspect of things has begun to leave the passages to a man's heart thus thoughtlessly unguarded; when kind caressing looks of every object without, that can flatter his senses, have conspired with the enemy within to betray him, and put him off his defence; when music likewise hath lent her aid, and tried her power upon the passions; when the voice of singing men, and the voice of singing women, with the sound of the viol and the lute, have broke in upon the soul, and in some tender notes, have touched the secret springs of rápture;—that moment, let us dissect and look into his heart, and see how vain, how weak, how empty a thing it is.

So when the faithful pencil has designed
Some bright idea of the master's mind;
When a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colors soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And the bold figure just begins to live,—
The treacherous colors the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!

Exercise 6.—To Illustrate Rule 6, page 32.

Methinks I see a fair and lovely child,
Sitting composed upon his mother's knée,

And reading with a low and lisping voice
Some passage from the Sabbath ; while the tears
Stand in his little eyes so softly blúe,
Till, quite o'ercome with pity, his white arms
He twines around her néck, and hides his sighs,
Most infantine, within her gladdened bréast,
Like a sweet lamb, half sportive, half afraid,
Nestling one moment 'neath its bleating dàm.
And now the happy mother kisses oft
The tender-hearted child, lays down the bóok,
And asks him if he doth remember still
A stranger who once gave him, long agó,
A parting kiss, and blessed his laughing eyes .
His sobs speak fond remémbrance, and he weeps
To think so kind and good a man should dié.

Death found strange beauty on that cherub brów,
And dashed it out. There was tint of rose
On cheek and lip ;—he touched the veins with icé,
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wishful ténderness,—a doubt
Whether to griéve or sleep, which innocence ,
Alone can wear. With ruthless háste, he bound
The silken fringes of their curtaining lids
Forever. There had been a murmuring soúnd,
With which the babe would claim its mother's éar,
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
His seal of silence. But there beamed a smile
So fixed and holy from that marble brów,
Death gazed and left it there ;—he dared not steal
The signet-ring of Heaven.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death !
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods ? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day,
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,

My early visitation, and my last
 At even, which I bred up with tender hand,
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,
 Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
 Thee lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorned
 With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower world, to this obscure
 And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
 Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?

Exercise 7.—To Illustrate Rule 7, page 32.

Though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

Charity is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things; believeth all things; hopeth all things; endureth all things.

Inspiring rites! which stimulate fear; rouse hope; kindle zeal; quicken dullness; increase discernment; exercise memory; and inflame curiosity.

Exercise 8.—To Illustrate Rule 8, page 33.

The high value of mental cultivation is another weighty motive for giving attendance to reading. What is it that mainly distinguishes a man from a brute? Knowledge. What makes the vast difference, then, between savage and civilized nations? Knowledge. What forms the principal difference between men, as they appear in the same society? Knowledge. What raised Franklin from the humble station of a printer's boy to the first honors of the country? Knowl-

edge. What took Sherman from his shoemaker's bench, gave him a seat in Congress, and there made his voice heard among the wisest and best of his cômpeers? Knowledge. What raised Simpson from a weaver's loom to a place among the first of mathematicians; and Herschel, from being a poor fifer's boy in the army, to a station among the first astronomers? Knowledge.

But, considered simply as an intellectual production, who will compare the poems of Homer with the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Tèstaments? Where in the Iliad shall we find simplicity and pathos which will vie with the narrative of Mòses, or maxims of conduct to equal in wisdom the Proverbs of Sòlomon, or sublimity which does not fade away before the conceptions of Job or Dàvid, of Isaiah or St. Jòhn? But I cannot pursue this comparison.

If, notwithstanding, so great results have flowed from this one effort of a single mind, what may we not expect from the combined efforts of several, at least his equals in power over the human heart? If that one genius, though groping in the thick darkness of absurd idolatry, wrought so glorious a transformation in the character of his countrymen, what may we not look for from the universal dissemination of those writings, on whose authors was poured the full splendor of eternal truth? If unassisted human nature, spell-bound by a childish mythology, has done so much, what may we not hope for from the supernatural efforts of preëminent genius, which spake as it was moved by the Holy Ghòst?

Ask them, What insolent guard paraded before their gates, and invested their strong holds? They will answer, A Roman legionary. Demand of them, What greedy extortioner fattened by their poverty, and clothed himself by their nakedness? They will inform you, A Roman Quæstor. Inquire of them, What imperious stranger issued to them his mandates of imprisonment or confiscation, of banishment or death? They will reply to you, A Roman Consul. Question them, What haughty conqueror led through his city their nobles and kings in chains; and exhibited their countrymen, by thousands, in

gladiators' shows, for the amusement of his fellow-citizens! They will tell you, A Roman General. Require of them, What tyrants imposed the heaviest yoke, enforced the most rigorous exactions, inflicted the most savage punishments, and showed the greatest gust for blood and torture? They will exclaim to you, The Roman people.

Are not my people happy? I look upon the past and the present, upon my nearer and remoter subjects, and ask, nor fear the answer. Whom have I wronged? What province have I oppressed? What city pillaged? What region drained with taxes? Whose life have I unjustly taken, or estates coveted or robbed? Whose honor have I wantonly assailed? Whose rights, though of the weakest and poorest, have I trenched upon? I dwell where I would ever dwell, in the hearts of my people.

Exercise 9. — To Illustrate Rule 9, page 34.

Hear me, rash man! on thy allegiance hear me.

Silence, ye winds,
That make outrageous war upon the ocean;
And thou, old ocean, still thy boisterous waves;
Ye warring elements, be hushed as death.

If, when three days are expired,
Thy hated trunk be found in our dominions,
That moment is thy death.

You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means;
I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,
 Which you denied me : Was that done like *Cassius* ?
 Should *I* have answered Caius Cassius so ?
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts ;
 Dash him to pieces !

'Tis done ! dread winter spreads his latest gloom,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !
 How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide extends
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond man .
 See here thy pictured life ; pass some few years,
 Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober autumn fading into age,
 And pale concluding winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene.

Ah ! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness ? those unsullied hopes
 Of happiness ? those longings after fame ?
 Those restless cares ? those busy bustling days ?
 Those gay-spent, festive nights ? those veering thoughts,
 Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life ?
 All now are vanished ! Virtue sole survives ;
 Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
 His guide to happiness on high.

And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, Say unto thy brethren, this do ye ; lade your beasts, and go get you unto the land of Canaan. And take your father, and your households, and come unto me ; and I will give you the good of the land of Egypt, and ye shall eat the fat of the land. Now thou art commanded, this do ye : take your wagons out of the land of Egypt for your little ones, and for your wives, and bring your father, and come. Also, regard not your stuff ; for the good of all the land of Egypt is yours.

Such, sir, was once the disposition of a people who now

surround your throne with reproaches and complaints. Do justice to yourself. Banish from your mind those unworthy opinions, with which some interested persons have labored to possess you. Distrust the men who tell you that the English are naturally light and inconstant; that they complain without a cause. Withdraw your confidence equally from all parties; from ministers, favorites, and relations; and let there be one moment in your life in which you have consulted your own understanding.

Exercise 10.—To Illustrate Rule 10, page 34.

A stately tree grew on the plain; its branches were covered with verdure; its boughs spread wide, and made a goodly shadow; the trunk was like a strong pillar; the roots were like crooked fangs. I returned; the verdure was nipped by the east wind; the branches were lopped away by the ax; the worm had made its way into the trunk; the heart thereof was decayed; it moldered away, and fell to the ground.

I have seen the insects sporting in the sunshine, and darting along the streams; their wings glittered with gold and purple; their bodies shone like the green emerald; they were more numerous than I could count; their motions were quicker than my eye could glance. I returned; they were brushed into the pool; they were perishing with the evening breeze; the swallow had devoured them; the pike had seized them; there were none found of so great a multitude.

I have seen a man in the pride of his strength; his cheeks glowed with beauty; his limbs were full of activity; he leaped, he walked, he ran; he rejoiced in that he was more excellent than those. I returned; he lay stiff and cold on the bare ground; his feet could no longer move, nor his hands stretch themselves out; his life was departed from him, and the breath out of his nostrils. Therefore do I weep because death is in the world; the spoiler is among the works of God; all that is made must be destroyed; all that is born must die.

And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, thus he said; O my son Ábsalom!—my sòn, my sòn Àbsalom!—would God I had died for thee, O Ábsalom, my sòn, my sòn!

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee!—how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!

And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son. And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, and said, Abraham, Abraham. And he said Here am I.

Exercise 11.—To Illustrate Rule 12, page 36.

They chose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his sháll,
His pöpopular sháll, against a graver bench
Than ever frowned in Greece!

Let any man resolve to do right nów, leaving thén to do as it can; and if he were to live to the age of Methuselah, he would never do wrong. But the common error is, to resolve to act right äfter breakfast, or äfter dinner, or to-mörrrow mörning, or nëxt time. But nów, just nów, this önce, we must go on the same as ever.

The right honorable gentleman has suggested examples which I should have shunned, examples which I should have followed. I shall never follow his, and I have ever avoided it. Am I to renounce those habits now forever? And at the beck of whom?—I should rather say, of what? A 'prentice politician.

He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million: laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my na-

tion, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated my enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?

Exercise 12. — To Illustrate Rule 13, page 36.

O thōu unūtterable Pōtentate !
 Through nāture's vāst extēnt, sublimely grēat !
 But hēre, on thēse gigāntic mōuntains, hēre
 Thy grēatness, glōry, wīsdōm, strēngth, and spīrit,
 In tērrible sublimity appēar !
 Thy āwe-impōsing vōice is hēard ; we hēar it !
 The Almighty's fēarful vōice ; attēnd ! It brēaks
 The silence, and in sōlemn wārnīng spēaks.

Now āll is hūshed and still as deāth —
 How rēverēnd is the face of this tāll pīle,
 Whose āncient pillars rēar their mārble hēads,
 To bear āloft its ārched and pōnderous rōōf,
 By its own weight made stēadfast and immovable.

It strikes an āwe
 And tērror on my aching sight. The tōmbs,
 And mōnumental cāves of death, look cold,
 And shoot a chīllness to my trembling hēart.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers !
 Whence are thy beams, O sun ! thy everlasting light ? Thou
 comest forth in thy awful beauty ; the stars hide themselves
 in the sky ; the moon, pale and cold, sinks in the western
 wave. But thou thyself movest alone ; who can be a com-
 panion of thy course ?

The oaks of the mountains fall ; the mountains themselves
 decay with years ; the ocean shrinks, and grows again ; the

upon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art forever the same rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.

When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds and laughest at the storm. But, to Ossian, thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hairs flow on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west.

But thou art, perhaps, like me — for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in the clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult, then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds; and the mist is on the hills, the blast of the north is on the plain; the traveler shrinks in the midst of his journey.

CHAPTER V.

MODULATION.

MODULATION implies the variations of the voice that we heard in reading or speaking.

Modulation embraces a great variety of topics pertaining to the voice which the limits of this treatise forbid that we should introduce. Therefore, such only will be considered as can be easily understood, and are absolutely necessary to give a clear exposition of the general principles of the subject. They are the following:

- | | |
|----------------|----------------------|
| 1. Expression. | 3. Personation. |
| 2. Transition. | 4. Rhetorical Pause. |

Questions. What is Modulation? What are the subjects pertaining to Modulation that are considered in this work?

Expression.

EXPRESSION in elocution implies the peculiar tones of voice, and the manner of utterance, expressive of the thoughts, feelings, and emotions, of the reader or speaker.

It includes several particulars, which are important to be explained before giving any rules or directions, as aids to its proper application.

- | | |
|--------------|--------------|
| 1. Pitch. | 3. Stress. |
| 2. Quantity. | 4. Movement. |

Pitch.

PITCH of voice refers to the note or key on which we read or speak.

In every person's voice this key-note may have as many variations as the notes in the scale of music; but it is sufficient for all practical purposes to consider it as having only three general distinctions.

1. The *high* pitch, as heard in calling a person at a distance.
2. The *middle*, as heard in common conversation.
3. The *low*, as heard in a grave under key.

Quantity.

QUANTITY is used to signify the volume or loudness with which one speaks on the same key or pitch.

Learners frequently suppose that *loudness* means a higher note, and, when requested to "speak louder," immediately raise the key, without increasing the quantity. A person may, however, speak loud or soft on the same note or key.

To illustrate this, the following sentence may first be spoken in a very feeble voice, and then repeated on the same pitch, doubling the quantity at each repetition. The dots at the end of the sentence exhibit to the eye the increase of volume at each reading.

Banished from Rome ! •
 Banished from Rome ! •
 Banished from Rome ! ●
 Banished from Rome ! ●

QUESTIONS. What is meant by Expression, as here used? What subjects are introduced and explained under Expression? What is Pitch? How many general distinctions has Pitch? What are they? What is Quantity? How is it illustrated? Read the example.

Stress.

STRESS has particular reference to the *force* or *impulse* of utterance, and characterizes sound as *forcible*, *faint*, or *moderate*.

Movement.

MOVEMENT refers to the time or rate of uttering words and sentences.

There are three general distinctions ; quick, slow, and moderate.

The only sure guide, in the application of the principles of expression, is clearly to comprehend the sentiment of the piece, and to enter fully into the spirit of those emotions with which such sentiment is naturally uttered. The learner, however, will find a few general directions of service.

RULE 1. Narrative and descriptive pieces should generally be read in a natural, free, and conversational tone, and with moderate movement ; didactic, with a voice somewhat fuller and firmer.

EXAMPLES.*Narrative.*

The son of a rich merchant had abandoned himself in his youth to every excess. By this means he irritated his father, whose kind advice he despised. The old man, in the decline of life, makes a will by which he disinherits his younger son, and dies. Dorval, informed of the death of his father, reflects seriously, looks into his own heart, and deplores his past follies. He soon learns he is disinherited. This news draws no murmur on the memory of his father. He respects it even at the period most disadvantageous to his interest. He only says, "*I have merited it.*"

This moderation was communicated to Jenneval, his brother, who, rejoicing to see the change of conduct in Dorval, goes to seek and embrace him, and addresses him in these words, forever memorable : ' My brother, by a will of our father's, I am instituted sole heir ; but he wished only to exclude the man you then were, and not him you now are. I render to you the portion which is due to you.'

QUESTIONS. What is Stress ? How does it characterize sound ? What is Movement ? How many and what are the general distinctions ? What is Rule First, or the rule for narrative, descriptive pieces, &c. ? Read the examples.

Descriptive.

Everything looked smiling about us as we embarked. The morning was now in its freshness, and the path of the breeze might be traced over the lake, wakening up its waters from their sleep of the night. The gay, golden-winged birds that haunt the shores were in every direction shining along the lake, while, with a graver consciousness of beauty, the swan and the pelican were seen dressing their white plumage in the mirror of its wave. To add to the animation of the scene, a sweet tinkling of musical instruments came, at intervals, on the breeze, from boats at a distance, employed thus early in pursuing the fish of the waters, that suffered themselves to be decoyed into the nets by music.

Didactic.

Upon whatever foundation happiness is built, when that foundation fails, happiness must be destroyed; for which reason it is wisdom to choose such a foundation for it as is not liable to destructive accidents. If happiness be founded upon riches, it is liable to theft, deceit, oppression, war, and tyranny; if upon fine houses and costly furniture, one spark of fire is able to consume it; if upon friends, health, or life, a thousand diseases, and ten thousand events, have power to destroy it; but if it be founded upon the infinite bounty and goodness of God, and upon those virtues that entitle to his favor, its foundation is immovable, and its duration eternal.

RULE 2. Tender emotion, pathetic and plaintive language, should be uttered with rather a slow movement, and in a soft and subdued tone of voice.

EXAMPLES.*Tender Emotion.*

Adieu, ye lays, that Fancy's flowers adorn,
The soft amusement of the vacant mind!
He sleeps in dust, and all the muses mourn,—
He, whom each virtue fired, each grace refined,
Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind!
He sleeps in dust. Ah, how shall I pursue
My theme! To heart-consuming grief resigned,
Here on his recent grave I fix my view,
And pour my bitter tears. Ye flowery lays, adieu!

QUESTIONS. What is Rule Second, or the rule for tender emotion, &c.? What are the subjects of the examples given under this rule?

Pathetic.

When I left thy shores, O Naxos,
 Not a tear in sorrow fell ;
 Not a sigh or faltered accent
 Spoke my bosom's struggling swell
 Yet my heart sunk chill within me,
 And I waved a hand as cold,
 When I thought thy shores, O Naxos,
 I should never more behold.

Still the blue wave danced around us
 'Mid the sunbeam's jocund smile ;
 Still the air breathed balmy summer,
 Wafted from that happy isle.
 When some hand the strain awaking
 Of my home and native shore,
 Then 't was first I wept, O Naxos,
 That I ne'er should see thee more.

Grief.

My boy refused his food, forgot to play,
 And sickened on the water, day by day ;
 He smiled more seldom on his mother's smile ;
 He prattled less, in accents void of guile,
 Of that wild land, beyond the golden wave,
 Where I, not he, was doomed to be a slave ;
 Cold o'er his limbs the listless languor grew ;
 Paleness came o'er his eye of placid blue ; —
 Pale mourned the lily where the rose had died,
 And timid, trembling, came he to my side.
 He was my all on earth. O ! who can speak
 The anxious mother's too prophetic woe,
 Who sees death feeding on her dear child's cheek,
 And strives, in vain, to think it is not so ?
 Ah ! many a sad and sleepless night I passed
 O'er his couch, listening in the pausing blast,
 While on his brow, more sad from hour to hour,
 Drooped wan dejection like a fading flower !

RULE 3. Whatever is grave, solemn or dignified, should generally be read in a moderately deep, full, and firm tone, with few inflections of voice, and slow movement.

QUESTION. What is Rule Third, or the rule for the language of gravity, &c. ?

EXAMPLES.

Gravity.

Father! thy hand
 Hath reared these venerable columns; Thou
 Didst weave this verdant roof; Thou didst look down
 Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
 All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun
 Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
 And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,
 Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
 Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
 As now they stand, massy and dark,
 Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
 Communion with his Maker.

Solemnity.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
 To him that is at ease in his possessions!
 Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
 Is quite unfurnished for the world to come!
 In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
 Raves round the walls of her clay tenement;
 Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help;
 But shrieks in vain! How wishfully she looks
 On all she's leaving, now no longer here!

RULE 4. Whatever partakes of grandeur, sublimity, awe, or deep reverence, should generally be read on a low note, with slow movement, and a clear voice, approaching monotone.

EXAMPLES.

Grandeur.

Night, sable goddess, from her moon throne,
 In rayless majesty now stretches forth
 Her leaden scepter o'er a slumbering world.
 Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!

Sublimity.

The clouds now rolled, in volumes, over the mountain tops; their summits still bright and snowy, but the lower parts of an inky blackness. The rain began to patter down in broad and scattered drops: the wind freshened, and curled up the waves: at length it seemed as

QUESTIONS. What are the subjects of the Examples under Rule Third? What is Rule Fourth? Will you name the subjects illustrated? How should language of this kind generally be read?

if the bellying clouds were torn open by the mountain tops, and complete torrents of rain came rattling down. The lightning leaped from cloud to cloud, and streamed quivering against the rocks, splitting and rending the stoutest forest trees. The thunder burst in tremendous explosions; the peals were echoed from mountain to mountain; they crashed upon Dunderburg, and then rolled up the long defile of the highlands, each headland making a new echo. until old Bull Hill seemed to bellow back the storm.

Reverence and Awe

O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy; all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all devastating fight,
Thou only God! There is no God beside.
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore,
Who fillest existence with thyself alone;
Embracing all, supporting all, ruling o'er —
Being whom we call God.

And what am I, then? Heaven's unnumbered host
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against thy greatness; is a cipher brought
Against infinity! What am I then? Naught!
Naught! But the effluence of thy light divine,
Pervading all worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes, in my spirit doth thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! But I live, and on hope's pinions fly,
Eager toward thy presence; for in thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of thy divinity.
I am, O God, and surely thou must be.

RULE 5. The language of scorn, contempt, or threatened revenge, requires, in most instances, a deep and guttural voice, rather slow movement, forcible utterance, and very emphatic significancy of expression.

EXAMPLES.

Scorn and Contempt.

I would that now

I could forget the wretch who stands before me;

QUESTION. What is Rule Fifth, or the rule for the language of scorn?

For he is like the accursed and crafty snake !
 Hence ! from my sight ! Thou Satan, get behind me .
 Go from my sight ! I hate and I despise thee !
 These were thy pious hopes ; and I, forsooth,
 Was in thy hands a pipe to play upon ;
 And at thy music my poor soul to death
 Should dance before thee !
 Thou stand'st at length before me undisguised, —
 Of all earth's groveling crew the most accursed.
 Thou worm ! thou viper ! to thy native earth
 Return ! Away ! Thou art too base for man
 To tread upon. Thou scum ! thou reptile !

Revenge.

If they wrong her honor,
 The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
 Time has not yet so dried this blood of mine,
 Nor age so eat up my invention,
 Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
 Nor my bad life 'reft me so much of friends,
 But they shall find awaked in such a kind,
 Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
 Ability in means, and choice of friends,
 To quit me of them thoroughly.

RULE 6. Language expressing joy, mirth, or other pleasurable emotions, should be read with a quick movement, on a key slightly elevated, and with a smooth and flowing voice.

EXAMPLES.

Joy.

Then is Orestes blest ! My griefs are fled !
 Fled like a dream ! Methinks I tread in air !
 Surprising happiness ! unlooked for joy !
 Never let love despair ! The prize is mine !
 Be smooth, ye seas ! and, ye propitious winds,
 Blow from th' Epirus to the Spartan coast !

And darkness and doubt are now flying away ;
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn ; —

QUESTIONS. What are the subjects of the Examples under Rule Fifth ? What is Rule Sixth, or the rule for language of joy, &c. ? What are the subjects of the Examples under this rule ?

To whom the goblin full of wrath replied ; —
 Art thou that traitor angel ! art thou he,
 Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith, till then
 Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
 Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons,
 Conjured against the Highest, for which both thou
 And they, outcast from God, are here condemned
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain !
 And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heaven,
 Hell-doomed, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
 Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
 Thy king and lord ! Back to thy punishment,
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
 Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
 Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart,
 Strange horrors seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

Transition.

TRANSITION means those sudden changes of the voice that are made in reading or speaking, prompted by the emotions which the sentiment of the language inspires.

The general principles upon which transition depends may be learned by carefully studying the rules given for expression.

In order to present these changes to the eye, the following characters will be used.

| | |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| (h) high. | (i) increase. |
| (hl) high and loud. | (s) slow. |
| (l) low. | (q) quick. |
| (ll) low and loud. | (p) plaintive.* |

These marks are in some instances used in combination ; as, (s p) slow and plaintive.

EXAMPLES.

He scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend
 Was moving toward the shore ; —
 He called so loud that all the hollow deep

* How far the influence of these characters extends is left for the reader to determine.

QUESTIONS. What is Transition ? How can the general principles of Transition be learned ? Explain the characters used to mark the changes of voice in Transition. How shall the reader determine how far the influence of the rhetorical characters ex-

Of hell resounded. (h l) Princes, — Potentates,
 Warriors! the flower of heaven, once yours, now lost,
 If such astonishment as this, can seize
 Eternal spirits.

The language of the first part of this example being simple narrative, requires a moderate movement, and the middle pitch. In the latter part a transition is made to the high pitch, and a quicker movement, because the language changes from narrative to that of commanding authority.

(q) Away, away, o'er the foaming main!
 This was the free and the joyous strain; —
 There are clearer skies than ours, afar,
 We will shape our course by a brighter star;
 There are plains whose verdure no foot hath pressed,
 And whose wealth is all for the first brave guest.

(s p) But alas! that we should go,
 Sang the farewell voices then, —
 From the homesteads, warm and low,
 By the brook and in the glen!

A thousand hearts beat happily —
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell;

(l) But hush! hark! — a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!
 Did ye not hear it? — No, — 't was but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.

(h) On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet —

(l) But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more;

(i) And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!

(hl) Arm! arm! it is — it is the cannon's opening roar!

(p) Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 ——— and choking sighs; —

(q) And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.

QUESTIONS. Why is the first part of the first example spoken on the middle pitch?
 Why the last on the high pitch?

Personation.

PERSONATION implies those changes or variations of voice, necessary to represent two or more individuals as speaking.

In reading dialogue of all kinds, this principle of elocution is employed; and it will at once be seen that it requires great skill to manage the voice in such a manner, as to represent accurately the characters speaking.

RULE. Consider the condition, the feelings, and the temperament of the characters to be represented, and vary the voice in such a manner as best to personate them.

EXAMPLE.

Plain Dialogue.

Alexander. What! art thou that Thracian robber, of whose exploits I have heard so much?

Robber. I am a Thracian, and a soldier.

A. A soldier! a thief, a plunderer, an assassin! the pest of the country! I could honor thy courage, but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

R. What have I done, of which you can complain?

A. Hast thou not set at defiance my authority, violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and property of thy fellow-subjects?

R. Alexander, I am your captive; I must hear what you please to say, and endure what you please to inflict. But my soul is unconquered; and if I reply at all to your reproaches, I will reply like a free man.

To read the language used by the two characters in this extract in the same tone, and with the same expression, would make it disagreeable even to the most unpracticed ear. The condition of Alexander is that of a king and conqueror; his passions are irritated, and it would be natural to suppose that he would speak in the language of authority and contempt.

QUESTIONS. What is Personation? What is the rule for Personation? How should the part of Alexander, in the example, be read?

On the other hand, the robber is a captive, in the power of Alexander; and, from the very circumstances in which he is placed, would use the language of submission and respect.

Rhetorical Dialogue.

When a writer introduces into his composition, for the sake of vivacity, one individual or more, as speaking, it is called *Rhetorical Dialogue*, and should be read according to the rule given above.

EXAMPLES.

And Nathan said to David, Thou art the man.

Jesus said, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?

They turned deadly pale at the fatal rencounter. "I was first at the top," said Bendearg, "and called out first, lie down, that I may pass over in peace." "When Grant prostrates himself before Macpherson," answered the other, "it must be with a sword through his body." "Turn back, then," said Bendearg, "and repass as you came." "Go back yourself, if you like it," replied Grant.

Rhetorical Pause.

RHETORICAL PAUSE is a suspension of voice where grammatical punctuation does not require it.

The rhetorical pause, when properly observed, adds precision and force to the thought or sentiment uttered. When it precedes an important word or clause, it excites expectation and prepares the mind for what follows.

In general, correct taste and good judgment, will better decide its proper length, and where it should be used, than any set rules. The following rule, however, embraces a few of the instances where its use is required, and is introduced for the purpose of calling the learner's attention to the subject. The pause is marked thus, (|).

RULE. The rhetorical pause is generally required between a verb and its nominative, before and after an

QUESTIONS. How should the part of the robber be read? What is Rhetorical Dialogue? How should it be read? What is Rhetorical Pause? What is the rule?

intervening phrase, before an adjective when it follows its noun, where there is an ellipsis, and before and after an important word or clause of a sentence.

EXAMPLES.

Industry | is the guardian of innocence.

Prosperity | gains friends ; *adversity* | tries them.

Some | place true bliss in action, *some* | in ease,

Those | call it pleasure, and contentment | *these*.

The great, invincible *Alexander* | wept at the fate of Darius.

Precipitation | ruins the best contrived plans, *patience* | ripens the most difficult.

Talents | *without application* | are no security for progress in learning.

Wealth | *with a benevolent disposition* | renders the possessor a blessing to the world.

Hers was a soul | *replete* with every noble quality.

Add to your *faith* | virtue ; and to *virtue* | knowledge ; and to *knowledge* | temperance ; and to *temperance* | patience.

Is not the mystery comprehended in one word | *sympathy* ?

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that | *is the lamp of experience*.

EXERCISES ON MODULATION.

Exercise 1. — To Illustrate Transition, page 60.

1. Heard ye those loud contending waves,
That shook Cecropia's pillared state ?
Saw ye the mighty from their graves
Look up, and tremble at her fate ?
Who shall calm the angry storm ?
Who the mighty task perform,
And bid the raging tumult cease ?
See the son of Hermes rise ;
With syren tongue, and speaking eyes,
Hush the noise, and sooth to peace !

2. Lo! from the regions of the North,
The reddening storm of battle pours;
Rolls along the trembling earth,
Fastens on the Olynthian towers.
- (h q) 3. "Where rests the sword?—where sleep the brave!
Awake! Cecropia's ally save
From the fury of the blast;
Burst the storm on Phocis' walls;
Rise! or Greece forever falls.
Up! or freedom breathes her last!"
- (l s) 4. The jarring states, obsequious now,
View the patriot's hand on high;
Thunder gathering on his brow,
Lightning flashing from his eye.
5. Borne by the tide of words along,
One voice, one mind, inspire the throng;
(h l q) "To arms! to arms! to arms!" they cry!
"Grasp the shield, and draw the sword,
Lead us to Philippi's lord,
Let us conquer him — or die!"
- (p) 6. Ah, Eloquence! thou wast undone;
Wast from thy native country driven,
When Tyranny eclipsed the sun,
And blotted out the stars of heaven.
7. When Liberty from Greece withdrew,
And o'er the Adriatic flew,
To where the Tiber pours his urn,
She struck the rude Tarpeian rock;
Sparks were kindled by the shock —
Again thy fires began to burn!
8. Now, shining forth, thou mad'st compliant
The Conscript Fathers to thy charms;
Roused the world-bestriding giant,
Sinking fast in Slavery's arms!

9. I see thee stand by Freedom's fane,
 Pleading the persuasive strain,
 Giving vast conceptions birth ; —
 Hark ! I hear thy thunder's sound,
 Shake the Forum round and round —
 Shake the pillars of the earth !

10. First-born of Liberty divine !
 Put on Religion's bright array ;
 Speak ! and the starless grave shall shine
 The portal of eternal day !

11. Rise, kindling with the orient beam,
 Let Calvary's hill inspire the theme !
 Unfold the garments rolled in blood !
 O, touch the soul, touch all her chords,
 With all the omnipotence of words,
 And point the way to heaven — to God.

Exercise 2. — To Illustrate Rhetorical Pause, page 63.

1. The business of training our youth in elocution | must be commenced in childhood. The first school | is the nursery. There, at least, may be formed a distinct articulation, which is the first requisite for good speaking. How rarely is it found in perfection | among our orators. Words, says one, referring to articulation, should “ be delivered out from the lips, as beautiful coins, newly issued from the mint ; deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, in due succession, and of due weight.”

2. How rarely do we hear a speaker, whose tongue, teeth | and lips | do their office so perfectly | as, in any wise, to answer | to this beautiful description ! And the common faults in articulation, it should be remembered, take their rise | from the very nursery. But let us refer to other particulars.

3. Grace in eloquence | in the pulpit, at the bar, cannot be separated from grace | in the ordinary manners, in private life, in the social circle, in the family. It cannot well be superin-

duced | upon all the other acquisitions of youth, any more than that nameless, but invaluable quality, called | good breeding. You may, therefore, begin the work of forming the orator | with your child ; not merely by teaching him to declaim, but what is of much more consequence, by observing and correcting his daily manners, motions and attitudes.

4. We go, next, to the schools for children. It ought to be a leading object, in these schools, to teach the art of reading. It ought to occupy three-fold more time | than it does. The teachers of these schools | should labor to improve themselves. They should feel, that to them, for a time, are committed the future orators | of the land.

5. We had rather have a child, even of the other sex, return to us from school a first-rate reader, than a first-rate performer on the piano-forte. We should feel that we had a far better pledge for the intelligence and talent of our child. The accomplishment, in its perfection, would give more pleasure. The voice of song is not sweeter than the voice of eloquence ; and there may be eloquent readers, as well as eloquent speakers.

6. We speak of perfection in this art ; and it is something, we must say in defence of our preference, which we have never yet seen. Let the same pains be devoted to reading, as are required to form an accomplished performer on an instrument ; let us have, as the ancients had, the formers of the voice, the music-masters of the reading voice ; let us see years devoted to this accomplishment, and then we should be prepared to stand the comparison.

7. It is, indeed, a most intellectual accomplishment. So is music, too, in its perfection. We do, by no means, undervalue this noble and most delightful art, to which Socrates applied himself, even in his old age. But one recommendation of the art of reading is, that it requires a constant exercise of mind. It demands continual and close reflection and thought, and the finest discrimination of thought. It involves, in its perfection, the whole art of criticism on language. A man may possess a fine genius, without being a perfect reader ; but he cannot be a perfect reader without genius.

CHAPTER VI.

READING POETRY.

The rules which have been given for reading prose are, for the most part, equally applicable to poetry. There are, however, a few principles pertaining to the latter, and resulting from its metrical structure, which it is the object of this chapter to explain.

Construction of Verse.

The most common kinds of English verse are the *Iambic*, the *Trochaic*, and *Anapestic*; deriving their names from the kind of feet of which they are composed.

A short or unaccented syllable, is marked thus (-), and a long, or accented one, thus, (-).

Iambic Verse.

The Iambus consists of a short syllable and a long one; as, bētrāy.

There are seven forms of this verse, named from the number of feet which they contain. The first consists of one Iambus, or foot, and the last of seven.

EXAMPLE.

With dý | ñg hānd, | ābōve | hīs heād,
Hē shoōk | thē frāg | mēnt ōf | hīs blāde.

Trochaic Verse.

The Trochee consists of one long and one short syllable; as, hātefūl.

There are six forms of this verse! the first consisting of one Trochee, or foot, and the last of six.

QUESTIONS. Are the rules for reading prose applicable to poetry? What are the most common kinds of English verse? Of what does an Iambus consist? Which syllable is accented? Which unaccented? How many forms has Iambic verse? Of what does a Trochee consist? Which syllable is accented? Which unaccented? How many forms has Trochaic verse?

EXAMPLE.

Restless | morals | toil for | naught,
Bliss in | vain from | earth is | sought.

Anapestic Verse.

The Anapest consists of two short syllables and one long one; as, cōntrāvēne.

There are four forms of this kind of verse; the first consisting of one Anapest, or foot, and the last of four.

EXAMPLE.

Māy I gōv | ērn mý pās | slons with āb | sōlūte swāy;
And grōw wī | sēr ānd bēt | tēr ās life | weārs āwāy.

Resolving poetry, in this manner, into the feet of which it is composed, is called *scanning*.

RULE 1. Poetry should be read with a fuller swell of the open vowels, and in a manner more melodious and flowing than prose.

EXAMPLES.

Fifth Form of Iambic Verse.

Thy for | ests, Wind | sor, and | thy green | retreats,
At once the monarch's and the muses' seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, Sylvan maids;
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.

Fourth and Third Form of Trochaic Verse.

Fly a | broad, thou | mighty | gospel,
Win and | conquer, | never | cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply and still increase

Third Form of Anapestic Verse

O ye woods, | spread your branch | es apace,
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase,
I would vanish from every eye.

QUESTIONS. Of what does an Anapest consist? Which syllable is accented? Which syllables are unaccented? How many forms has Anapestic verse? What is scanning? What is Rule First?

Harmonic Pauses.

HARMONIC PAUSES are commonly divided into two kinds: the *Cæsural* pause (||), and the *Final* pause (.), each denoted by the character following its name.

The *cæsural* pause occurs in the middle of the line, generally after the fourth, fifth, or sixth syllable, and rarely after the second or eighth.

EXAMPLE.

Warms in the sun, || refreshes in the breeze,
Glowe in the stars, || and blossoms in the trees.

The final pause occurs at the end of the line, and marks the measure, both in rhyme and blank verse.

EXAMPLES.

O Muse, the causes and the crimes relate;
What goddess was provoked, and whence her hate.
For what offence the queen of heaven began . .
To persecute so brave, so just a man.

————— Thus with the year . .
Seasons return, but not to me returns . .
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn.

RULE 2. Harmonic pauses increase the beauty of verse, and should be regarded when they do not injure the sense.

In the following verse, harmony requires the *cæsural* pause after the word *sad*, but the sense requires a pause after *sit*, where it must be made, even at the sacrifice of harmony.

EXAMPLE.

I sit, with sad || civility I read.

QUESTIONS. How are Harmonic Pauses divided? After what syllables does the *Cæsural* pause occur? Where does the final pause occur? What is Rule Second? Do the Grammatical and *Cæsural* pauses always coincide? Which takes the preference?

Metrical Accent.

METRICAL ACCENT is a stress laid upon certain syllables in verse, recurring at regular intervals, and generally corresponding with the common accent, but not always.

In Iambic measure, it falls on the last syllable of each foot; as,

Héw lóved, hów vâl | ſed ónce, | ávails | thée nót.

RULE 3. The metrical accent should generally be observed when it will not impair the sense, or so much derange the customary accent as to be harsh and unpleasant to the ear.

It would too much impair the sense, to read the following example as marked, in accordance with the metrical accent.

EXAMPLE.

*Falsé eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colors spreads in every place.*

NOTE. In the following examples, and in others of a similar character, in which there is an unpleasant harshness produced by the conflict of the common and metrical accents, a compromise may be made, and both syllables may be accented nearly alike.

EXAMPLES.

Óur súprême foe in time may much relent.

Encamp their legions, or with óbscure wing.

Metrical Changes.

METRICAL CHANGES are used to signify those variations that are sometimes made in words, by poetic license, to accommodate them to the measure which the verse requires.

These changes are frequently indicated by an apostrophe, which

QUESTIONS. What is Metrical Accent? Where does it fall in Iambic verse? What is Rule Third? How is the sense impaired in the examples under this rule? When the metrical and common accents conflict, what should be done? What is meant by Metrical Changes? How are they frequently indicated?

denotes that the word is abbreviated ; but at the present time, custom seems inclined, in most instances, to omit this notation, and leave the reader to determine when such changes are necessary.

A syllable may sometimes be added to the end of a word, in pronouncing it, which would not commonly be sounded.

RULE 4. When abbreviations are made in words, or additions are made to them by poetic license, they must generally be so far regarded in reading, as not to increase or diminish the number of syllables beyond what the measure requires.

NOTE. Whenever a line in verse contains redundant letters or syllables, or more than the measure requires, they should either be entirely suppressed, or so slightly and rapidly uttered, as to coalesce with the one following.

EXAMPLES.

Abbreviations.

On ev | *ěry* *sīde* | with shad | *ōwy* *squād* | rons deep,
And hosts | infu | *řīdte* *shāke* | the shud | *děring* *grōund*.
'T is *mine* | to teach | *th'* *īnac* | tīve hand | to reap
Kind na | ture's boun | *ties*, o'er | the globe | diffused.
Bend 'gainst | the stee | py hill | thy breast.
Who durst | defy | *th'* *Omnip* | otent | to arms!

Additions.

——— Let each

His adamantīne coat gird well, and each
Fīt well | his helm, | gripe fast | his orb | *ed** *shīeld*.
And now beneath them lay the wished for spot,
The sa | cred bower | of that renown | *ed* *bard*.

In the examples given above, the feet upon which metrical changes are made are printed in italics.

* This is not properly the etymological figure of paragoge, but it has the same effect when *ed* is pronounced as a distinct syllable.

QUESTIONS. What additions do poets sometimes make to words? What is Rule Fourth? How shall redundant letters or syllables in verse be treated?

EXERCISES ON POETRY.

Exercise 1.—To Illustrate Rule 1, page 69.

1. The Assyrian came down | like the wolf | on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleam | ing in purple and gold;
And the sheen | of their spears | was like stars | on the sea,
When the blue | wave rolls night | ly on deep | Galilee.

2. Like the leaves of the forests when summer is green,
That host | with their banners at sun | set were seen; —
Like the leaves of the forests when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strawn.

3. For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still.

4. And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride; —
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

5. And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

6. And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Exercise 2. — To Illustrate Rule 2, page 70.

Of man's first disobedience, || and the fruit .
 Of that forbidden tree, || whose mortal taste . .
 Brought death into the world, || and all our woe,
 With loss of Eden, || till one greater Man . .
 Restore us, || and regain the blissful seat,
 Sing, heavenly muse, || that on the sacred top . .
 Of Oreb, or of Sinai, || didst inspire . .
 That shepherd, || who first taught the chosen seed,
 In the beginning || how the heavens and earth . .
 Rose out of chaos ! Or, if Sion hill
 Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flowed
 Fast by the oracle of God ; I thence
 Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
 That with no middle flight intends to soar
 Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

Lo ! the poor Indian ! || whose untutored mind . .
 Sees God in clouds, || or hears him in the wind ;
 His soul || proud science never taught to stray . .
 Far as the solar walk, || or milky way ;
 Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
 Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven ;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
 Some happier island in the watery waste,
 Where slaves, once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
 To ~~be~~, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company,

PART II.*

EXERCISES IN READING.

LESSON I.

PRE-EMINENCE OF AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

BANCROFT.

1. THE United States of America constitute an essential portion of a great political system, embracing all the civilized nations of the earth. At a period when the force of moral opinion is rapidly increasing, they have the precedence in the practice and the defense of the equal rights of man. The sovereignty of the people is here a conceded axiom,^a and the laws, established upon that basis, are cherished with faithful patriotism.

2. While the nations of Europe aspire after change, our constitution engages the fond admiration of the people, by which it has been established. Prosperity follows the execution of even justice; invention is quickened by the freedom of competition; and labor rewarded with sure and unexampled returns. Domestic peace is maintained without the aid of a military establishment; public sentiment permits the existence of but few standing troops, and those only along the seaboard and on the frontiers.

3. A gallant navy protects our commerce, which spreads its banners on every sea, and extends its enterprise to every clime. Our diplomatic^b relations connect us, on terms of equality and honest friendship, with the chief powers of the world.

* For explanations in relation to Part II., see preface.

^a Axiom; self-evident truth. ^b Diplomatic; pertaining to public ministers or envoys.

while we avoid entangling participation in their intrigues, their passions, and their wars. Our national resources are developed by an earnest culture of the arts of peace. Every man may enjoy the fruits of his industry; every mind is free to publish his convictions.

4. Our government, by its organization, is necessarily identified with the interests of the people, and relies exclusively on their attachment for its durability and support. Nor is the constitution a dead letter, unalterably fixed; it has the capacity for improvement; adopting whatever changes time and the public will may require, and safe from decay, so long as that will retains its energy.

5. New states are forming in the wilderness; canals, intersecting our plains and crossing our highlands, open numerous channels to internal commerce; manufactures prosper along our watercourses; the use of steam on our rivers and railroads annihilates distance by the acceleration of speed. Our wealth and population, already giving us a place in the first rank of nations, are so rapidly cumulative,* that the former is increased fourfold, and the latter is doubled, in every period of twenty-two or twenty-three years.

6. There is no national debt; the community is opulent; the government economical; and the public treasury full. Religion, neither persecuted nor paid by the state, is sustained by the regard for public morals and the convictions of an enlightened faith. Intelligence is diffused with unparalleled universality; a free press teems with the choicest productions of all nations and ages. There are more daily journals in the United States than in the world beside.

7. A public document of general interest is, within a month, reproduced in at least a million of copies, and is brought within the reach of every freeman in the country. An immense concourse of emigrants of the most various lineage is perpetually crowding to our shores; and the principles of liberty, uniting all interests by the operation of equal laws, blend the discordant elements into harmonious union.

8. Other governments are convulsed by the innovations and

* Cumulative; augmenting.

reforms of neighboring states; our constitution, fixed in our affections of the people, from whose choice it has sprung, neutralizes the influence of foreign principles, and fearlessly opens an asylum to the virtuous, the unfortunate, and the oppressed of every nation.

9. And yet it is but little more than two centuries, since the oldest of our states received its first permanent colony. Before that time the whole territory was an unproductive waste. Throughout its wide extent, the arts had not erected a monument.

10. Its only inhabitants were a few scattered tribes of feeble barbarians, destitute of commerce and of political connection. The ax and the plowshare were unknown. The soil, which had been gathering fertility from the repose of centuries, was lavishing its strength in magnificent but useless vegetation. In the view of civilization, the immense domain^a was a solitude.

LESSON II.

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE VOYAGE.

SHAW.

1. THOSE who have deserved the most at the hands of this world, have often fared the worst. Poverty and persecution have been the lot of genius; the stake and the cross, the reward of piety. We have a striking illustration of this, in the treatment which Christopher Columbus received from his fellow-men.

2. A nobler man never breathed this air; and yet, he was murdered with obloquy!^b He whose merit a crown could not have met, was glad of a refuge in the grave. Succeeding generations have made retribution^c to his memory; but justice is mockery to the dead. The repose of Columbus would have been as sweet, and his eternal glory as great, without our fruitless homage.

3. We have followed this wonderful man with growing in-

^a Domain; national dominion. ^b Obloquy; disgrace. ^c Retribution; recompense.

terest, from the beginning to the end of his career. We have watched him from the first faint glimmer of his grand conception, until it shone upon him with the burning brightness of a sun, filling the whole heavens with its glory, and drowning every feeble luminary in its light. But if we were searching his life for a scene of surpassing sublimity, we would fix on the last night of his voyage.

4. Man never started on an enterprise more grand or perilous than Columbus. He was about to search the wide wastes of an unexplored ocean, for a world which even the most sanguine only dared to hope had an existence. Columbus left Spain with three vessels, so small and poorly constructed, that a madman at the present day would hardly venture in them a hundred miles from land. Two of them had no decks in the center; and the other, which carried the High Admiral,^a was but little better fitted to meet the storm.

5. In such plight as this, on Friday, the third of August, 1492, after almost eighteen years of fruitless supplication, Columbus and his followers set sail from the port of Palos.^b Day after day they keep on their course to the West. They reach waters which no keel had plowed, no line sounded; and still, no signs of land!

6. Week follows week, until thousands of miles stretch between them and their native shores; and still, no signs of land! Their provisions are nearly gone; the sails hang in rags about the spars; the vessels groan as they mount each succeeding wave; and still, no signs of land! Faith, weary with watching, ceases to expect. Hope, worn by its vigils,^c no longer looks.

7. Never did a darker night overtake man, than the last night of that gloomy voyage. To-morrow, by mutual agreement between the Admiral and his crews, if no land appear, they are to turn their bows toward Spain. But even this scarcely afforded hope. Before they could reach the nearest port, their provisions might be exhausted, or the relentless tempest might send their shattered barks to the bottom.

^a High Admiral; chief commander of a fleet. ^b Palos; a port in Spain. ^c Vigils; watchings.

They turn into their hammocks;^a but not to sleep. Sad remembrances, gloomy forebodings, weigh down their souls.

8. They chide the folly which allured them from Spain. They think of the friends who stood on the beach and waved an ominous farewell; and, oh! they must meet them again no more, until the sea give up the dead that are in it. But, ah! as they turn on their faces and abandon themselves to despair, what sound is that which comes from the deck! It is the voice of their leader; it is the electric cry, "Land! land!" Yes, "Land! land!" rises for the first time over that unsounded sea.

9. They leap from their hammocks; they rush to the decks; and, gazing with strained eye-balls over the bows, see a faint light in the distance, moving, as it seems, from place to place. Hoping, hardly daring to hope, they wait for morning; when, lo! as it breaks, one of those fair isles which stud the ocean rises from the shades of receding night.

10. It rises in native-loveliness, unmarred by man, unprofaned by the ax, its fields kissing the waters, its forests saluting the clouds. Transported with joy, forgetful of the past, anticipating the glory of the future,—they simultaneously break forth in praise to God. From every vessel, from every tongue, one glad song ascends to Heaven; and the "Te Deum"^b swells where waves had roared and wild winds wailed.

LESSON III.

RETURN AND RECEPTION OF COLUMBUS.

IRVING.

1. THE fame of his discovery had resounded throughout the nation, and as his route lay through several of the finest and most populous provinces of Spain, his journey appeared like the progress of a sovereign. Wherever he passed, the surrounding country poured forth its inhabitants, who lined the road and thronged the villages.

2. In the large towns, the streets, windows, and balconies,

^a Ham'mocks; sailors' beds. ^b Te De'um; a hymn of thanksgiving.

were filled with eager spectators, who rent the air with acclamations. His journey was continually impeded by the multitude pressing to gain a sight of him, and of the Indians,^a who were regarded with as much admiration as if they were natives of another planet.

3. It was impossible to satisfy the craving curiosity which assailed himself and his attendants, at every stage, with innumerable questions; popular rumor, as usual, had exaggerated the truth, and had filled the newly found country with all kinds of wonders. It was about the middle of April, that Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception.

4. The beauty and serenity of the weather, in that genial season and favored climate, contributed to give splendor to this memorable ceremony. As he drew near the place, many of the more youthful courtiers,^b together with a vast concourse of the populace, came forth to welcome him. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs, which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors.

5. First were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with tropical feathers, and with their national ornaments of gold; after these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants, supposed to be of precious qualities; while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets,^c bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly discovered regions.

6. After these followed Columbus, on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade^d of Spanish chivalry. The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies^e were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed, as if

^a Ind'ian; (Ind'yān.) ^b Court'iers, (kört'yur;) attendants on courts. ^c Coronets
ornamental head-dresses. ^d Cavalcade'; a procession on horseback. ^e Bal'conies
galleries in front of houses.

the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered.

7. There was a sublimity in this event, that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon.^a Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state with the prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court, and the principal nobility of Castile.^b

8. At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers.^c A modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than were these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world.

9. As Columbus approached, the sovereigns rose as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he requested to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on the part of their majesties to permit this act of vassalage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence; a rare honor in this proud and punctilious court.

10. At the request of their majesties, Columbus now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands which he had discovered. He displayed the specimens he had brought of unknown birds and other animals; of rare plants, of medicinal and aromatic virtue; of native gold, in dust, in crude masses, or labored into barbaric ornaments; and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest; since there is nothing to man so curious as the varieties of his own species.

11. All these he pronounced mere harbingers^d of great

^a Saloon'; a spacious room. ^b Castile, (kas teel;) a province in Spain. ^c Cavaliers, (kav-a-leers;) knights. ^d Harbingers; forerunners.

discoveries he had yet to make, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes^a to the true faith. The words of Columbus were listened to with profound emotion by the sovereigns.

12. When he had finished, they sunk on their knees, and raised their clasped hands to heaven; their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, they poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence; all present followed their example; a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph.

13. Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the brilliant court of Spain celebrated this sublime event. When Columbus retired from the royal presence, he was attended to his residence by all the court, and followed by the shouting populace.^b For many days he was the object of universal curiosity, and wherever he appeared, he was surrounded by an admiring multitude.

LESSON IV.

SUFFERINGS OF THE PILGRIMS.^c

EVERETT.

1. FROM the dark portals^d of the star-chamber,^e and in the stern text of the acts of uniformity, the pilgrims received a commission more efficient than any that ever bore the royal seal. Their banishment to Holland was fortunate; the decline of their little company in the strange land was fortunate; the difficulties which they experienced in getting the royal consent to banish themselves to this wilderness were fortunate; all the tears and heart-breakings of that ever memorable parting at Delfthaven,^f had the happiest influence on the rising destinies of New England.

2. All this purified the ranks of the settlers. These rough

^a Proselytes; converts. ^b Populace; the people. ^c Pilgrims; wanderers, the first settlers in New England. ^d Portals; gates or doors. ^e Star-Chamber; an English court. ^f Delfthaven, (Delft-há-vén) a town in Holland.

touches of fortune brushed off the light, uncertain, selfish spirits. They made it a grave, solemn, self-denying expedition, and required of those who engaged in it to be so too. They cast a broad shadow of thought and seriousness over the cause; and if this sometimes deepened into melancholy and bitterness, can we find no apology for such a human weakness?

3. Their trials of wandering and exile, of the ocean, the winter, the wilderness, and the savage foe, were the final assurances of success. It was these that put far away from our fathers' cause, all patrician^a softness, all hereditary claims to preëminence. No effeminate nobility^b crowded into the dark and austere ranks of the pilgrims.

4. Methinks I see one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower, of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison; delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging.

5. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggering vessel. I see them escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth;^c weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

^a Patrician; noble, of noble family or state. ^b Nobility; persons of rank in a monarchy. ^c Plymouth; a town in Massachusetts, where the Pilgrims first settled.

6. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did a shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this.

7. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it the tomahawk? ^a was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea? was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible, that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible, that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

LESSON V.

THE PILGRIMS.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

1. How slow yon tiny vessel plows the main !
Amid the heavy billows now she seems
A toiling atom ; then from wave to wave
Leaps madly, by the tempests lashed, or reels,
Half wrecked, through gulfs profound.
2. Moons wax and wane,
But still that lonely traveler treads the deep ;

* Tom'ahawk ; an Indian hatchet.

I see an ice-bound coast, toward which she steers
With such a tardy movement, that it seems
Stern Winter's hand hath turned her keel to stone,
And sealed his victory on her slippery shrouds *
They land! — They land!

3. Forth they come
From their long prison, hardy forms, that brave
The world's unkindness, men of hoary hair,
And virgins of firm heart, and matrons grave.
Bleak Nature's desolation wraps them round,
Eternal forests, and unyielding earth,
And savage men who through the thickets peer
With vengeful arrow.

4. What could lure their steps
To this drear desert? Ask of him who left
His father's home to roam through Haran's^a wilds,
Distrusting not the guide who called him forth,
Nor doubting, though a stranger, that his seed
Should be as ocean's sands.

5. But yon lone bark
Hath spread her parting sail. They crowd the strand,
Those few, lone pilgrims. Can ye scan the woe
That wrings their bosoms, as the last frail link
Binding to man, and habitable earth,
Is severed? Can ye tell what pangs were there,
What keen regrets, what sickness of the heart,
What yearnings o'er their forfeit land of birth,
Their distant dear ones?

6. Long, with straining eyes
They watch the lessening speck. Hear ye no shriek
Of anguish, when that bitter loneliness
Sank down into their bosoms? No! they turn
Back to their dreary, famished huts, and pray!
Pray, — and the ills that haunt this transient life

^a Shrouds; ropes that support the masts of vessels. ^b Peer; to look narrowly at. ^c Haran; the place in which Abraham and his father dwelt.

Fade into air. Up in each girded breast
 There sprang a rooted and mysterious strength, —
 A loftiness to face a world in arms,
 To strip the pomp from scepter and to lay
 Upon the sacred altar the warm blood
 Of slain affections, when they rise between
 The soul and God.

7. And can ye deem it strange
 That from their planting such a branch should bloom
 As nations envy? Would a germ, embalmed
 With prayer's pure tear-drops, strike no deeper root
 Than that which mad ambition's hand doth strew
 Upon the winds, to reap the winds again?
 Hid by its veil of waters from the hand
 Of greedy Europe, their bold vine spread forth
 In giant strength. Its early clusters, crushed
 In England's wine-press, gave the tyrant host
 A draught of deadly wine.

8. O, ye who boast
 In your free veins the blood of sires like these,
 Lose not their lineaments. Should Mammon^a cling
 Too close around your heart, or wealth beget
 That bloated luxury which eats the core
 From manly virtue, or the tempting world
 Make faint the Christian purpose in your soul,
 Turn ye to Plymouth's beach, and on that rock^b
 Kneel in their foot-prints, and renew the vow
 They breathed to God.

LESSON VI.

WESTWARD MOVEMENT OF CIVILIZATION.

MORLEY.

1. DECIDEDLY one of the most interesting points in the past history of the United States, is the striking illustration it has afforded of the great law of civilization, its movement from east to west. It was a direct and startling demonstration of

^a Mammon; the god of riches. ^b Rock; the Plymouth rock, where the pilgrims first landed.

the truth which history has long labored to indicate. The land upon which the sun of civilization first rose, we know not with certainty; but as far back as our vision can extend, we behold it shining upon the most eastern limits of the eastern hemisphere.

2. Assyria,^a Egypt, Greece, Rome, we behold successively lighted up, as the majestic orb rolls over them; and as he advances still farther through his storied and mysterious zodiac, we behold the shadows of evening as surely stealing upon the lands which he leaves behind him.

3. Rome falls before the adventurous and destructive Goth;^b and for a moment the world seems darkened; but vast causes, new materials, conflicting elements, are silently at work to produce order out of apparent chaos, through the long eclipse of the dark ages; and when light is again restored, behold, the radiance which we first worshiped on the shores of the Indian Ocean has at last reached and illumined the whole coast of the Atlantic, while the most western states of Europe are rejoicing in its beams.

4. Here, it would seem, the sun's course was finished. The law which has hitherto visibly governed his career must be reversed; the world's western limit has been reached, and either his setting is at hand, or he must roll backward through his orbit. But it is not so. Just as we were about to doubt the universality of the law, which we believed indubitably and historically established, the world swings open upon its hinges, and reveals another world beyond the ocean, as vast and perfect as itself.

5. America starts into existence, the long-forgotten dream of the ancients is revived and realized, and the world's history is rounded into as complete a circle as its physical conformation. We have said that the exemplification of the westward march of culture was the most striking feature in the history of America. Connected with this, however, and hardly of less importance, is the illustration which it affords us of the

^a As-syr'-i-a; an ancient country, now a part of Turkey in Asia. ^b The Goths were an ancient people, once occupying what is now Sweden.

manner in which the civilization of the world has been successively entrusted to distinct races.

6. Throwing out at once all disquisition concerning the great races which have regularly made their appearance, and accomplished their mission in past ages, we turn our attention simply to the great race of the present time. This is, indubitably, the Anglo-Saxon race.^a We assume this without argument, because we believe that none of our readers will be desirous of holding us to the proof.

7. The Anglo-Saxon, like all great races, is of a composite origin; and its materials would almost seem to have been carefully selected with the view of producing a breed of singular energy, endurance, and power. The Saxon hardihood, the Norman^b fire, the Teutonic^c phlegm, had long ago been molded, one would deem, for some great purpose, into one grand national stock; and to this race, when it had attained the fulness and perfection of its strength, was the conquest of America entrusted.

LESSON VII.

THE SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED.

MORLEY.

1. THE original colonization of this country by the English, and the present system of internal colonization successfully prosecuted in the United States, from east to west, form a striking counterpart to the Gothic invasion of the Roman empire in the fifth century.

2. The one was the irruption of barbarism upon an ancient civilization; the other, the triumph of civilization over an ancient barbarism. Each was, in a great degree, the work of the same race; and it would truly seem that the barbarian has begun to pay the debt which he has owed to humanity since the destruction of the Western Empire.

^a Anglo-Saxon race; descendants of the Angli and Saxones, who united and conquered England in the fifth century. ^b Normans; the inhabitants of ancient Scandinavia, or Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. ^c Teutones; an ancient people, occupying a part of what is now called Denmark.

3. The civilized Goths, whose mission is now to contend with and humanize the wilderness of America, are the descendants of those Goths who for a time annihilated the ancient civilization of Europe; and the task of destruction which they so successfully accomplished, and which resulted, after all, in a great benefit to the human race, differed no less in its general nature from their present condition, than did the instruments by which it was effected differ from those by which the conquest of America is in the course of accomplishment.

4. The Roman state retained, in appearance, the same gigantic proportions which belonged to it when it sat enthroned upon the whole civilized world. It was a vast but a hollow shell; outwardly imposing, but inwardly rotten to the core; and with the first stroke of the sword of Alaric,^a it crumbled into dust. The Goth was but the embodiment of the doom which had long impended over the empire of the Cæsars.^b

5. He was but the appointed actor in the last scene of that historic destiny which had ruled the state since Romulus^c first watched the vulture's flight from the Palatine.^d For purposes inscrutable then, probably, but plain enough to every human intelligence at the present day, the civilization of Europe, after having reached and passed the highest possible point of refinement, was for the time annihilated. The Goth destroyed, but he did not rebuild.

6. Beneath the foot-print of the barbarian's war-horse, the grass withered and never revived. It was but a type of the utter exhaustion of the soil; and after the tempest had lain waste every vestige of the extraordinary culture which had, as it were, drained and impoverished the land, it lay fallow for ages before it was again susceptible of cultivation. The colonization of America was exactly the reverse of the picture. The race that had destroyed now came forward to civilize and humanize.

^a Al-a-ric; king of the Visigoths. ^b Cæsars; Julius Caesar, Augustus Caesar, &c., Roman emperors. ^c Rôm'u-lus; the founder of Rome. ^d Pal'a-tine; one of the seven hills on which Rome was built.

7. The Goth of the fifth century, whose courser's hoof crushed every flower in his track, reappears in the seventeenth, with his hand upon the plowshare, and cities spring up like corn-blades in every furrow which he traces through the wilderness. His task is but just begun. He has but entered upon his sublime mission; and it is to be expected that as many centuries as elapsed before the old world was ripened for his destroying scythe are again to be told, before he is to enjoy the perfected fruits of his present labors.

LESSON VIII

FATE OF THE INDIANS

STORY.

1. THERE is, indeed, in the fate of these unfortunate beings, much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By a law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow, but sure extinction. Everywhere, at the approach of the white man, they fade away.

2. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone forever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more. Two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils rose in every valley, from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes.

3. The shouts of victory and the war-dance rang through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace and the dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down; but they wept not.

4. They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the

Great Spirit^a dwelt, in a home prepared for the brave, beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage, and fortitude, and sagacity, and perseverance, beyond most of the human race. They shrank from no dangers, and they feared no hardships.

5. If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave.

6. But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youth; the sachems^b and the tribes; the hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No; nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which hath eaten into their heart-cores; a plague which the touch of the white man communicated; a poison which betrayed them into a lingering ruin.

7. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own. Already, the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, "few and faint, yet fearless still."

8. The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or despatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans.

9. There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which

^a Great Spirit; the name which the American Indians give to Deity. ^b Sachems (shachems) American Indian chiefs.

chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them; no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel, that there is for them still one remove farther, not distant, nor unseen. It is to the general burial-ground of the race.

LESSON IX.

THE CHEROKEE'S^a LAMENT.

1. O, soft falls the dew, in the twilight descending,
And tall grows the shadowy hill on the plain;
And night o'er the far distant forest is bending,
Like the storm-spirit, dark, o'er the tremulous main;
But midnight enshrouds my lone heart in its dwelling,
A tumult of woe in my bosom is swelling,
And a tear, unbecfitting the warrior, is telling
That Hope has abandoned the brave Cherokee!
2. Can a tree that is torn from its root by the fountain,
The pride of the valley, green-spreading and fair,
Can it flourish, removed to the rock of the mountain,
Unwarmed by the sun, and unwatered by care?
Though Vesper^b be kind her sweet dew in bestowing,
No life-giving brook in its shadow is flowing,
And when the chill winds of the desert are blowing,
So droops the transplanted and lone Cherokee!
3. Loved graves of my sires! have I left you forever?
How melted my heart when I bade you adieu!
Shall joy light the face of the Indian?—ah, never!
While memory sad has the power to renew;
As flies the fleet deer when the bloodhound is started,
So fled winged Hope from the poor broken-hearted;

^a Cherokee (Cher-o-kee'); one of a tribe of Indians recently living in Georgia, but now transferred to the Indian Territory. ^b Vesper; the goddess of evening.

O, could she have turned, ere forever departed,
And beckoned, with smiles, to her sad Cherokee,

4. Great Spirit of Good, whose abode is the heaven,
Whose wampum^a of peace is the bow in the sky,
Wilt thou give to the wants of the clamorous raven,
Yet turn a deaf ear to my piteous cry?
O'er the ruins of home, o'er my heart's desolation,
No more shalt thou hear my unblest lamentation;
For death's dark encounter I make preparation;
He hears the last groan of the wild Cherokee!

LESSON X.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

MELLEN.

1. WAKE your harp's music! — louder, — higher,
And pour your strains along;
And smite again each quivering wire,
In all the pride of song!
Shout like those god-like men^b of old,
Who, daring storm and foe,
On this blest soil their anthem rolled,
Two hundred years ago!
2. From native shore^c by tempest driven,
They sought a purer sky,
And found, beneath a milder heaven,
The home of liberty!
An altar rose, and prayers; a ray
Broke on their night of woe,
The harbinger of Freedom's day,
Two hundred years ago!
3. They clung around that symbol, too,
Their refuge and their all,

^a Wam'pum; strings of shells, used as money by the Indians. ^b The Pilgrims
^c England's shores.

And swore while skies and waves were blue,
That altar should not fall.
They stood upon the red man's sod,
'Neath heaven's unpillared bow,
With home, a country, and a God,
Two hundred years ago !

4. Oh ! 't was a hard, unyielding fate
That drove them to the seas,
And Persecution strove with Hate,
To darken her decrees ;
But safe above each coral grave,
Each looming ship did go, —
And God was on the western wave,
Two hundred years ago !

5. They knelt them on the desert sand,^a
By waters cold and rude,
Alone upon the dreary strand
Of oceaned solitude !
They looked upon the high blue air,
And felt their spirits glow,
Resolved to live or perish there,
Two hundred years ago !

6. The warrior's^b red right arm was bared,
His eyes flashed deep and wild ; —
Was there a foreign footstep dared
To seek his home and child ?
The dark chiefs yelled alarm, and swore
The white man's blood should flow,
And his hewn bones should bleach their shore,
Two hundred years ago !

7. But lo ! the warrior's eye grew dim,
His arm was left alone,
The still, black wilds which sheltered him,
No longer were his own !

^a The shore of Cape Cod.

^b The aboriginal Indians.

'Time fled, and on the hallowed ground
 His highest pine lies low,
 And cities swell where forests frowned
 Two hundred years ago !

8. Oh ! stay not to recount the tale ; —
 'T was bloody, and 't is past ;
 The firmest cheek might well grow pale,
 To hear it to the last.
 The God of heaven, who prospers us,
 Could bid a nation grow,
 And shield us from the red man's curse,
 Two hundred years ago !

9. Come, then, great shades of glorious men,*
 From your still glorious grave ;
 Look on your own proud land again,
 O bravest of the brave !
 We call you from each moldering tomb,
 And each blue wave below,
 To bless the world ye snatched from doom,
 Two hundred years ago !

10. Then to your harps, — yet louder, — higher,
 And pour your strains along,
 And smite again each quivering wire,
 In all the pride of song !
 Shout for those god-like men of old,
 Who, daring storm and foe,
 On this blest soil their anthem rolled,
 Two hundred years ago !

LESSON XL

WHAT YOUNG LADIES SHOULD READ.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

1. A TASTE for reading is important to all intellectual beings. To our sex, it may be pronounced peculiarly necessary

It is important to all, because it is the way in which aliment is conveyed to the mind; and to our sex peculiarly necessary, because, dwelling much on the contemplation of little things, they are in danger of losing the intellectual appetite.

2. A taste for reading is, therefore, to them, an armor of defense. Home, the woman's province, admits of little variety. She should, therefore, diversify it by an acquaintance with the world of intellect; and shed over it the freshness derived from the exhaustless fountains of knowledge.

3. She should render herself an entertaining and instructive fireside companion, by daily replenishing her treasury with that gold which the hand of the robber may not waste, nor the rust of time corrode. Every young lady, who, at leaving school, entertains a clear and comfortable conviction that she has finished her education, should recollect the reproof of the excellent Dr. Rush* to a young physician, who spoke of the time when he finished his studies. "When you finished your studies! Why, you must be a happy man to have finished so young. I do not expect to finish mine as long as I live."

4. Life is but one great school, and we are all pupils, differing in growth and progress, but all subjects of discipline, all invested with the proud privilege of acquiring knowledge, as long as the mind retains its powers.

5. But while the value of knowledge renders a taste for reading so important, the choice of books is equally so. Books produce the same effect on the mind that diet does on the body. They may either impart no salutary nutriment, or convey that which is pernicious. Miscellaneous reading has become so fashionable, and its materials so multifarious, that it is difficult to know how to select, or where to fix a limit.

6. Works of imagination usually predominate in the libraries of young ladies. To condemn them in a mass, as has been sometimes done, is hardly just. Some of them are the productions of the finest minds, and abound with the purest sentiments. Yet, discrimination with regard to them is ex-

* Dr. Rush, (Benjamin,) an eminent physician and philosopher of Philadelphia, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

ceedingly important, and such discrimination as a novice cannot exercise. The young should, therefore, ask guidance of an experienced and cultivated mind, and devote to this class of reading only a moderate portion of time, as to a recreation.

7. History has ever been warmly commended to the attention of the young. It imparts knowledge of human nature, and supplies lofty subjects for contemplation. It should be read with constant reference to geography and chronology. A fine writer has called these "the eyes of history." They are, also, the grappling-irons by which it adheres to memory.

8. As some historians are deficient in dates, or not lucid in their arrangement, a table of chronology, and an atlas, ancient and modern, should be the inseparable companions of all books of history, which are to be studied with profit. It is a good practice to fix in the memory some important eras, the subversion of an empire, for instance, and then ascertain what events were taking place in all other nations at the same period of time. A few of these parallels, running through the history of the world, will collect rich clusters of knowledge, and arrange them in the conservatory of the mind.

9. History is replete with moral lessons. The instability of human power, the tyranny of man over his brother, and the painful truth, that the great are not always the good, mark almost every feature of its annals. Read History with candor and independence of mind. The opinions of the historian should be examined, and the gilding stripped from false glory.

10. The admiration so profusely bestowed on warriors and conquerors should be analyzed. And if conquerors are discovered to have wrought more evil than good, to have polluted the foundations of peace and liberty, and to have wantonly shed blood and caused misery for their own aggrandizement, let the sentence upon their deeds be given in equity.

11. Next in intellectual interest to History, and superior to it in its influence upon the heart, is the study of Biography. Through this familiar intercourse with the wise and good, we forget the difference of rank, and the distance upon earth's surface that divided us. We almost listen to their voices, and number them among our household friends.

12. We see the methods by which they became distinguished, the labors by which their eminence was purchased, the piety that rendered them beloved, and our desire of imitation is awakened. As by our chosen associates, the character is modified, so the heart exhibits some transcript of the models kept most constantly in its view.

13. The poets will, naturally, be favorites in the library of an educated young lady. They refine sensibility, and convey instruction. They are the friends of nature and knowledge, and quicken in the heart a taste for both.

LESSON XII.

THE SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

1. YOUR course of reading should also comprise the annals of painting, sculpture, and architecture. Perhaps human genius has never displayed itself more gloriously than in these departments. To throw life into inanimate canvass, to make dull marble breathe, indicate as much of creative power as may be deputed to man. The efforts of the Grecian chisel^a have been the world's admiration for two thousand years. And though the colors of the pencil of the Grecian painters,^b also, have faded, their names still remain in the freshness of immortality.

2. Mental philosophy^c claims a high rank among the studies of youth. It promotes self-knowledge, one of the direct avenues to wisdom. If the map of man be interesting, though darkened with crimes, and stained with blood, how much more the peaceful map of the mind, that "mind which is the standard of the man."

3. I am persuaded that you would find logic a subject of sufficient interest to enter into your course of reading. The art of thinking, so important to all who have the power of thought, is, possibly, too little studied by our sex. A science,

^a Phidias, Praxiteles, and Lysippus were distinguished Grecian sculptors. ^b Zeuxis, Parrhasius, and Appelles were eminent painters of Greece. ^c Mental Philosophy; the philosophy which explains the faculties and operations of the mind.

which, according to the concise definition of Watts,^a "teaches to use reason well, in inquiries after truth," is an important aid in the acquisition of all other sciences.

4. Ethics and sacred literature will undoubtedly occupy a prominent place in your system. These embrace a wide range, and comprehend some of the most gifted minds of which our world can boast. Books for perusal on the Sabbath should ever partake of the character of that consecrated day.

5. The command to rescue a seventh part of our time from the vanities of life, and select such topics of meditation and discourse as serve to prepare for a higher and purer state of existence, is indeed a great privilege. Let the Scriptures form a part of the study of every day.

6. All systematic reading should be with a fixed purpose to remember and to profit. Cultivate the retentive power, by daily and persevering exercise. If any one complains that she has a weak memory, it is her own fault. She does not take due pains to give it strength.

7. Does she forget the period for meals, the season for repose? Does she forget the appointed hour for the evening party, or to furnish herself with a fitting dress in which to appear there? Does she forget the plot of the last romance, or the notes of a fashionable piece of music? Yet some of these involve detail, and require application. Why, then, might not the same mind contain a few historical facts, with their correlative dates? Frankly, because it does not feel the same interest, nor put forth the same effort.

8. I am inclined to think memory capable of indefinite improvement, by a judicious and persevering regimen.^b Read, therefore, what you desire to remember with concentrated and undivided attention. Close the book, and reflect. Undigested food throws the whole frame into a ferment. Were we as well acquainted with our intellectual as with our physical structure, we should see undigested knowledge producing equal disorder in the mind.

9. To strengthen the memory, the best course is not to

^a Watts; a distinguished poet and divine. ^b Regimen; discipline, government.

commit page after page verbatim, but to give the substance of the author correctly and clearly in your own language. Thus the understanding and memory are exercised at the same time; and the prosperity of the mind is not so much advanced by the undue prominence of any one faculty as by the true balance and vigorous action of all. Memory and understanding are also fast friends, and the light which one gains will be reflected upon the other.

10. Use judgment in selecting from the mass of what you read the parts which it will be useful or desirable to remember. Separate and arrange them, and give them in charge to memory. Tell her it is her duty to keep them, and to bring them forth when you require. She has the capacities of a faithful servant, and possibly the dispositions of an idle one. But you have the power of enforcing obedience, and of overcoming her infirmities.

11. To facilitate the management of memory, it is well to keep in view that her office is threefold. Her first effort is to receive knowledge; her second, to retain it; her last, to bring it forth when it is needed. The first act is solitary, the silence of fixed attention. The next is also sacred to herself and her ruling power, and consists in frequent, thorough examination of the state and order of the things committed to her.

12. The third act is social, rendering her treasures available to the good of others. Daily intercourse with a cultivated mind is the best method to rivet, refine, and polish the hoarded gems of knowledge. Conversation with intelligent men is eminently serviceable.

13. For after all our exultation on the advancing state of female education, with the other sex will be found the wealth of classical knowledge^a and profound wisdom. If you have a parent, or older friend, who will, at the close of each day, kindly listen to what you have read, and help to fix in your memory the portions most worthy of regard, count it a privilege of no common value, and embrace it with sincere gratitude.

^a Classical knowledge; a knowledge of the Greek and Latin authors. It may also mean a knowledge of standard authors in general.

LESSON XIII.

RULES FOR THE ATTAINMENT OF KNOWLEDGE.

WATTS.

1. DEEPLY impress your mind with the vast importance of a sound judgment, and the rich and inestimable advantage of right reasoning. Review the instances of your own misconduct in life, and observe how many follies and sorrows you would have escaped, if from your early years you had taken due pains to judge rightly concerning persons, times, and things. This will awaken you to the work of improving your reasoning powers, and of seizing every opportunity and advantage for this end.

2. Take a wide survey, now and then, of the unlimited regions of learning. Let your meditations run over the names of all the sciences, with their numerous branchings and particular themes of knowledge, and then reflect with how few of them you are acquainted. The most learned of mortals will never find occasion to act over again what is fabled of Alexander the Great; that when he had conquered what was called the Eastern world, he wept for want of more worlds to conquer. The worlds of science are innumerable and endless.

3. Read the accounts of those vast treasures of knowledge which some of the dead have possessed, and some of the living do possess, and be astonished at the almost incredible advances that have been made in science. Acquaint yourself with some persons of great learning, that, by comparing yourself with them, you may acquire a just opinion of your own attainments, and be animated with a generous and laudable emulation to equal or exceed them. But remember, if upon a few superficial acquirements you value and exalt yourself, as though you were already learned, you are thereby erecting an impassable barrier against all improvement.

4. Presume not too much upon a bright genius, a ready

* Alexander the Great; a Grecian general of great talents but corrupt morals.

wit and good parts ; for these, without labor and study, will never make a man of knowledge and wisdom. Persons of a gay and vigorous fancy have often fallen into this mistake. They have been acknowledged to shine in an assembly, and sparkle in a discourse upon common topics, and therefore have resolved to abandon reading and study ; but when they had lost their vivacity of animal nature and youth, they became stupid and sottish even to contempt and ridicule. It is meditation and studious thought that gives good sense even to the best genius.

5. Exercise your reason and judgment upon all you read ; for if your learning be a mere accumulation of what others have written, without a due penetration into the meaning, and a judicious choice and determination of your own sentiments, your head has little better title to true knowledge than the shelves of your library.

6. Do not be suddenly taken upon the surfaces of things, or with mere appearances, for this will fill the mind with errors and prejudices, and give it an ill habit of thinking ; but penetrate into the depth of matters, as far as your time and circumstances will allow. .

7. Once a day, especially in the early years of life and study, examine what new ideas you have gained, and what advances you have made in any part of knowledge, and let no day, if possible, pass away without some intellectual gain. It was a sacred rule among the Pythagoreans,* that they should, every evening, run thrice over the actions and affairs of the day, and examine what their conduct had been, what they had done, and what they had neglected ; assured that, by this method, they would make a rapid progress in the path of knowledge and virtue.

* Pythag'o-re-ans ; the followers of Pythag'oras, a Grecian philosopher.

LESSON XIV.

ON THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

1. THE advantages found in history seem to be of three kinds; it amuses the fancy, improves the understanding, and strengthens a virtue. In reality, what entertainment is there more agreeable to the mind than to be transported into the remotest ages of the world, and to observe human society, in its infancy, making the first faint essays towards the arts and sciences?

2. What is more pleasant than to see the policy of government and the civility of conversation refining by degrees, and everything that is ornamental to human life advancing toward its perfection? than to mark the rise, progress, declension, and final extinction, of the most flourishing empires; the virtues which contribute to their greatness, and the vices which drew on their ruin?

3. In short, to see all the human race, from the beginning of time, pass as it were in review before us, appearing in their true colors, without any of those disguises which, during their lifetime, so much perplex the judgment of the beholders, what spectacle can be imagined so magnificent, so various, so interesting?

4. What amusement, either of the senses or imagination, can be compared with it? Shall those trifling pastimes, which engross so much of our time, be preferred, as more satisfactory and more fit to engage our attention? How perverse must that taste be, which is capable of so wrong a choice of pleasures!

5. But history is a most improving part of knowledge, as well as an agreeable amusement; and, indeed, a great part of what we commonly call erudition, and value so highly, is nothing but an acquaintance with historical facts. An extensive knowledge of this kind belongs to men of letters; but I must think it an unpardonable ignorance in persons of whatever sex or condition not to be acquainted with the history

of their own country, along with the histories of ancient Greece^a and Rome.

6. But I must add, that history is not only a valuable part of knowledge, but opens the door to many other parts of knowledge, and affords materials to most of the sciences. And, indeed, if we consider the shortness of human life, and our limited knowledge even of what passes in our own time, we must be sensible, that we should be forever children in understanding, were it not for this invention which extends our experience to all past ages, and to the most distant nations; making them contribute as much to our improvement in wisdom as if they had actually lain under our observation.

7. A man acquainted with history may, in some respects, be said to have lived from the beginning of the world, and to have been making continual additions to his stock of knowledge in every century. There is also an advantage in that knowledge which is acquired by history, above what is learned by the practice of the world, that it brings us acquainted with human affairs, without diminishing in the least from the most delicate sentiments of virtue.

8. And, to tell the truth, I scarcely know any study or occupation so unexceptionable as history in this particular. Poets can paint virtue in the most charming colors; but as they address themselves entirely to the passions, they often become advocates for vice. Even philosophers are apt to bewilder themselves in the subtilty of their speculations; and we have seen some go so far as to deny the reality of all moral distinction.^b

9. But I think it a remark worthy the attention of the speculative reader, that the historians have been, almost without exception, the true friends of virtue, and have always represented it in its proper colors, however they may have erred in their judgments about particular persons. Nor is this combination of historians in favor of virtue at all difficult to be accounted for.

^a Ancient Greece comprised all of modern Greece, and a large part of Turkey in Europe. ^b Moral distinction; the distinction of right and wrong, of merit and demerit.

10. When a man of business enters into life and action, he is more apt to consider the characters of men as they have relation to his interest, than as they stand in themselves, and has his judgment warped on every occasion by the violence of his passion. When a philosopher contemplates characters and manners in his closet, the general abstract view of the objects, leaves the mind so cold and unmoved, that the sentiments of nature have no room to play, as he scarcely feels the difference betwixt vice and virtue.

11. History keeps in a just medium betwixt these extremes, and places the objects in their true point of view. The writers of history, as well as the readers, are sufficiently interested in the characters and events, to have a lively sentiment of blame or praise; and, at the same time, have no particular interest or concern to pervert their judgment.

LESSON XV.

ANCIENT ROME — POMPEII.*

1. I REPOSED my weary pilgrim-limbs at last in Rome. Rome! once the center of the world, through which its destiny vibrated, like the crimson gush of man's existence in the human heart! How fallen now! how sad, how desolate, how weak, how ruined! Ye who can stand in the hallowed spot of Rome's ancient power and grandeur, but with silent awe and wonder!

2. Rome is great and powerful still; but the attractive show of marshaled monks and robed priests adds nothing to her greatness, and augments not her grandeur. She is great in ruin! great in the glorious achievements of another age. Her power and influence among the kingdoms and principalities of the world, have long since passed away; and her scepter has been broken.

3. But still all nations must and do go there, to bend before the altar of genius, and to pay a willing homage to her treas-

* Pompeii, (Pom-pē-yi;) an ancient city of Italy, overwhelmed by an eruption of the volcanic mountain Vesuvius.

ures of art. There are the deathless tints, the immortal touches of Michael Angelo's^a gigantic hand; there too, are the divine and angelic impressions of Raphael;^b there, but why should I attempt an enumeration of a thousand names, consecrated to genius, and hallowed by antiquity, whose glorious works so richly adorn the Eternal City!^c They are known to all, but not by all appreciated.

4. I looked down from the brink of the deep crater's mouth into the black and fiery bosom of Vesuvius, where the raging flames, old as time itself, have maddened into fury and awful storms of molten anger, burying fair cities deep beneath their glowing wrath! What a scene! I turned my eyes upon the fair blue waters, so sweetly spread at the base, like the smooth surface of a burnished shield, flashing back the rays of the sun in all the glory that he sends them.

5. It was a lovely day in spring, when the flowers were young and bursting into blossom, diffusing their perfumes over the gay, embellished, vine-clad hills. The bay of Naples then reposed in beauty; there was no breeze to curl its surface, and the warm sun smiled gently upon it. O! how bright the prospect over its blue expanse! The city, too, was glorious in the thin blue ethereal vapor, lightly tinging the swelling domes and lofty spires of sunny Naples.

6. I came down from the mountain, and entered the buried cities of the plains. Pompeii and Herculaneum!^d once gay cities, long buried beneath the red crackling fires of the volcano's wrath! How little do we know of those beings who once gaily trod the well-worn pavements of those silent streets!

7. They have gone; and myriads before, too, have stepped into the awful crater of eternity! And those cities have slept beneath the black cinders of Vesuvius' fires for many centuries; and now they open their ponderous gates and sealed treasures, to the world's astonished gaze!

^a Michael Angelo, (Mi'ka-el An'jel-o,) an Italian painter and designing architect.

^b Ra'pha-el; an Italian painter subsequent to Angelo. ^c Eternal City; another name for Rome. ^d Her-cu-la'ne-um; an ancient city of Italy, overwhelmed by an eruption of Vesuvius.

LESSON XVI.

THE SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED.

1. AND lo, a voice from Italy! It comes like the stirring of the breeze upon the mountains! It floats in majesty like the echo of the thunder! It breathes solemnity like a sound from the tombs! Let the nations hearken; for the slumber of ages is broken, and the buried voice of antiquity speaks again from the gray ruins of Pompeii.

2. Roll back the tide of eighteen hundred years. At the foot of the vine-clad Vesuvius stands a royal city; the stately Roman walks its lordly streets, or banquets in the palaces of its splendor. The bustle of busied thousands is there; you may hear it along the thronged quays; it rises from the amphitheater and the forum. It is the home of luxury, of gaiety, and of joy. There toged^a royalty drowns itself in dissipation; the lion roars over the martyred Christian, and the bleeding gladiator^b dies at the beck of applauding spectators. It is a careless, a dreaming, a devoted city.

3. There is a blackness in the horizon, and the earthquake is rioting in the bowels of the mountain! Hark! a roar, a crash! and the very foundations of the eternal hills are belched forth in a sea of fire! Woe for that fated city! The torrent comes surging like the mad ocean; it boils above wall and tower, palace and fountain, and Pompeii is a city of tombs!

4. Ages roll on; silence, darkness and desolation are in the halls of buried grandeur. The forum is voiceless, and the pompous mansions are tenanted by skeletons! Lo! other generations live above the dust of long lost glory, and the slumber of the dreamless city is forgotten.

5. Pompeii beholds a resurrection! As summoned by the blast of the first trumpet, she hath shaken from her beauty the ashes of centuries, and once more looks forth upon the world, sullied and somber, but interesting still. Again upon her arches, her courts and her colonnades, the sun lingers in

^a Dressed in a gown. ^b Gladiatorial shows were a common amusement for the people of Pompeii, in which the combatants fought till one or both were slain.

splendor, but not as erst, when the reflected luster from her marbles dazzled like the glory of his own true beam.

6. There, in their gloomy boldness, stand her palaces, but the song of carousal is hushed forever. You may behold the places of her fountains, but you will hear no murmur; they are as the water-courses of the desert. There too, are her gardens, but the barrenness of long antiquity is theirs. You may stand in her amphitheater, and you shall read utter desolation on its bare and dilapidated walls.

7. Pompeii! moldering relic of a former world! Strange redemption from the sepulcher! How vivid are the classic memories that cluster around thee! Thy loneliness is rife with tongues; for the shadows of the mighty are thy sojourners! Man walks thy desolated and forsaken streets, and is lost in his dreams of other days.

8. He converses with the genius of the past, and the Roman stands as freshly recalled as before the billow of lava had stiffened above him. A Pliny,^a a Sallust,^b a Trajan,^c are in his musing, and he visits their very homes. Venerable and eternal city! The storied urn to a nation's memory! A disentombed and risen witness for the dead! Every stone of thee is consecrated and immortal. Rome was; Thebes^d was; Sparta^e was; thou wast, and art still. No Goth or Vandal^f thundered at thy gates or reveled in thy spoil.

9. Man marred not thy magnificence. Thou wert scathed by the finger of Him, who alone knew the depth of thy violence and crime. Babylon of Italy! thy doom was not revealed to thee. No prophet was there, when thy towers were tottering and the ashy darkness obscured thy horizon, to construe the warning. The wrath of God was upon thee heavily; in the volcano was the "hiding of his power," and like thine ancient sisters of the plain, thy judgment was sealed in fire.

^a Pliny; a celebrated Roman naturalist and philosopher. ^b Sallust; a Roman historian. ^c Trajan; a Roman emperor. ^d Thebes, (Thēbz;) a vast ancient city, whose ruins are in the southern part of modern Egypt. ^e Sparta; an ancient city, situated in the southern part of modern Greece. ^f The Vandals were an ancient people who lived in the north part of Germany.

LESSON XVII.

HERCULANEUM.

1. A GREAT city, situated amidst all that nature could create of beauty and of profusion, or art collect of science and magnificence, the growth of many ages, the residence of enlightened multitudes, the scene of splendor, and festivity, and happiness, in one moment withered as by a spell; its palaces, its streets, its temples, its gardens, "glowing with eternal spring," and its inhabitants in the full enjoyment of all life's blessings, obliterated from their very place in creation—not by war, or famine, or disease, or any of the natural causes of destruction to which earth had been accustomed, but in a single night, as if by magic, and amid the conflagration, as it were, of nature itself, presented a subject, on which the wildest imagination might grow weary without even equaling the grand and terrible reality.

2. The eruption of Vesuvius, by which Herculaneum and Pompeii^a were overwhelmed, has been chiefly described to us in the letters of Pliny^b the Younger, to Tacitus,^c giving an account of his uncle's fate, and the situation of the writer and his mother. The elder Pliny had just returned from the bath and had retired to his study, when a small speck or cloud, which seemed to ascend from Mount Vesuvius, attracted his attention. This cloud gradually increased, and at length assumed the shape of a pine tree, the trunk, of earth and vapor, and the leaves, "red cinders."

3. Pliny ordered his galley, and urged by his philosophic spirit, went forward to inspect the phenomenon. In a short time, however, philosophy gave way to humanity, and he zealously and adventurously employed his galley in saving the inhabitants of the various beautiful villas which studded that enchanting coast. Among others, he went to the assistance of his friend Pomponianus,^d who was then at Stabiae.^e

^a These cities were overwhelmed in A. D. 79, and opened, the former in A. D. 1713, and the latter in 1748; having been buried more than sixteen hundred years. ^b Pliny the Younger; a statesman and orator, nephew of Pliny the Elder. ^c Tacitus; a Roman historian. ^d Pom-po-ni-a-nus; a Roman of no great distinction. ^e Stabiae; an ancient city of some note, situated near mount Vesuvius in Italy.

4. The storm of fire, and the tempest of the earth, increased; and the wretched inhabitants were obliged, by the continual rocking of their houses, to rush out into the fields with pillows tied down by napkins upon their heads, as their sole defence against the shower of stones which fell on them. This, in the course of nature, was in the middle of the day; but a deeper darkness than that of a winter night had closed around the ill-fated inmates of Herculaneum. This artificial darkness continued for three days and nights; and when, at length, the sun again appeared over the spot where Herculaneum stood, his rays fell upon an ocean of lava!

5. There was neither tree nor shrub, nor field, nor house, nor living creature, nor visible remnant of what human hands had reared; there was nothing to be seen, but one black extended surface still streaming with mephitic vapor, and heaved into calcined waves by the operation of fire and the undulations of the earthquake! Pliny was found dead upon the seashore, stretched upon a cloth which had been spread for him, where it was conjectured he had perished early, his corpulent and apoplectic habit rendering him an easy prey to the suffocating atmosphere.

LESSON XVIII.

SCENE^a IN THE BURNING OF ROME BY NERO.^b

CHORUS.

1. STILL we spurred on, but our jaded horses at length sunk under us; and leaving them to find their way into the fields, we struggled forward on foot. The air had hitherto been calm, but now, gusts began to rise, thunder growled, and the signs of tempest thickened on. We gained an untouched quarter of the city, and had explored our weary passage up to the gates of a large patrician palace, when we were startled by a broad sheet of flame rushing through the sky. The storm was come in its rage.

^a An imaginary description of what may have taken place at the burning of Rome.

^b Nero; a Roman emperor of great cruelty.

2. The range of public magazines of wood, cordage, tar, and oil in the valley between the Cælian^a and Palatine hills, had at length been involved in the conflagration. All that we had seen before was darkness to the fierce splendor of this burning. The tempest tore off the roofs, and swept them like floating islands of fire through the sky. The most distant quarters on which they fell were instantly wrapped in flame. One broad mass, whirling from an immense height, broke upon the palace before us.

3. A cry of terror was heard within; the gates were flung open, and a crowd of domestics and persons of both sexes, attired for a banquet, poured out into the streets. The palace was wrapped in flames. My guide then, for the first time, lost his self-possession. He staggered towards me with the appearance of a man who had received a spear-head in his bosom. I caught him before he fell; but his head sunk, his knees bent under him, and his white lips quivered with unintelligible sounds. I could distinguish only the words "gone, gone forever!"

4. The flame had already seized upon the principal floors of the palace; and the volumes of smoke that poured through every window and entrance, rendered the attempt to save those still within, a work of extreme hazard. But ladders were rapidly placed, ropes were flung, and the activity of the attendants and retainers was boldly exerted, till all were presumed to have been saved, and the building was left to burn.

5. My overwhelmed guide was lying on the ground, when a sudden scream was heard, and a figure, in the robes and with the rosy crown of the banquet,—strange contrast to her fearful situation,—was seen flying from window to window in the upper part of the mansion. It was supposed that she had fainted in the first terror, and been forgotten. The height, the fierceness of the flame, which now completely mastered resistance, the volumes of smoke that suffocated every man who approached, made the chance of saving this unfortunate being utterly desperate in the opinion of the multitude.

^a Cælian hill, (Se'-le-an;) one of the seven hills on which Rome was built.

6. My spirits shuddered at the horrors of this desertion. I looked round at my companion; he was kneeling in helpless agony, with his hands lifted up to heaven. Another scream, wilder than ever, pierced my senses. I seized an ax from one of the domestics, caught a ladder from another, and in a paroxysm of hope, fear, and pity, scaled the burning wall. A shout from below followed me. I entered at the first window that I could reach. All before me was cloud. I rushed on, struggled, stumbled over furniture and fragments of all kinds, fell, rose again, found myself trampling upon precious things, plate and crystal, and still, ax in hand, forced my way.

7. I at length reached the banqueting-room. The figure had vanished. A strange superstition of childhood, a thought that I might have been lured by some spirit of evil into the place of ruin, suddenly came over me. I stopped to gather my faculties. I leaned against one of the pillars; it was hot; the floor shook and crackled under my tread, the walls heaved, the flame hissed below, and overhead roared the whirlwind, and burst the thunder-peal.

8. My brain was fevered. The immense golden lamps still burning; the long tables disordered, yet glittering with the costly ornaments of patrician luxury; the scattered Tyrian^a couches; the scarlet canopy that covered the whole range of the tables, and gave the hall the aspect of an imperial pavilion, partially torn down in the confusion of the flight, all assumed to me a horrid and bewildered splendor. The smoke was already rising through the crevices of the floor; the smell of flame was on my robes; a huge volume of yellow vapor slowly wreathed and arched round the chair at the head of the banquet.

9. I could have imagined a fearful lord of the feast under that cloudy veil! Every thing round me was marked with preternatural fear, magnificence and ruin. A low groan broke my reverie. I heard the voice of one in despair. I heard the broken words, "O, bitter fruit of disobedience! O, my mother, shall I never see your face again? For one crime I

^a Tyrian; relating to Tyre; purple. The Tyrians excelled in dyeing purple.

am doomed. Eternal mercy, let my crime be washed away; let my spirit ascend pure! Farewell mother, sister, father, husband!" With the last word I heard a fall, as if the spirit had left the body.

10. I sprang towards the sound; I met but the solid wall. "Horrible illusion,"^a I cried, "am I mad, or the victim of the powers of darkness?" I tore away the hangings; a door was before me. I burst it through with a blow of the ax, and saw stretched on the floor, and insensible, Salome!^b I caught my child in my arms; I bathed her forehead with my tears; I besought her to look up, to give some sign of life, to hear the full forgiveness of my breaking heart. She looked not, answered not, breathed not.

11. To make a last effort for her life, I carried her into the banquet-room.^c But the fire had forced its way there; the wind, bursting in, had carried the flame through the long galleries; and flashes and spires of lurid light, already darting through the doors, gave fearful evidence that the last stone of the palace must soon go down. I bore my unhappy daughter towards the window; but the height was deadly; no gesture could be seen through the piles of smoke; the help of man was in vain. To my increased misery, the current of air revived Salome at the instant when I hoped that, by insensibility, she would escape the final pang.

12. She breathed, stood, and opening her eyes, fixed on me the vacant stare of one scarcely aroused from sleep. Still clasped in my arms, she gazed again; but my wild face covered with dust, my half-burnt hair, the ax gleaming in my hand, terrified her; she uttered a scream, and darted away from me headlong into the center of the burning. I rushed after her, calling on her name. A column of fire shot up between us; I felt the floor sink; all was then suffocation; I struggled and fell.

^a Illusion; deception, fantasy. ^b Salome. ^c Banquet-room; a room for entertainment or feasting.

LESSON XIX.

NIGHT IN EDEN.^a

MRS. EVANS.

1. 'T WAS moonlight in Eden ! Such moonlight, I ween,^b
As never again on this earth shall be seen ;
So soft fell the radiance, so wondrously blue
Was the sky, with its star-enthroned angels in view !
2. How bright was the bower where the fair-fingered Eve
The blossoming garlands delighted to weave ;
While the rose caught its blush from her cheek's living dye
And the violet its hue from her love-lighted eye.
3. There, lulled by the murmurs of musical streams,
And charmed by the rainbow-winged spirit of dreams,
The eyes softly closed that so soon were to weep,
Our parents reposed in a bliss-haunted sleep.
4. But other forms gazed on the grandeur of night,
And beings celestial grew glad at the sight ;
All warm from the glow of their amber-hued skies,
How strange seemed the shadows of earth to their eyes !
5. There, azure-robed Beauty, with rapture-lit smile,
Her golden wings folded, reclined for a while ;
And the Seraph of Melody breathed but a word,
Then listened entranced at the echoes she heard.
6. From mountain and forest an organ-like tone ;
From hill-top and valley a mellower one ;
Stream, fountain, and fall, whispered low to the sod,
For the word that she spoke was the name of our God !

^a The garden of Eden, in which Adam and Eve were placed, is supposed to have been on the river Euphrates, a little north of the Persian gulf. ^b Ween ; think, fancy.

7. With blushes like Eden's own rose in its bloom,
Her censer^a slow wafting ambrosial^b perfume,
With soft-veiling tresses of sunny-hued hair,
The spirit of fragrance breathed sweet on the air.
8. Then first on the ears of the angels of light
Rose the singing of birds that enchanted the night;
For the breezes are minstrels in heaven, they say,
And the leaves and the flowers have a musical play.
9. Each form of creation with joy was surveyed,
From the gentle gazelle^c to the kings of the glade;
And lily-crowned Innocence gazed in the eyes
Of the thunder-voiced lion, with smiling surprise.
10. All night, as if stars were deserting their posts,
The heavens were bright with the swift-coming hosts:
While the sentinel mountains, in garments of green,
With glory-decked foreheads, like monarchs were seen.
11. O Eden, fair Eden! where now is thy bloom?
And where are the pure ones that wept o'er thy doom?
Their plumes never lighten our shadowy skies,
Their voices no more on earth's breezes arise.
12. But joy for the faith that is strong in its powers,
A fairer and better land yet shall be ours;
When Sin shall be vanquished, and Death yield his prey
And earth with her nations Jehovah obey.
13. Then, nobler than Adam, more charming than Eve,
The Son of the Highest his palace shall leave;
While the saints who adored Him arise from the tomb,
At the triumph-strain, telling "His Kingdom is come!"

^a Censer; a vessel in which incense is burned. ^b Am-bro'si-al; fragrant. ^c Gazelle; a small species of antelope.

LESSON XX.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.^a

LESSON.

1. ONE sees in Westminster Abbey almost as much as he would have seen had he lived in England for a thousand years. If a great person has died, or a great deed been done in this island for centuries, they have brought some memento and placed it within these walls. Here we read the story of the virtues and the crimes of England's great men; here we find their monuments, their escutcheons,^b and their ashes.

2. In different ages, and from different scenes of action, England's kings have come to these solemn cloisters at last, to forget in the deep alumber of the grave, the troubles, the follies and the guilt of the life just ended. No one of them, as he went to his sepulcher, stopped to listen to the clamors that swelled behind him; to the contentions of fierce and eager aspirants to his vacant throne.

3. Henry Seventh's^c chapel is called "the wonder of the world." It stands at the east end of the Abbey, and is so neatly joined to it that it seems to be part of the main edifice. It is adorned with sixteen Gothic towers, beautifully ornamented, and jutting from the building in different angles. It is built on the plan of a cathedral, with a nave and side aisles. The entrance to this chapel is through curiously wrought, ponderous gates of brass. The lofty ceiling is worked into an astonishing variety of designs, and you may imagine my surprise when I was told that it was all wrought in solid stone. A celebrated French architect afterward told me that one man could not complete the work upon that ceiling in less time than a thousand years.

4. But they are not all of royal or noble blood that rest here. Greater Englishmen than English kings have a name

^a West'min-ster Abbey; a burial place in London for the illustrious dead. ^b Escutcheons; shields or coats of arms. ^c Henry Seventh; the first king of England of the race of Tudor.

and a grave within these solemn chambers. Bucklers, helmets, and broadswords are spread over the tomb of the bold baron; the cross and the crosier^a mark the sepulcher of some pious bishop; and over this tomb are banners, streamers, and all the insignia^b of naval triumph, doing honor to some captain of the sea, who is here alike forgetful of the roar of the battle and the terrors of the wreck.

5. As you pass along those aisles whose silence is unbroken save by your own footfall, and read the quaint epitaph of heroes of olden time, insensibly will the impression steal over the imagination that it was but yesterday that all these dead were alive, and you, a stranger from the far future, have been carried back to the days of ancient chivalry to converse with walking shadows; to think of the present as though it were a prophecy, a dream, or a hope, and of the past as though it were a reality.

6. And yet speak to that suit of armor which seems now to threaten as it once did in battle, it returns no answer; the voice is still, that once spoke through those iron jaws, and the cold moisture which gathers on its rusted face seems like tears shed over the hero who once wore it.

7. When the mind is full of thoughts suggested by these relics of antiquity, and the heart full of emotions; when the images of great men who have long flitted around the fancy appear, and we see before us the very sword they once used in battle, and the very banner that once floated over them, there is no room left for other thought; we can not contemplate modern times or our own existence.

8. While we are lingering in a place where England has preserved all that she could of the great and the virtuous, a place of which we have read and thought from childhood, and around which so many bright recollections cluster, what marvel if hours on hours steal away, ere we wake from the strong illusion.

^a Crosier; a bishop's staff with a cross on it. ^b In-signia; badges or marks of distinction.

LESSON XXI.

THE SAME SUBJECT, CONTINUED.

1. THE day had passed away as a night of rich dreams goes by, and we were unconscious how long we had been strolling around the walls, until the evening light began to stream in more and more feebly through the lofty, stained windows, and a deeper gloom settled upon every part of the Abbey. And when increasing darkness had spread through all the cloisters, chapels, and passages, a more solemn and mysterious gloom, I could not but ask, What is night, deep, dark night, without moon, star, or taper, around these silent poets, barons, priests, sages, heroes, and kings?

2. Is never a sigh heard to come forth from these damp tombs? a shout from some sleeping warrior? Might we not hear from some part of the Abbey a faint voice as if it came from "spirit land?" No! these dead do never waken or walk; the battle-ax has fallen from the strong hand of the Saxon and the Norman, and they rest in stillness together. Genius, which lived in sorrow and died in want, here sleeps as proudly as royalty. All is silence; but here "silence is greater than speech."

3. This is the great treasure-house of England. If every record on earth besides were blotted out, and the memory of the living should fade away, the stranger could still in Westminster Abbey write the history of the past; for England's records are here, from the rude and bloody escutcheons of the ancient Briton to the ensigns of Norman chivalry, and from these to admiralty stars and civic honors. The changes which civilization has made in its progress through the world, have left their impressions upon these stones and marbles.

4. On the monument where each great man rests, his age has uttered its language; and among such numbers of the dead, there is the language of many ages. England speaks from its barbarity, its revolutions, and its newest civilization. Each generation has laid some of its illustrious ones here,

and it is no wonder that there is not a spot to which an Englishman turns his eyes with so much pride as to Westminster; nor a spot which the traveller so well loves to visit.

5. One cannot but feel both gratitude and indignation here; gratitude for every noble effort in behalf of humanity, civilization, liberty, and truth, made by these sleepers; indignation at every base deed, every effort to quench the light of science or destroy freedom of thought, every outrage inflicted upon man, and every blow aimed against liberty by the oppressors of the race.

6. There is not a great author here who did not write for us; not a man of science who did not investigate truth for us; we have received advantage from every hour of toil that ever made these good and great men weary. A wanderer from the most distant and barbarous nation on earth cannot come here without finding the graves of his benefactors.

7. Those who love science and truth, and long for the day when perfect freedom of thought and action shall be the common heritage of man, will feel grateful, as they stand under these arches, for all the struggles, and all the trials to enlighten and emancipate the world, which the great who here rest from their labors have so nobly endured.

8. And, above all, the scholar who has passed his best years in study, will here find the graves of his teachers. He has long worshiped their genius; he has gathered inspiration and truth from their writings; they have made his solitary hours, which to other men are a dreary waste, like the magical gardens of Armida,* "whose enchantments arose amid solitude, and whose solitude was everywhere among those enchantments." The scholar may wish to shed his tears alone, but he cannot stand by the graves of his masters in Westminster Abbey without weeping; — they are tears of love and gratitude.

* Ar-ma'da.

LESSON XXII.

THE SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED.

LESTER.

1. OLD structure! Round thy solid form
Have heaved the crowd, and swept the storm,
And centuries rolled their tide;
Yet still thou standest firmly there,
Thy gray old turrets^a stern and bare,
The grave of human pride.
2. Erect, immovable, sublime,
As when thou soaredst^b in thy prime,
On the bold Saxon's sight;
Thou holdest England's proudest dead,
From him who there first laid his head,
"The royal anchoret."^c
3. Mysterious form, thy old gray wall
Has seen successive kingdoms fall,
And felt the mighty beat
Of Time's deep flood, as thrones, and kings,
And crowns, and all earth's proudest things,
It scattered at thy feet.
4. 'Tis vanished! "like a morning cloud,"—
The throne, the king, the shouting crowd,
And here I stand alone;
And like the ocean's solemn roar
Upon some distant, desert shore,
A low, perpetual moan.
5. I seem to hear the steady beat
Of century-waves around my feet,
As generations vast
Are borne unto the dim-seen strand
Of that untrodden, silent land,
That covers all the past.

^a Turrets; small towers. ^b This word should be pronounced in two syllables on account of the measure. ^c Anch'or-et; a hermit, a recluse.

- 6 Here too are slumbering, side by side,
Like brother warriors true and tried,
Two stern and haughty foes;
Their stormy hearts are still; the tongue
On which enraptured thousands hung,
Is hushed in long repose.
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LESSON XXIII.

LIFE IN SWEDEN.

LONGFELLOW.

1. LIFE in Sweden is for the most part patriarchal. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over this northern land, almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Overhead hang the long, fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones.

2. Under foot is a carpet of yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream. Anon you come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates, which are opened for you by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass. You sneeze, and they cry, God bless you. The houses in the villages and smaller cities are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red.

3. The floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travelers. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible; and brings you her heavy silver spoons wherewith to dip the curdled milk from the pan.

4. You have oaten cakes baked some months before; or bread with anise seed and coriander in it, and perhaps a little

pine bark. Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plow, and harnessed them to his carriage. Solitary travelers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and hanging around their necks in front, a leathern wallet, wherein they carry tobacco.

5. You meet, also, groups of peasant women, traveling homeward, or city-ward, in pursuit of work. They walk bare-foot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch bark. Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the roadside, each in its own little garden of Gethsemane.^a

6. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a great rusty key, shows you the baptismal font, or the coffin. In the church-yard are a few flowers, and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long tapering finger, counts the tombs, thus representing an index of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men.

7. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings; on others only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money^b for his last journey.^c

8. Near the church-yard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock, with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and con their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat.

^a Geth-sem'a-ne; a Scriptural allusion to the retired garden of Gethsemane near Jerusalem, in which Christ prayed before he was betrayed by Judas. ^b This superstition was also common to the ancient Romans and American Indians. ^c Journey passage from this to another world of existence.

2. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower that went forth to sow. He leads them to the good Shepherd, and to the pleasant pastures of the spirit-land. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchisedek, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words.

LESSON XXIV.

THE SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED.

LONGFELLOW.

1. I must not forget the suddenly changing seasons of the northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring unfolding leaf and blossom one by one; no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers.^a But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter, from the folds of trailing clouds, sows broad-cast over the land, snow, icicles, and rattling hail.

2. The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all.^b The moon and the stars shine through the day; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

3. And now the Northern Lights^c begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a

^a Indian Summer; that very fine, pleasant season of warm weather that usually occurs in this latitude, near the end of October or the first of November. ^b To the inhabitants north of the Arctic Circle the sun neither rises nor sets for a certain time. ^c Northern Lights; that brilliant light seen in the north in the colder season, supposed to be occasioned by electricity.

blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go ; and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson.

4. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword ; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens, like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapory folds the winking stars shine white as silver.

5. With such pomp as this is merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star^a heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw ; and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsmen come to their wedding. Merry Christmas indeed !

6. And now the glad, leafy mid-summer, full of blossoms, and the song of the nightingales, is come ! In every village there is a May-pole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses and ribbons streaming in the wind, and a noiseless weathercock on the top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night ; and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle.

7. O how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness ! How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which like a silver clasp unites to-day with yesterday ! How beautiful the silent hour, when morning and evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight !

8. From the church tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft, musical chime ; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast on his horn, for each stroke of the hammer, four times, to the four corners of the heavens.

^a The star which conducted the wise men to the birth place of Christ.

Ho ! watchman, ho !
 'Twelve is the clock !
 God keep our town
 From fire and brand
 And hostile hand !
 'Twelve is the clock !

9. From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night long ; and farther north, the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning glass.^a

TO SENECA LAKE.^b

1. On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
 The wild swan^c spreads his snowy sail,
 And round his breast the ripples break,
 As down he bears before the gale.
2. On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
 The dipping paddle echoes far,
 And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
 And bright reflects the polar star.
3. The waves, along thy pebbly shore,
 As blows the north wind, heave their foam,
 And curl around the dashing oar,
 As late the boatman hies him home.
4. How sweet, at set of sun, to view
 Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
 And see the mist of mantling blue
 Float round the distant mountain's side !

^a Burning glass ; a double convex lens, used to collect the rays of the sun. ^b Seneca lake ; a beautiful lake in New York. ^c Swan ; an aquatic bird, generally of a beautiful white color, but sometimes black.

5. At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
 A sheet of silver spreads below,
 And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
 Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.
6. On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
 O! I could ever sweep the oar,
 When early birds at morning wake,
 And evening tells us toil is o'er.

LESSON XXV.

LABOR.

JUDSON.

1. The man or woman who despises the laborer, shows a want of common sense, and forgets that every article that is used is the production of more or less labor. The time was, when kings and queens stimulated their subjects to labor, by example. Queen Mary* had her regular hours of work, and had one of her maids of honor read to her, while she plied the needle. Washington and his lady were examples of industry, plainness, frugality, and economy.

2. The necessity imposed on man to labor is unquestionably a great blessing. In those countries, and districts of country, where the greatest amount of labor is requisite to obtain the necessaries of life, we find the most vigorous, healthy, and athletic inhabitants. Where nature has done most for man, in providing for his bodily wants, we find him most destitute of the solid comforts of life.

3. Labor in the open air is most conducive to health, and agriculture affords the largest share of happiness, because the most independent of all professions. To raise, gather, and enjoy the fruits of the earth, and attend to flocks and herds

* Queen Mary, probably Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots.

were the employments first assigned to man by our great Creator. Now, the variety is so great, that all who will may labor in a manner to suit the most fastidious fancy. Immense tracts of land are yet uncultivated, our workshops are numerous and rapidly increasing, our commerce is courting the markets of every climate.

4. Here, mental labor has an opportunity to expand and spread; and genius here finds a field as broad, more free and congenial, than in any other part of the world. All the powers of body and mind, physical and intellectual, here, more than any where, are put in the juxtaposition^a of mutual dependence upon each other, and are mutually useful to each other.

5. Manual^b labor, on the one hand, produces food and raiment for the body, the increase of wealth, and develops the treasures on and in the earth and water. Intellectual labor, on the other, discovers the best means, implements and plans, for producing these, and makes laws, rules and regulations, for the protection of person and property, the advancement of the moral condition of man, and the peace and prosperity of each individual, and the aggregate community.

6. But few are so ignorant, as not to feel their dependence on those around, above, and below them. This feeling of mutual dependence produces harmony, increases happiness, and promotes social order. All who study their physical^c organization, must soon discover how helpless man would be without a hand; the same reasoning will lead them to appreciate the small, as well as the great, in our body politic, one of the fundamental principles of a republican government.

7. Labor also induces men to be better citizens. Idleness leads to vice and crime. Indolence is no part of ethics or theology, nor is it recommended by pagan or Christian philosophy, by experience or common sense. Man was made for action. "noble, sublime, and god-like action" Let him see

^a Juxtaposition; nearness in place. ^b Manual; performed by the hand. ^c Physical; pertaining to the body, not mental.

well to it, that he does not thwart the design of his creation and plunge headlong into the abyss of misery and woe.

LESSON XXVI

MENTAL DISCIPLINE.

TODD.

1. THE human mind is the brightest display of the power and skill of the Infinite Mind with which we are acquainted. It is created and placed in this world to be educated for a higher state of existence. Here its faculties begin to unfold, and those mighty energies, which are to bear it forward to unending ages, begin to discover themselves.

2. The object of training such a mind should be, to enable the soul to fulfil her duties well here, and to stand on high vantage ground, when she leaves this cradle of her being for an eternal existence beyond the grave. There is now and then a youth, who, like Ferguson,* can tend sheep in the field, and there accurately mark the position of the stars, with a thread and beads, and with his knife construct a watch from wood; but such instances are rare. Most need encouragement to sustain, instruction to aid, and directions to guide them.

3. The mighty minds which have gone before us, have left treasures for our inheritance, and the choicest gold is to be had for the digging. How great the dissimilarity between a naked Indian, dancing with joy over a new feather for his head-dress, and such a mind as that of Newton or of Boyle!^b And what makes the difference?

4. There is mind enough in the savage; he can almost outdo the instincts of the prey which he hunts; but his soul is like the marble pillar. There is a beautiful statue in it, but the hand of the sculptor has never laid the chisel upon it. That

* Ferguson; an eminent experimental philosopher and astronomer of Scotland
^b Boyle; a celebrated natural philosopher, born in Ireland.

mind of the savage has never been disciplined by study ; and it, therefore, in the comparison, appears like the rough bison of the forest, distinguished only for strength and ferocity.

5. I am not now to discuss the question, whether the souls of men are naturally equal. You may have a good mind, a sound judgment, or a vivid imagination, or a wide reach of thought and of views ; but, believe me, you probably are not a genius, and can never become distinguished without severe application. Hence all that you ever have, must be the result of labor ; hard, untiring labor.

6. You have friends to cheer you on ; you have books and teachers to aid you, and multitudes of helps. But, after all, discipline and educating your mind must be your own work. No one can do this but yourself. And nothing in this world is of any worth, which has not labor and toil as its price.

7. The zephyrs of summer can but seldom breathe around you. "I foresee, distinctly, that you will have to double Cape Horn in the winter season, and to grapple with the gigantic spirit of the storm, which guards the cape ; and I foresee as distinctly, that it will depend entirely on your own skill and energy, whether you survive the fearful encounter, and live to make a port in the mild latitudes of the Pacific."

8. Set it down as a fact, to which there are no exceptions, that we must labor for all that we have, and that nothing is worth possessing, or offering to others, which costs us nothing. The first and great object of education is, to discipline the mind. Make it the first object to be able to fix and hold your attention upon your studies. He who can do this, has mastered many and great difficulties ; and he who cannot do it, will in vain look for success in any department of study.

9. Patience is a virtue kindred to attention ; and without it the mind cannot be said to be disciplined. Patient labor and investigation are not only essential to success in study, but are an unfailing guaranty to success.

10. The student should learn to think and act for himself. True originality consists in doing things well, and doing them in your own way. A mind half educated is generally imita-

ting others. "No man was ever great by imitation." Let it be remembered that we cannot copy greatness or goodness by any effort. We must acquire it by our own patience and diligence.

11. Another object of study is, to form the judgment, so that the mind can not only investigate, but weigh and balance opinions and theories. Without this, you will never be able to decide what to read or what to throw aside; what author to distrust, or what opinions to receive. Some of the most laborious men, and diligent readers, pass through life without accomplishing anything desirable, for the want of what may be called a well-balanced judgment.

12. The great instrument of affecting the world is the mind; and no instrument is so decidedly and continually improved by exercise and use, as the mind. Many seem to feel as if it were not safe to put forth all their powers at one effort. You must reserve your strength for great occasions, just as you would use your horse, moderately and carefully on common occasions, but give him the spur on occasions of great emergency. This might be well, were the mind, in any respect, like the bones and muscles of the horse.

13. You may call upon your mind to-day for its highest efforts, and stretch it to the utmost in your power, and you have done yourself a kindness. The mind will be all the better for it. To-morrow you may do it again; and each time it will answer more readily to your calls.

14. But remember that real discipline of mind does not so much consist in now and then making a great effort, as in having the mind so trained that it will make constant efforts. The perfection of a disciplined mind is, not to be able, on some great contingency, to rouse up its faculties, and draw out a giant strength, but to have it always ready to produce a given, and an equal quantity of results in a given and equal time.

LESSON XXVII.

ODE ON EDUCATION.

MONTGOMERY.

1. THE lion, o'er his wild domains,
Rules with the terror of his eye;
The eagle of his rock maintains
By force the empire in the sky;
The shark, the tyrant of the flood,
Reigns through the deep with quenchless rage
Parent and young, unweaned from blood,
Are still the same from age to age.

2. Of all that live, and move, and breathe,
Man only rises o'er his birth;
He looks above, around, beneath,
At once the heir of heaven and earth;
Force, cunning, speed, which Nature gave
The various tribes throughout her plan,
Life to enjoy, from death to save,
These are the lowest powers of man.

3. From strength to strength he travels on,
He leaves the lingering brute behind,
And when a few short years are gone,
He soars, a disembodied mind;
Beyond the grave, his course sublime,
Destined through nobler paths to run,
In his career the end of Time
Is but Eternity begun.

4. What guides him in his high pursuit,
Opens, illumines, cheers his way,
Discerns the immortal from the brute,
God's image from the mold of clay?
'Tis knowledge; knowledge to the soul
Is power, and liberty, and peace;

And while celestial ages roll,
The joys of knowledge shall increase.

5. Hail! to the glorious plan, that spread
The light with universal beams,
And through the human desert led
Truth's living, pure, perpetual streams.
Behold a new creation rise,
New spirit breathed into the clod,
Where'er the voice of wisdom cries,
"Man, know thyself, and fear thy God."

LESSON XXVIII.

EXALTED CHARACTER OF POETRY.*

CHANNING.

[The reader may note the inflections for emphatic succession of particulars, in the following piece.* See Rule 10, p. 34.]

1. POETRY seems to us the divinest of all arts; for it is the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment, which is deepest and sublimest in human nature; we mean, of that thirst or aspiration, to which no mind is wholly a stranger, for something purer and lovelier, something more powerful, lofty and thrilling, than ordinary and real life affords.

2. In an intellectual nature, framed for progress and for higher modes of being, there must be creative energies, power of original and ever-growing thought; and poetry is the form in which these energies are chiefly manifested.

3. It is the glorious prerogative of this art, that it "makes all things new," for the gratification of a divine instinct. It indeed finds its elements in what it actually sees and experiences in the worlds of matter and mind; but it combines and blends these into new forms, according to new affinities, and

* It is believed to be important in securing a correct application of the principles of reading, for the learner to mark lightly, with a pencil, such words, pauses, inflections, &c., as are illustrative of the rules to which reference is made in the subsequent lessons.

* The most ancient poetry which has come down to us, is that of the Hebrews.

breaks down, if we may so say, the distinctions and bounds of nature.

4. It imparts to material objects, life, and sentiment, and emotion, and invests the mind with the powers and splendors of the outward creation; describes the surrounding universe in the colors which the passions throw over it, and depicts the mind in those modes of repose or agitation, of tenderness or sublime emotion, which manifest its thirst for a more powerful and joyful existence.

5. We, accordingly, believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble.

6. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and, even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness and misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation.

7. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with what is good in our nature, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of outward nature and of the soul.

8. It indeed portrays, with terrible energy, the excesses of the passions, but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is, to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion.

9. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature; brings back the freshness of youthful feeling; revives the relish of simple pleasures; keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being; refines youthful love; strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings; spreads our sympathies over all classes of society; knits us, by new ties, with universal being; and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

LESSON XXIX.

THE FINE ARTS.^a

DEWEY.

1. It is often said that the arts cannot flourish in a republic; and this is said in the face of such examples as Athens^b and republican Rome.^c But why can they not? I ask. Want of patronage is the reason usually assigned; but let there be intelligence and refinement among any people, and the patronage of the arts must follow. And is it not safer thus to trust the encouragement of the arts to the intelligence and free competition of a whole people, than to a few individuals, kings or princes?

2. Would not a generous artist rather take an intelligent people for his patron, than a king? May not the fine arts, in this respect, be safely and advantageously subjected to the same ordeal as literature? We have wealth enough, we have intelligence in America, and I am willing to rely upon these for the inevitable consequence.

3. It would be sad, indeed, if the allegation were true, that the arts could not flourish in a republic. For it is precisely in a republic that they are wanted, to complete the system of social influences. It is a mistake into which novices fall, to suppose that the arts are unfavorable to morality. In fact,

^a Fine arts; such as painting, sculpture, &c. ^b Athens; the capital of Greece, and the ancient residence of many of the Greek classical writers and philosophers. ^c Rome the capital of Italy, and modern parent of the fine arts.

the fine arts have usually been the handmaids of virtue and religion. More than half of the great paintings in the world are illustrative of religious subjects; and, embracing mythology* in this account, more than half of the statues are of the same character.

4. And, to refer to kindred arts, architecture, too, has built its noblest structures for religion, and music has composed its sublimest strains for the sanctuary. Genius, indeed, that inspiration from heaven, has always shown its descent from above by this direction of its labors. The introduction of the arts into our country, then, is not to be dreaded on the score of morality. Is it not on every account greatly to be desired? The most material deficiency among us, perhaps, next to the want of virtue, is likely to be the want of refinement.

5. There is need among us of objects that kindle up admiration and enthusiasm, that awaken the sense of delight and wonder, that break up the habits of petty calculation and sordid interest, and breathe a liberal and generous soul into the people; and this need the arts would supply. The Author of nature has shown that it was not beneath his care to provide for the gratification of sentiments precisely similar to those which are addressed by the arts.

6. The world, composed of hill and dale, mountain and valley, not one boundless plowed field to yield food; dressed in gay and bright liveries, not in one somber-suited color; filled with the music of its streams and groves, not doomed to endless monotony or everlasting silence;—such a world, the dwelling-place of nations, the school of their discipline, the temple of their worship, plainly shows that they were not destined to be pupils of cold and stern utility alone, but of many and diversified influences; of gracefulness, of elegance, of beneficence, beauty, and sublimity.

* Mythology; traditions respecting heathen gods and fabulous heroes.

LESSON XXX.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.*

HUMPHREY.

1. THAT is undoubtedly the wisest and best regimen, which takes the infant from the cradle, and conducts him along, through childhood and youth, up to high maturity, in such a manner as to give strength to his arm, swiftness to his feet, solidity and amplitude to his muscles, symmetry to his frame, and expansion to his vital energies.

2. It is obvious that this branch of education comprehends, not only food and clothing, but air, exercise, lodging, early rising, and whatever else is requisite to the full development of the physical constitution. The diet must be simple, the apparel must not be too warm, nor the bed too soft.

3. Let parents beware of too much restriction in the management of their darling boy. Let him, in choosing his play, follow the suggestions of nature. Let them not be discomposed at the sight of his sand-hills in the road, his snow-forts in February, and his mud-dams in April; nor when they chance to look out, in the midst of an August shower, and see him wading, and sailing, and sporting along with the water-fowl.

4. If they would make him hardy and fearless, they must let him go abroad as often as he pleases, in his early boyhood, and amuse himself by the hour together in smoothing and twirling the hoary locks of winter. Instead of keeping him shut up all day with a stove, and graduating his sleeping-room by Fahrenheit,^b they must let him face the keen edge of a north wind, when the mercury is below cipher, and, instead of minding a little shivering and complaining when he returns, cheer up his spirits and send him out again.

5. In this way, they will teach him that he was not born

* Physical education; development of the bodily functions, as separate from the mind. ^b Fahrenheit, (Fä'ren-hite;) a Prussian, born at Dantzic, the inventor of Fahrenheit's thermometer. By eponymy, the name of the inventor is here used for the instrument.

to live in a nursery, nor to brood over the fire; but to range abroad, as free as the snow and the air, and to gain warmth from exercise. I love and admire the youth, who turns not back from the howling wintry blast, nor withers under the blaze of summer; who never magnifies "mole-hills into mountains;" but whose daring eye, exulting, scales the eagle's airy crag, and who is ready to undertake anything that is prudent and lawful, within the range of possibility.

6. Who would think of planting the mountain oak in a greenhouse? or of rearing the cedar of Lebanon* in a lady's flower-pot? Who does not know that, in order to attain their mighty strength and majestic forms, they must freely enjoy the rain and the sunshine, and must feel the rocking of th : tempest?

LESSON XXXI.

ADVANTAGES OF TEMPERANCE.

HITCHCOCK.

1. **TEMPERANCE** promotes clearness and vigor of intellect. If the functions of the brain be not in a healthy and vigorous state, equally unhealthy and inefficient must be those of the mind. History will bear us out in asserting, that the highest and most successful intellectual efforts have ever been associated with the practice of those general principles of temperance in diet for which we plead.

2. It is the mighty minds that have grappled most successfully with the demonstrations of mathematical, intellectual, and moral science, that stand highest on the scale of mental acumen and power; and it is such minds that have found strict temperance in diet essential to their success. Let us advert to the history of a few of the master spirits of the human race.

* Lebanon: a range of mountains in Syria, the highest summit of which is 11000 feet.

3. Foremost on the list stands Sir Isaac Newton.^a The treatise of his, that cost him the mightiest intellectual effort of all his works, was composed while the body was sustained by bread and water alone. And in spite of the wear and tear of such protracted and prodigious mental labor as his, that same temperance sustained him to his eighty-fifth year.

4. The celebrated John Locke,^b with a feeble constitution, outlived the term of threescore years and ten, by his temperance. "To this temperate mode of life, too, he was probably indebted for the increase of those intellectual powers, which gave birth to his incomparable work on the human understanding, his treatises on government and education, as well as his other writings, which do so much honor to his memory."

5. Another intellectual philosopher, who saw fourscore years, was the venerable Kant.^c "By this commendable and healthy practice," early rising, says his biographer, "daily exercise on foot, temperance in eating and drinking, constant employment, and cheerful company, he protracted his life to this advanced period;" and we may add, acquired the power for his immense labors of mind.

6. Few men have more fully established their claims to intellectual superiority of a very high grade than President Edwards.^d But it was temperance alone that could carry him through such powerful mental efforts. "Though constitutionally tender, by the rules of temperance, he enjoyed good health, and was enabled to pursue his studies thirteen hours a day."

7. The same means enabled Martin Luther,^e though his days were stormy in the extreme, to make the moral world bend at his will, and to leave for his posterity so many profound literary productions. "It often happened," says his biographer, "that for several days and nights he locked him-

^a Sir Isaac Newton; an eminent philosopher and mathematician of England. ^b John Locke; a noted intellectual philosopher of England. ^c Kant; an intellectual philosopher, born at Konigsberg, Prussia. ^d President Edwards; an eminent theologian of Connecticut, and President of Princeton College. ^e Martin Luther; a distinguished German divine.

self up in his study, and took no other nourishment than bread and water, that he might the more uninterruptedly pursue his labors."

8. The records of English jurisprudence contain scarcely a name more distinguished than that of Sir Matthew Hale.^a And it is the testimony of history, that "his decided piety and rigid temperance laid him open to the attacks of ridicule; but he could not be moved." In eating and drinking, he observed not only great plainness and moderation, but lived so philosophically that he always ended his meal with an appetite.

9. Perhaps no man accomplishes more for the world than he who writes such a commentary on the Scriptures as that of Matthew Henry.^b And it is, indeed, an immense literary labor. But the biographer's account of that writer's habits shows that temperance and diligence were the secret of his success.

10. Few men have accomplished more than John Wesley;^c and it is gratifying to learn that it was "extraordinary temperance which gave him the power to do so much, and to live so long."

11. In reading the works of Milton,^d we are not so much delighted with the play of imagination as with the rich and profound, though sometimes exceedingly anomalous views, which he opens before us. The fact is, he was a man of powers and attainments so great as justly to be classed among the leading intellects of his generation. Nor were such powers and attainments disjoined from temperance.

12. Europe, as well as America, has been filled with the fame of Franklin;^e and no less wide-spread is the history of his temperance. Early in life he adopted a vegetable diet; and thus he not only gained time for study, but "I made the greater progress," says he, "from that greater clearness of head and quickness of apprehension which generally attend

^a Sir Matthew Hale; an English judge, of brilliant talents and great piety. ^b Matthew Henry; an eminent English divine. ^c John Wesley; a distinguished English divine, and founder of the denomination called Methodists. ^d Milton; one of the greatest of the English poets. ^e Franklin; one of the greatest of philosophers, born in Boston, 1706.

temperance in eating and drinking." The habit of being contented with a little, and disregarding the gratifications of the palate, remained with him through life, and was highly useful.

LESSON XXXII.

ASTRONOMY.^a

WIRT.

1. It was a pleasant evening in the month of May, and my sweet child and I had sauntered up to the castle's top, to enjoy the breeze that played around it, and to admire the unclouded firmament, that glowed and sparkled with unusual luster from pole to pole.

2. The atmosphere was in its purest and finest state for vision; the Milky Way^b was distinctly developed throughout its whole extent; every planet and every star above the horizon, however near and brilliant or distant and faint, lent its lambent light or twinkling ray to give variety and beauty to the hemisphere; while the round, bright moon seemed to hang off from the azure vault, suspended in midway air; or stooping forward from the firmament her fair and radiant face, as if to court and return our gaze.

3. We amused ourselves for some time in observing through a telescope the planet Jupiter,^c sailing in silent majesty with his squadron of satellites along the vast ocean of space between us and the fixed stars, and admired the felicity of that design by which those distant bodies have been parceled out and arranged into constellations; so as to have served not only for beacons to the ancient navigators, but, as it were, for landmarks to astronomers at this day; enabling them, though in different countries, to indicate to each other with ease the place

^a The most ancient observations upon astronomy which have come down to us are those of the Chinese and Chaldeans. ^b Milky Way; a bright belt or zone encompassing the heavens, supposed to be composed of stars, of which our sun is one. ^c Jupiter; the greatest of the gods among the Greeks and Romans, after whom this planet was named.

and motion of those planets, comets and magnificent meteors which inhabit, revolve, and play in the intermediate space.

4. We recalled and dwelt with delight on the rise and progress of the science of astronomy; on that series of astonishing discoveries through successive ages, which display in so strong a light, the force and reach of the human mind; and on those bold conjectures and sublime reveries, which seem to tower even to the confines of divinity, and denote the high destiny to which mortals tend.

5. That thought, for instance, which is said to have been first started by Pythagoras,* and which modern astronomers approve, that the stars which we call fixed, although they appear to us to be nothing more than large spangles of various sizes glittering on the same concave surface, are, nevertheless, bodies as large as our sun, shining, like him, with original and not reflected light, placed at incalculable distances asunder, and each star the solar center of a system of planets which revolve around it, as the planets belonging to our system do around the sun.

6. That this is not only the case with all the stars which our eyes discern in the firmament, or which the telescope has brought within the sphere of our vision, but according to the modern improvements of this thought, that there are probably other stars whose light has not yet reached us, although light moves with a velocity a million times greater than that of a cannon ball.

7. That those luminous appearances, which we observe in the firmament, like flakes of thin, white cloud, are windows, as it were, which opened to other firmaments, far, far beyond the ken of human eye, or the power of optical instruments lighted up, like ours, with hosts of stars or suns.

8. That this scheme goes on through infinite space, which is filled with thousands upon thousands of those suns, attended by ten thousand times ten thousand worlds, all in rapid motion, yet calm, regular, and harmonious, invariably keeping the

* Py-thag'o-ras; a Grecian philosopher and mathematician, the inventor of the multiplication table.

paths prescribed to them; and these worlds peopled with myriads of intelligent beings. One would think that this conception, thus extended, would be bold enough to satisfy the whole enterprise of the human imagination.

9. But what an accession of glory and magnificence does Dr. Herschel* superadd to it, when, instead of supposing all those suns fixed, and the motion confined to their respective planets, he loosens those multitudinous suns themselves from their stations, sets them all into motion with their splendid retinue of planets and satellites, and imagines them, thus attended, to perform a stupendous revolution, system above system, around some grander, unknown center, somewhere in the boundless abyss of space!

10. And when carrying on the process, you suppose even that center itself not stationary, but also counterpoised by other masses in the immensity of space, with which, attended by their accumulated trains of

“ Planets, suns and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense,”

it maintains harmonious concert, surrounding, in its vast career, some other center, still more remote and stupendous, which in its turn ——— “ You overwhelm me,” cried my daughter, as I was laboring to pursue the immense concatenation; “ my mind is bewildered and lost in the effort to follow you, and finds no point on which to rest its weary wing.”

11. “ Yet there is a point, my dear, the throne of the Most High. Imagine that, the ultimate center, to which this vast and inconceivably magnificent and august apparatus is attached, and around which it is continually revolving. Oh! what a spectacle for the cherubim and seraphim, and the spirits of the just made perfect, who dwell on the right hand of that throne, if, as may be, and probably is the case, their eyes are permitted to pierce through the whole, and take in, at one glance, all its order, beauty, sublimity and glory, and their

* Sir William Herschel, (her'shel;) an eminent English astronomer, the discoverer of the planet Herschel, or Uranus.

ears to distinguish that celestial harmony, unheard by us, in which those vast globes, as they roll on in their respective orbits, continually hymn their great Creator's praise!"

LESSON XXXIII.

URSA MAJOR.^a

WARN.

1. WITH what a stately and majestic step
That glorious constellation of the north
Treads its eternal circle! going forth
Its princely way among the stars, in slow
And silent brightness. Mighty one, all hail!
I joy to see thee, on thy glowing path,
Walk like some stout and girded giant, stern,
Unwearied, resolute, whose toiling foot
Disdains to loiter on its destined way.
2. The other tribes forsake their midnight track,
And rest their weary orbs beneath the wave;
But thou dost never close thy burning eye,^b
Nor stay thy steadfast step. But on, still on,
While systems change, and suns retire, and worlds
Slumber and wake, thy ceaseless march proceeds.
The near horizon tempts to rest in vain.
Thou, faithful sentinel, dost never quit
Thy long-appointed watch; but, sleepless still,
Dost guard the fixed light^c of the universe,
And bid the north forever know its place.
Ages have witnessed thy devoted trust,
Unchanged, unchanging.
3. Ages have rolled their course, and time grown gray;
The earth has gathered to her womb again,

^a Ursa Major, (great bear;) one of the northern constellations, which may be known by its seven stars forming the figure of a dipper. ^b Ursa Major being near the north pole, does not set to us. ^c Fixed light; the north star, or Cynosura.

And yet again, the myriads that were born
Of her uncounted, unremembered tribes.
The seas have changed their beds; the eternal hills
Have stooped with age; the solid continents
Have left their banks; and man's imperial works,
The toil, pride, strength of kingdoms, which have flung
Their haughty honors in the face of heaven,
As if immortal, have been swept away;
Shattered and moldering, buried and forgot.
But time has shed no dimness on thy front,
Nor touched the firmness of thy tread; youth, strength
And beauty still are thine.

- 1 I wonder as I gaze. That stream of light,
Undimmed, unquenched, just as I see it now,
Has issued from those dazzling points, through years
That go back far into eternity.
Exhaustless flood! forever spent, renewed
Forever! Yea, and those refulgent drops,
Which now descend upon my lifted eye,
Left their fair fountain twice three^a years ago.
While those winged particles, whose speed outstrips
The flight of thought, were on their way, the earth
Compassed its tedious circuit round and round,
And in the extremes of annual change, beheld
Six autumns fade, six springs renew their bloom.
So far from earth those mighty orbs revolve!
So vast the void through which their beams descend!
5. And these are suns!^b vast, central, living fires,
Lords of dependent systems, kings of worlds
That wait as satellites upon their power,
And flourish in their smile. Awake, my soul.
And meditate the wonder! Countless suns

^a It is supposed that light would require more than three years, to come to us from the nearest of the fixed stars. ^b All the fixed stars are doubtless suns to systems of planets like our own

Blaze round thee, leading forth their countless worlds!
 Worlds, in whose bosoms living things rejoice,
 And drink the bliss of being from the fount
 Of all-pervading Love.

- b. Tell me, ye splendid orbs, as, from your throne,
 Ye mark the rolling provinces that own
 Your sway — What beings fill those bright abodes?
 How formed, how gifted? what their powers, their state,
 Their happiness, their wisdom? Do they bear
 The stamp of human nature? Or has God
 Peopled those purer realms with lovelier forms
 And more celestial minds?

Open your lips, ye wonderful and fair!
 Speak! speak! the mysteries of those living worlds
 Unfold!

LESSON XXXIV.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

WILLIE.

1. **THERE** is unwritten music. The world is full of it. I hear it every hour that I wake, and my waking sense is surpassed sometimes by my sleeping, though that is a mystery. There is no sound of simple nature that is not music. It is all God's work, and so harmony. You may mingle and divide and strengthen the passages of its great anthem, and it is still melody, melody.

2. The low winds of summer blow over the waterfalls and the brooks, and bring their voices to your ear, as if their sweetness was linked by an accurate finger; yet the wind is but a fitful player; and you may go out when the tempest is up, and hear the strong trees moaning as they lean before it, and the long grass hissing as it sweeps through, and its own

solemn monotony over all ; and the dimple of that same brook and the waterfall's unaltered base, shall still reach you in the intervals of its power, as much in harmony as before, and as much a part of its perfect and perpetual hymn.

3. There is no accident of nature's causing which can bring in discord. The loosened rock may fall into the abyss, and the overblown tree rush down through the branches of the wood, and the thunder peal awfully in the sky ; and sudden and violent as these changes seem, their tumult goes up with the sound of the winds and waters, and the exquisite ear of the musician can detect no jar.

4. I have read somewhere of a custom in the Highlands,* which, in connection with the principle it involves, is exceedingly beautiful. It is believed that, to the ear of the dying, which just before death always becomes exquisitely acute, the perfect harmony of the voices of nature is so ravishing, as to make him forget his sufferings, and die gently, like one in a pleasant trance.

5. And so, when the last moment approaches, they take him from within and bear him out into the open sky, that he may hear the familiar rushing of the streams. I can believe that it is not superstition. I do not think we know how exquisitely nature's many voices are attuned to harmony, and to each other.

6. The old philosopher we read of might not have been dreaming when he discovered that the order of the sky was like a scroll of written music, and that two stars, (which are said to have appeared centuries after his death in the very places he mentioned,) were wanting to complete the harmony.

7. We know how wonderful are the phenomena of color ; now strangely like consummate art the strongest dyes are blended in the plumage of birds, and in the cups of flowers ; so that, to the practiced eye of the painter, the harmony is inimitably perfect. It is natural to suppose every part of the

* Highlands ; that part of Scotland lying north of the Grampian hills.

universe equally perfect; and it is a glorious and elevating thought, that the stars of heaven are moving on continually to music, and that the sounds we daily listen to are but a part of a melody that reaches to the very center of God's limitless spheres.

8. It is not mere poetry to talk of the "voices of summer." It is the day-time of the year, and its myriad influences are audibly at work. Even by night you may lay your ear to the ground, and hear that faintest of murmurs, the sound of growing things. If you have been used to rising early, you have not forgotten how the stillness of the night seems increased by the timid note of the first bird. It is the only time when I would lay a finger on the lip of nature, the deep hush is so very solemn.

9. By and by, however, the birds are all up, and the peculiar holiness of the hour declines; but what a world of music does the sun shine on! the deep lowing of the cattle blending in with the capricious warble of a thousand of God's happy creatures, and the stir of industry coming on the air like the under-tones of a choir, and the voice of man, heard in the distance over all, like a singer among instruments, giving them meaning and language!

10. And then, if your ear is delicate, you have minded how all these sounds grew softer and sweeter, as the exhalations of dew floated up, and the vibrations loosened in the thin air. You should go out some morning in June, and listen to the notes of the birds. They express, far more than our own, the characters of their owners. From the scream of the vulture and the eagle, to the low brooding of the dove, they are all modified by their habits of support, and their consequent dispositions.

11. With the small birds, the voice seems to be but an outpouring of gladness; and it is pleasant to see that without one articulate word it is so sweet a gift to them. It seems a necessary vent to their joy of existence, and I believe in

* It is supposed by some, that there is a peculiar indefinable noise produced by the rapid growth of vegetation.

my heart, than a dumb bird would die of its imprisoned fullness.

12. But if you would hear one of nature's most various and delicate harmonies, lie down in the edge of the wood when the evening breeze begins to stir, and listen to its coming. It touches first the silver foliage of the birch, and the slightly hung leaves, at its merest breath, will lift and rustle like a thousand tiny wings; and then it creeps up to the tall fir, and the fine tassels send out a sound like a low whisper; and as the oak feels its influence, the thick leaves stir heavily, and a deep tone comes sullenly out like the echo of a far-off bassoon. They are all wind-harps of different power; and as the breeze strengthens and sweeps equally over them all, their united harmony has a wonderful grandeur and beauty.

13. Hitherto I have spoken only of the sounds of irrational and inanimate nature. A better than these, and the best music under heaven, is the music of the human voice.* I doubt whether all voices are not capable of it, though there must be degrees in it as in beauty.

14. The tones of affection in all children are sweet, and we know not how much their unpleasantness in after life may be the effect of sin and coarseness, and the consequent habitual expression of discordant passions. But we do know that the voice of any human being becomes touching by distress, and that even on the coarse-minded and the low, religion and the higher passions of the world have sometimes so wrought, that their eloquence was like the strong passages of an organ.

15. I have been much about in the world, and with a boy's unrest and a peculiar thirst for novel sensations, have mingled for a time in every walk of life; yet never have I known man or woman under the influence of any strong feeling, that was not utterly degraded, whose voice did not deepen to a chord of grandeur, or soften to cadences to which a harp might have swept pleasantly.

16. It is a perfect instrument as it comes from the hand of

* Dr. Reid remarks that five hundred variations of tone may be perceived by the ear, and as many variations of strength of tone.

its Maker, and though its strings may relax with the atmosphere, or be injured by misuse and neglect, it is always capable of being restrung to its compass till its frame is shattered.

17. There is something exceedingly impressive in the breaking in of church bells on the stillness of the Sabbath. I doubt whether it is not more so in the heart of a populous city than any where else. The presence of any single, strong feeling, in the midst of a great people, has something of awfulness in it which exceeds even the impressiveness of nature's breathless Sabbath.

18. I know few things more imposing, than to walk the streets of a city when the peal of the early bells is just beginning. The deserted pavements, the closed windows of the places of business, the decent gravity of the solitary passenger, and, over all, the feeling in your own bosom that the fear of God is brooding like a great shadow over the thousand human beings who are sitting still in their dwellings around you, were enough, if there were no other circumstance, to hush the heart into a religious fear.

19. But when the bells peal out suddenly with a summons to the temple of God, and their echoes roll on through the desolate streets, and are unanswered by the sound of any human voice, or the din of any human occupation, the effect has sometimes seemed to me more solemn than the near thunder.

20. Far more beautiful, and, perhaps, quite as salutary as a religious influence, is the sound of a distant Sabbath bell in the country. It comes floating over the hills like the going abroad of a spirit; and as the leaves stir with its vibrations, and the drops of dew tremble in the cups of the flowers, you could almost believe that there was a Sabbath in nature, and that the dumb works of God rendered visible worship for his goodness.

LESSON XXXV.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.*

BEECHER.

1. APPROACHING the falls from Buffalo on the Canadian shore, the first indication of our proximity to them was a hoarse rumbling, which was scarcely audible at the distance of four or five miles, but which opened on the ear, as we advanced, with increasing roar, until, at the distance of two miles, it became loud as the voice of many waters.

2. A column of mist in the mean time ascending, as smoke from a pit, marked more definitely than sound could do, the exact position of this scene of wonders. The sublime arising from obscurity, was now experienced in all its power; it did not appear what we should see, but imagination seized the moment to elevate and fill the mind with expectation and majestic dread.

3. Within a mile of the falls the river rolls smoothly along in rapid silence, as if unconscious of its approaching destiny, till at once, across its entire channel, it falls the apparent distance of ten or twelve feet, when instantly its waters are thrown into consternation and foam, and they boil, and whirl, and run in every direction, as if filled with instinctive dread. At this place the shores recede, and allow the terrified waters to spread out in shallows over an extent twice as broad as the natural channel of the river.

4. A portion of the waters, as if hoping to escape, rushes between the American shore and the island, whose brow forms a part of the continued cliff, which on either side constitutes the falls, and too late to retreat, discovering the mistake, hurries down the precipice, and is dashed on the rocks below. This is the highest part of the fall, and the most nearly approaching to the beautiful; the waters being shallow, and the sheet entirely white below.

* Niagara (Ni-ag'a-ra;) the largest cataract in the world, but not so high as Mont sereny in Canada, or Tequendama in New Grenada.

5. Another large sheet of contiguous waters on the other side of the island, undecoyed by appearances, and apparently desperate by an infallible premonition, attempts no evasion, but, with tumult and roar, rushes on, and thunders down the precipice, which stretches about half across to the Canadian shore.^a

6. The rest and largest portion of the river, as if terrified at the fate of its kindred waters, retires a little; but scarcely is the movement made, before the deep declivities of the river's bed summon the dispersion of waters into one deep, dark flood, which rolls its majestic tide upon the destruction below.

7. The shallow waters which as yet have escaped, cling terrified to the Canadian shore, reconnoitering every nook and corner, in quest of some way to escape; but their search is fruitless, and they come round, at length, reluctantly, and are dashed down upon the death they had so long struggled to escape.

8. It is at the junction of these two sides of the cataract, nearly in the form of two sides of a triangle, rounded at the point, that the most powerful sheet of water falls. The depth of the water in the channel above, and as it bends over the precipice, cannot, from the nature of the case, be ascertained; I should judge, from the appearance, that it might be from fifteen to twenty feet.

9. The color of the part of the stream above the fall is black. As it bends over the cliff and descends, at the intersection of the two sides, and for several rods on either hand, it becomes a deep and beautiful green, which continues till the column is lost in the cloud of mist that ascends before it.

10. With respect to the impression made by the first view of the falls, it may be observed that whoever approaches them anticipating amazement at the descent of the waters from a giddy height,^b will be disappointed. It is the multitude of the waters, and their power, as they roll, and foam, and thunder,

^a The channel of the Niagara river is the dividing line between the U. S. and Canada.

^b The perpendicular fall is one hundred and sixty feet.

which arrests the step, suspends the breath, dilates the eye lifts the hand, and fills the soul with wonder.

11. It seems to be the good pleasure of God, that men shall learn his omnipotence by evidence addressed to the senses as well as to the understanding, and that there shall be on earth continual illustrations of his mighty power. Of creation we are to ascertain by faith, not by sight; the heavenly bodies, though vast, are distant, and roll silently in their courses.

12. But the earth by its quakings, the volcano by its fires, the ocean by its mountain waves, and the floods of Niagara by their matchless power and ceaseless thunderings, proclaim to the eye, and to the ear, and to the heart, the omnipotence of God. From their far distant sources and multitudinous dispersions, He called them into the capacious reservoirs of the north, and bid them hasten their accumulating tide to this scene of wonders; and for ages the obedient waters have rolled and thundered his praise.

13. It is, as has been stated, where the two lines of the precipice meet, that the deepest, and most powerful sheet of water falls; but it is here, also, just where the hand of omnipotence is performing its greatest wonders, that the consummation of the work is hid. What the phenomena are, where this stupendous torrent strikes at the foot of the falls, no mortal eye hath seen; a mist, rising to nearly half the height of the fall, is the veil beneath which the Almighty performs his wonders alone, and there is the hiding of his power.

14. This is the spot upon which the eye wishfully fixes, and tries in vain to penetrate; over which imagination hovers, but cannot catch even a glimpse to sketch with her pencil. This deep recess is the most sublime and awful scene upon which my eye was ever fixed. There, amid thunderings, and in solitude and darkness, from age to age, Jehovah has proclaimed I am the ALMIGHTY GOD.

LESSON XXXVI.

THE GRAY FOREST EAGLE.*

STREET.

1. WITH storm-daring pinion and sun-gazing eye,
The gray forest eagle is king of the sky.
From the crag-grasping fir-top, where morn hangs its wreath
He views the mad waters, white writhing beneath.
A fitful red glaring, a rumbling jar,
Proclaim the storm demon still raging afar;
The black cloud strides upward, the lightning more red,
And the roll of the thunder more deep and more dread,
A thick pall of darkness is cast o'er the air,
And on bounds the blast with a howl from its lair.
2. The lightning darts zig-zag and forked thro' the gloom,
And the bolt launches o'er with crash, rattle and boom;
The gray forest eagle, where, where has he sped?
Does he shrink to his eyrie, or shiver with dread?
Does the glare blind his eye? Has the terrible blast
On the wing of the sky-king a fear-fetter cast?
No, no, the brave eagle! he thinks not of fright;
The wrath of the tempest but rouses delight.
3. To the flash of the lightning his eye casts a gleam,
To the shriek of the wild blast he echoes his scream,
And with a front like a warrior that speeds to the fray,
And a clapping of pinions, he's up and away.
Away, O, away soars the fearless and free;
What reck's he the skies' strife? its monarch is he!
The lightning darts round him, undaunted his sight;
The blast sweeps against him, unwavered his flight;
High upward, still upward, he wheels, till his form
Is lost in the black scowling gloom of the storm.

* There are several species of the eagle, generally distinguished by their color. They are said to live to the age of sixty, eighty, and sometimes a hundred years.

LESSON XXXVII.

THE SEA.

GREENWOOD.

by note the inflections for emphatic succession of
following piece. See Rule 10, p. 34.]

1. "THE sea is His, and He made it." Its beauty is of God. It possesses it in richness of its own; it borrows it from earth, and air, and heaven. The clouds lend it the various dyes of their wardrobe, and throw down upon it the broad masses of their shadows, as they go sailing and sweeping by.

2. The rainbow laves in it its many colored feet. The sun loves to visit it, and the moon, and the glittering brotherhood of planets and stars; for they delight themselves in its beauty. The sunbeams return from it in showers of diamonds and glances of fire; the moonbeams find in it a pathway of silver, where they dance to and fro, with the breeze and the waves, through the livelong night.

3. It has a light, too, of its own, a soft and sparkling light, rivaling the stars; and often does the ship which cuts its surface, leave streaming behind a milky way of dim and uncertain luster, like that which is shining dimly above. It harmonizes in its forms and sound both with the night and the day. It cheerfully reflects the light, and it unites solemnly with the darkness. It imparts sweetness to the music of men, and grandeur to the thunder of heaven.

4. What landscape is so beautiful as one upon the borders of the sea? The spirit of its loveliness is from the waters, where it dwells and rests, singing its spells, and scattering its charms on all the coast. What rocks and cliffs are so glorious as those which are washed by the chafing sea? What groves, and fields, and dwellings, are so enchanting as those which stand by the reflecting sea?

5. If we could see the great ocean as it can be seen by no mortal eye, beholding at one view what we are now obliged to visit in detail, and spot by spot; if we could, from a flight far

higher than the sea-eagle's, and with a sight more keen and comprehensive than his, view the immense surface of the deep all spread out beneath us like a universal chart, what an infinite variety such a scene would display!

6. Here a storm would be raging, the thunder bursting, the waters boiling, and rain, and foam, and fire, all mingling together; and here, next to this scene of magnificent confusion, we should see the bright blue waves glittering in the sun, while the brisk breezes flew over them, clapping their hands for very gladness.

7. Here, again, on this self-same ocean, we should behold large tracts, where there was neither tempest nor breeze, but a dead calm, breathless, noiseless, and, were it not for that swell of the sea which never rests, motionless. Here we should see a cluster of green islands, set, like jewels, in the midst of its bosom; and there we should see broad shoals and gray rocks, fretting the billows and threatening the mariner.

8. "There go the ships," the white-robed ships, some on this course, and others on the opposite one, some just approaching the shore, and some just leaving it; some in fleets, and others in solitude; some swinging lazily in a calm, and some driven and tossed, and, perhaps, overwhelmed by the storm; some for traffic, and some for state, and some in peace, and others, alas! in war.

9. Let us follow one, and we should see it propelled by the steady wind of the tropics, and inhaling the almost visible odors which diffuse themselves around the spice islands of the East; let us observe the track of another, and we should behold it piercing the cold barriers of the North; struggling among hills and fields of ice; contending with winter in his everlasting dominion; striving to touch that unattained, solemn, hermit point of the globe, where ships may, perhaps, never visit, and where the foot of man, all-daring and indefatigable as it is, may never tread.

10. Nor are the ships of man the only travelers whom we

* Hermit point; the North pole.

shall perceive on this mighty map of the ocean. Flocks of sea-birds are passing and repassing, diving for their food, or for pastime, migrating from shore to shore with unwearied wings, and undeviating instinct, or wheeling and swarming round the rocks, which they make alive and vocal by their numbers, and their clanging cries.

11. How various, how animated, how full of interest is the survey! We might behold such a scene, were we enabled to behold it, at almost any moment of time, on the vast and varied ocean; and it would be a much more diversified and beautiful one; for I have spoken but of a few particulars, and of those but slightly.

12. I have not spoken of the thousand forms in which the sea meets the shore, of the sands and the cliffs, of the arches and grottos, of the cities and the solitudes, which occur in the beautiful irregularity of its outline; nor of the constant tides, nor the boiling whirlpools and eddies, nor the currents and streams, which are dispersed throughout its surface. The variety of the sea, notwithstanding the uniformity of its substance, is ever changing and endless.

LESSON XXXVIII.

THE SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED.

GREENWOOD.

1. "THE sea is His, and He made it." And when He made it, He ordained that it should be the element and dwelling-place of multitudes of living beings, and the treasury of many riches. How populous, and wealthy, and bounteous are the depths of the sea! How many are the tribes which find in them abundant sustenance, and furnish abundant sustenance to man. The whale roams through the deep like its lord; but he is forced to surrender his vast bulk to the use of man.

2. The lesser tribes of the finny race have, each, their peculiar habits and haunts, but they are found out by the ingenuity of man and turned to his own purposes. The line

and the hook, and the net, are dropped and spread to delude them, and bring them up from the watery chambers, where they were roving in conscious security. How strange is it that the warm food which comes upon our tables, and substances which furnish our streets and dwellings with cheerful light, should be drawn up from the cold and dark recesses of the sea.

3. We shall behold new wonders and riches when we investigate the sea-shore. We shall find both beauty for the eye and food for the body, in the varieties of shell-fish, which adhere, in myriads, to the rocks, or form their close, dark burrows in the sands. In some parts of the world we shall see those houses of stone, which the little coral insect^a rears up with patient industry from the bottom of the waters, till they grow into formidable rocks, and broad forests, whose branches never wave, and whose leaves never fall. In other parts we shall see those "pale, glistening pearls,"^b which adorn the crowns of princes, and are woven in the hair of beauty, extorted by the restless grasp of man from the hidden stores of ocean.

4. And, spread round every coast, there are beds of flowers, and thickets of plants, which the dew does not nourish, and which man has not sown, nor cultivated, nor reaped; but which seem to belong to the floods alone, and the denizens of the floods, until they are thrown up by the surges, and we discover that even the dead spoils of the fields of ocean may fertilize and enrich the fields of earth.

5. They have a life, and a nourishment, and an economy of their own, and we know little of them, except that they are there in their briny nurseries, reared up into luxuriance by what would kill, like a mortal poison, the plants of the land.

6. We must not omit to consider the utility of the sea; its utility, I mean, not only as it furnishes a dwelling and suste-

^a Coral insect; a small animal in a shell resembling stone, and growing in the sea. Although very small of themselves, yet, by uniting with each other, they sometimes form whole islands; and the bed of the Pacific, in some places, is said to be so much raised by them, as to obstruct navigation. ^b Some of the finest specimens of pearls are the Oriental, found near the coast of Ceylon and Japan. The one which Cleopatra dissolved and drank to Antony's health was valued at \$375,000.

nance to an infinite variety and number of inhabitants; and an important part of the support of man, but in its more general relations to the whole globe of the world. It cools the air for us in summer, and warms it in winter.

7. It is probable that the very composition of the atmosphere is beneficially affected by combining with the particles which it takes up from the ocean; but however this may be, there is little or no doubt, that were it not for the immense face of waters with which the atmosphere comes in contact, it would be hardly respirable for the dwellers on the earth.

8. Then, again, it affords an easier, and, on the whole, perhaps a safer medium of communication and conveyance between nation and nation than can be found, for equal distances, on the land. It is, also, an effectual barrier between nations, preserving, to a great degree, the weak from invasion, and the virtuous from contamination.

9. In many other respects it is, no doubt, useful, to the great whole, though in how many we are not qualified to judge. What we do see is abundant testimony of the wisdom and goodness of Him who in the beginning "gathered the waters together unto one place."

10. There is mystery in the sea. There is mystery in its depths. It is unfathomed, and, perhaps, unfathomable. Who can tell, who shall know, how near its pits run down to the central core of the world? Who can tell what wells, what fountains are there, to which the fountains of the earth are, in comparison, but drops? Who shall say whence the ocean derives those inexhaustible supplies of salt,^b which so impregnates its waters, that all the rivers of the earth, pouring into it from the time of the creation, have not been able to freshen them?

11. What undescribed monsters, what unimaginable shapes,

^a The great depth of the ocean is unknown; but it is thought to be equal to the highest mountains on the surface of the earth. The greatest depth ever sounded was 7200 feet. ^b Some suppose that there are primitive banks of salt at the bottom of the ocean; others that its waters are a primitive fluid, the other parts having been deposited; but no satisfactory explanation has yet been given.

may be roving in the profoundest places of the sea, never seeking, and perhaps from their nature unable to seek, the upper waters, and expose themselves to the gaze of man! What glittering riches, what heaps of gold, what stores of gems, there must be scattered in lavish profusion on the ocean's lowest bed! What spoils from all climates, what works of art from all lands, have been engulfed by the insatiable and reckless waves! Who shall go down to examine and reclaim this uncounted and idle wealth? Who bears the keys of the deep?

12. And, oh! yet more affecting to the heart, and mysterious to the mind, what companies of human beings are locked up in that wide, weltering, unsearchable grave of the sea! Where are the bodies of those lost ones, over whom the melancholy waves alone have been chanting requiem? What shrouds were wrapped round the limbs of beauty, and of manhood, and of placid infancy, when they were laid on the dark floor of that secret tomb?

13. Where are the bones, the relics of the brave and the fearful, the good and the bad, the parent, the child, the wife, the husband, the brother, the sister, and lover, which have been tossed and scattered and buried by the washing, wasting, wandering sea? The journeying winds may sigh, as year after year they pass over their beds. The solitary rain-cloud may weep in darkness over the mingled remains which lie strewn in that unwonted cemetery.

14. But who shall tell the bereaved to what spot their affections may cling? And where shall human tears be shed throughout that solemn sepulcher? It is mystery all. When shall it be resolved? Who shall find it out? Who but He to whom the wildest waves listen reverently, and to whom all nature bows; He who shall one day speak, and be heard in ocean's profoundest caves; to whom the deep, even the lowest deep, shall give up all its dead, when the sun shall sicken, and the earth and the isles shall languish, and the heavens be rolled together like a scroll, and there shall be "no more sea."

LESSON XXXIX.

WIER'S CAVE IN VIRGINIA.

[The reader may note the cases of inflection where there is contrast in the following piece. See Rule 4, page 30.]

1. This cave derives its name from Barnet Wier, who discovered it in the year 1804. It is situated near Madison's Cave, so celebrated, though the latter can not be compared with the former.

2. There were three of us beside our guide, with lighted torches, and our loins girded, now ready to descend into the cave. We took our torches in our left hands, and entered. The mouth was so small that we could descend only by creeping, one after another. A descent of almost twenty yards brought us into the first room.

3. The cave was exceedingly cold, dark, and silent, like the chambers of death. In this manner we proceeded; now descending thirty or forty feet, now ascending as high, now creeping on our hands and knees, and now walking in large rooms, the habitations of solitude. The mountain seemed to be composed almost wholly of limestone, and by this means the cave is lined throughout with the most beautiful incrustations and stalactites* of carbonated lime, which are formed by the continual dripping of the water through the roof.

4. These stalactites are of various and elegant shapes and colors, often bearing a striking resemblance to animated nature. At one place, we saw over our heads what appeared to be a waterfall, of the most beautiful kind. Nor could the imagination be easily persuaded that it was not a reality; you could see the water boiling and dashing down, see its white spray and foam, but it was all solid limestone.

5. Thus we passed onward in this world of solitude; now stopping to admire the beauties of a single stalactite; now

* Stalac'tite; mineral carbonate of lime in the form of icicles, hanging from the roofs and sides of caves.

wondering at the magnificence of a large room ; now creeping through narrow passages, hardly wide enough to admit the body of a man ; and now walking in superb galleries, until we came to the largest room, called WASHINGTON HALL.

6. This is certainly the most elegant room I ever saw. It is about two hundred and seventy-five feet in length, about thirty-five in width, and between thirty and forty feet high. The roof and sides are very beautifully adorned by the tinsels which Nature has bestowed in the greatest profusion, and which sparkle like the diamond while surveyed by the light of torches. The floor is flat, and smooth, and solid.

7. I was the foremost of our little party in entering this room, and was not a little startled, as I approached the center, to see a figure, as it were, rising up before me out of the solid rock. It was not far from seven feet high, and corresponded in every respect to the common idea of a ghost. It was very white, and resembled a tall man clothed in a shroud. I went up to it sideways, though I could not really expect to meet a ghost in a place like this. On examination, I found it was a very beautiful piece of the carbonate of lime, very transparent, and very much in the shape of a man. This is called Washington's Statue.

8. In one room we found an excellent spring of water, which boiled up as if to slake our thirst, then sunk into the mountain and was seen no more. In another room was a noble pillar, called the Tower of Babel.* It is composed entirely of the stalactites of lime, or, as the appearance would seem to suggest, of petrified water. It is about thirty feet in diameter, and a little more than ninety feet in circumference, and not far from thirty feet high. There are probably millions of stalactites in this one pillar.

9. Thus we wandered on in this world within a world, till we had visited twelve very beautiful rooms, and as many creeping places, and had now arrived at the end, a distance from our entrance of between twenty-four and twenty-five

* The Tower of Babel, spoken of in the Scriptures, was an immense structure of masonry on the Euphrates, six hundred feet high.

hundred feet, or, what is about its equal, half a mile from the mouth. We here found ourselves exceedingly fatigued; but our torches forbade us to tarry, and we once more turned our lingering steps towards the common world.

10. When we arrived again at Washington Hall, one of our company three times discharged a pistol, whose report was truly deafening; and as the sound reverberated and echoed through one room after another, till it died away in distance, it seemed like the moaning of spirits. We continued our wandering steps till we arrived once more at daylight, having been nearly three hours in the cavern.

11. To compare the Natural Bridge and Cave together, as objects of curiosity, is exceedingly difficult. In looking at the Bridge, we are filled with awe; at the Cave, with delight. At the Bridge, we have several views that are awful; at the Cave, hundreds that are pleasing. At the Bridge, you stand and gaze in astonishment; at the Cave, awfulness is lost in beauty, and grandeur is dressed in a thousand captivating forms.

12. At the Bridge, you feel yourself to be looking into another world; at the Cave, you find yourself already arrived there. The one presents to us a God who is very "wonderful in working;" the other exhibits the same power, but with it is blended loveliness in a thousand forms. In each is vastness. Greatness constitutes the whole of one; but the other is elegant, as well as great.

LESSON XL.

NATURAL BRIDGE IN VIRGINIA.

1. On a lovely morning, toward the close of spring, I found myself in a very beautiful part of the Great Valley* of

* The beautiful tract of country lying between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany mountains.

Virginia. Spurred on by impatience, I beheld the sun rising in splendor, and changing the blue tints on the tops of the lofty Alleghany^a mountains into streaks of purest gold, and nature seemed to smile in the freshness of beauty. A ride of about fifteen miles, and a pleasant woodland ramble of about two, brought myself and my companion to the great Natural Bridge.

2. Although I had been anxiously looking forward to this time, and my mind had been considerably excited by expectation, yet I was not altogether prepared for this visit. This great work of nature is considered by many as the second great curiosity in our country; Niagara Falls being the first. I do not expect to convey a very correct idea of this bridge, for no description can do this.

3. The Natural Bridge is entirely the work of God. It is of solid limestone, and connects two huge mountains together, by a most beautiful arch, over which there is a great wagon road. Its length from one mountain to the other is nearly eighty feet, its width about thirty-five, its thickness forty-five, and its perpendicular height above the water is not far from two hundred and twenty feet. A few bushes grow on its top, by which the traveler may hold himself as he looks over.

4. On each side of the stream, and near the bridge, are rocks projecting ten or fifteen feet over the water, and from two hundred to three hundred feet from its surface, all of limestone. The visitor cannot give so good a description of the bridge as he can of his feelings at the time. He softly creeps out on a shaggy projecting rock, and looking down a chasm from forty to sixty feet wide, he sees, nearly three hundred feet below, a wild stream, foaming and dashing against the rocks beneath, as if terrified at the rocks above.

5. This stream is called Cedar Creek. He sees under the arch trees whose height is seventy feet; and yet, as he looks down upon them, they appear like small bushes of perhaps two or three feet in height. I saw several birds fly under the arch, and they looked like insects. I threw down a stone,

^a Al'le-gha-ny.

and counted thirty-four before it reached the water. All hear of heights and of depths, but they here see what is high, and they tremble, and feel it to be deep.

6. The awful rocks present their everlasting buttments, the water murmurs and foams far below, and the two mountains rear their proud heads on each side, separated by a channel of sublimity. Those who view the sun, the moon, and the stars, and allow that none but God could make them, will here be impressed that none but an Almighty God could build a bridge like this.

7. The view of the bridge from below is as pleasing as the top view is awful; the arch from beneath would seem to be about two feet in thickness. Some idea of the distance from the top to the bottom may be formed from the fact, that, as I stood on the bridge, and my companion beneath, neither of us could speak sufficiently loud to be heard by the other. A man from either view does not appear more than four or five inches in height.

8. As we stood under this beautiful arch, we saw the place where visitors have often taken the pains to engrave their names upon the rock. Here Washington climbed up twenty-five feet, and carved his own name, where it still remains. Some, wishing to immortalize their names, have engraven them deep and large, while others have tried to climb up and insert them in this book of fame.

9. A few years since, a young man, being ambitious to place his name above all others, came very near losing his life in the attempt. After much fatigue, he climbed up as high as possible, but found that the person who had before occupied his place was taller than himself, and consequently had placed his name above his reach. But he was not thus to be discouraged. He opened a large jack-knife, and in the soft limestone begun to cut places for his hands and feet.

10. With much patience and industry he worked his way upward, and succeeded in carving higher than the most ambitious had done before him. He could now triumph, but his triumph was short, for he was placed in such a situation that

it was impossible to descend, unless he fell upon the ragged rocks beneath him. There was no house near, from whence his companions could get assistance. He could not long remain in that condition, and, what was worse, his friends were too much frightened to do any thing for his relief.

11. They looked upon him as already dead, expecting every moment to see him precipitated upon the rocks below, and dashed to pieces. Not so with himself. He determined to ascend. Accordingly he plies the rock with his knife, cutting places for his hands and feet, and gradually ascended with incredible labor. He exerts every muscle. His life was at stake, and all the terrors of death rose before him.

12. He dared not look downward, lest his head should become dizzy; and perhaps on this circumstance his life depended. His companions stood at the top of the rock exhorting and encouraging him. His strength was almost exhausted; but a bare possibility of saving his life still remained, and hope, the last friend of the distressed, had not yet forsaken him. His course upward was rather oblique than perpendicular.

13. His most critical moment had now arrived. He had ascended considerably more than two hundred feet, and had still farther to rise, when he felt himself fast growing weak. He thought of his friends, and all his earthly joys, and he could not leave them. He thought of the grave, and dared not meet it. He now made his last effort, and succeeded. He had cut his way not far from two hundred and fifty feet from the water, in a course almost perpendicular; and in a little less than two hours, his anxious companions reached him a pole from the top, and drew him up.

14. They received him with shouts of joy; but he himself was completely exhausted. He immediately fainted on reaching the top, and it was some time before he could be recovered. It was interesting to see the path up these awful rocks, and to follow in imagination this bold youth as he thus saved his life. His name stands far above all the rest, a monument of hardihood, of rashness, and of folly.

LESSON XLI.

MOUNT MONARNOCK.*

FRABODY.

1. UPON the far-off mountain's brow
The angry storm had ceased to beat;
And broken clouds are gathering now
In sullen reverence round his feet;
I saw their dark and crowded bands
In thunder on his breast descending;
But there once more redeemed he stands,
And heaven's clear arch is o'er him bending.
2. I've seen him when the morning sun
Burned like a bale-fire on the height;
I've seen him when the day was done,
Bathed in the evening's crimson light;
I've seen him at the midnight hour,
When all the world was calmly sleeping,
Like some stern sentry in his tower,
'His weary watch in silence keeping.
3. And there, forever firm and clear,
His lofty turret upward springs;
He owns no rival summit near,
No sovereign but the King of kings.
Thousands of nations have passed by,
Thousands of years unknown to story,
And still his aged walls on high
He rears in melancholy glory.
4. The proudest works of human hands
Live but an age before they fall,
While that severe and hoary tower
Outlives the mightiest of them all.

* Mount Mon-ar-nock; a mountain in Cheshire County, New Hampshire, 3450 feet above the level of the sea.

And man himself, more frail by far
 Than e'en the works his hand is raising,
 Sinks downward like the falling star^a
 That flashes, and expires in blazing.

5. And all the treasures of the heart,
 Its loves and sorrows, joys and fears,
 Its hopes and memories, must depart
 To sleep with unremembered years.
 But still that ancient rampart stands
 Unchanged, though years are passing o'er him;
 And time withdraws his powerless hands.
 While ages melt away before him.

6. So should it be; for no heart beats
 Within his cold and silent breast;
 To him no gentle voice repeats
 The soothing words that make us blest.
 And more than this; his deep repose
 Is troubled by no thoughts of sorrow;
 He hath no weary eyes to close,
 No cause to hope, or fear to-morrow.

LESSON XLII.

THE SACKING OF PRAGUE.

CAMPBELL.

[The learner may note the transitions in the following piece. See Transition, p. 60, and rules 2, 4, 8, &c., for Expression, p. 51.]

1. O! SACRED truth! thy triumph ceased a while,
 And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
 When leagued oppression poured to northern wars
 Her whiskered pandours,^b and her fierce hussars,
 Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn.,

^a Falling star; a meteoric phenomenon supposed by some to be a collection of gaseous matter formed and ignited in the air. ^b Pandours; a kind of light infantry.

Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn
 Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
 Presaging wrath to Poland, and to man!

2. Warsaw's last champion^a from the height surveyed,
 Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid. —
 O! Heaven, he cried, my bleeding country save!
 Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
 Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
 Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
 By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
 And swear for her to live! with her to die!

3. He said, and on the rampart heights arrayed
 His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
 Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
 Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
 Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
 Revenge, or death; — the watchword and reply.
 Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
 And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!

4. In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
 From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew;
 O! bloodiest picture in the "Book of Time,"
 Sarmatia^b fell, unwept, without a crime;
 Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
 Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
 Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
 Closed her bright eyes, and curbed her high career;
 Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell;
 And freedom shrieked as Kosciusko^c fell!

5. The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there;
 Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air.

^a Kosciusko. ^b Sarmatia, (săr-mă-she-a, by the poet, in three syllables;) an ancient country, of which Poland is a part. ^c Kosciusko, (kos-se-us'ko;) a distinguished Polish general, and Washington's aid in the American Revolution.

On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
 His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
 The storm prevails, the rampart yields away,
 Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
 Hark! as the smoldering piles with thunder fall
 A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
 Earth shook; red meteors flashed along the sky,
 And conscious nature shuddered at the cry!

6. O! righteous Heaven! ere freedom found a grave,
 Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
 Where was thine arm, O vengeance, where thy rod,
 That smote the foes of Zion and of God;
 That crushed proud Ammon,* when his iron car
 Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar?
 Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
 Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast;
 Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
 And heaved an ocean on their march below?
7. Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
 Ye that at Marathon^b and Leuctra^c bled!
 Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
 Fight in the sacred cause, and lead the van!
 Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
 And make her arm puissant as your own!
 O! once again to freedom's cause return
 The patriot Tell,^d the Bruce^e of Bannockburn!^f
8. Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
 That man hath yet a soul, and dare be free!
 A little while along thy saddening plains,

* Ammon; the son of Lot, and father of the Ammonites. ^b Marathon; a town in Greece, famous for the victory of Miltiades over the Persians, B. C. 490. ^c Leuctra, (lêk-tra;) a town in Greece, famous for the victory of Epaminondas over the Spartans, B. C. 371. ^d Tell (William); a Swiss peasant, distinguished for his resistance to the Austrian governor, Gessler. ^e Bruce (Robert); a king of Scotland, and son of Robert Bruce who fought in the English army against William Wallace. ^f Bannockburn; a village in Scotland, renowned for the victory of the younger Bruce over Edward II. of England.

The starless night of desolation reigns ;
 Truth shall restore the light by nature given,
 And, like Prometheus,* bring the fire of Heaven !
 Prone to the dark oppression shall be hurled,
 Her name, her nature, withered from the world !

LESSON XLIII.

SIEGE OF CALAIS.

BROOKE.

1. EDWARD III.,^b after the battle of Crecy,^c laid siege to Calais.^d He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succors into the city. The citizens, under Count Vienne,^e their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. France had now put the sickle into her second harvest, since Edward, with his victorious army, sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue.

2. At length, famine did more for Edward than arms. After suffering unheard-of calamities, the French resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth ; the English joined battle ; and after a long and desperate engagement, Count Vienne was taken prisoner, and the citizens who survived the slaughter retired within their gates. The command devolving upon Eustace St. Pierre,^f a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue, he offered to capitulate with Edward, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty.

3. Edward, to avoid the imputation of cruelty, consented to spare the bulk of the plebians, provided they delivered up to him six of their principal citizens with halters about their

* Prometheus (pro-me'the-us, by the poet, in three syllables;) a Titan, said to have brought fire from heaven to men. ^b Edward III.; a warlike king of England, born 1313. ^c Crecy; a town in France, celebrated for a battle between the English and French, in which 30,000 foot and 1200 horse were slain. ^d Calais (kal'is;) a seaport town in France. ^e Count Vienne (ve-enne;) a governor of the province of Vienne ^f Pronounced Peer.

necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the vulgar. When his messenger, Sir Walter Mauny,^a delivered the terms, consternation and pale dismay were impressed on every countenance.

4. To a long and dead silence deep sighs and groans succeeded, till Eustace St. Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly: "My friends, we are brought to great straits this day. We must either yield to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or give up our tender infants, our wives and daughters, to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiers.

5. "Is there any expedient left, whereby we may avoid the guilt and infamy of delivering up those who have suffered every misery with you, on the one hand, or the desolation and horror of a sacked city, on the other? There is, my friends; there is one expedient left! a gracious, an excellent, a godlike expedient left! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life? Let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people! He shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that Power who offered up his only Son for the salvation of mankind."

6. He spoke; but a universal silence ensued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution. At length St. Pierre resumed: "I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay, more zealous of this martyrdom, than I can be; though the station to which I am raised by the captivity of Lord Vienne imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely; I give it cheerfully. Who comes next?"

7. "Your son!" exclaimed a youth not yet come to maturity. "Ah! my child!" cried St. Pierre; "I am, then, twice sacrificed. But no; I have rather begotten thee a second time. Thy years are few, but full, my son. The victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality! Who next, my friends? This is the hour of heroes." "Your

^a Mauny.

- kinsman," cried John de Aire.* "Your kinsman," cried James Wissant.† "Your kinsman," cried Peter Wissant. "Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, "why was not I a citizen of Calais?"

8. The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied by lot from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example. The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody; then ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the English. Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take a last adieu of their deliverers.

9. What a parting! what a scene! They crowded with their wives and children about St. Pierre and his fellow-prisoners. They embraced; they clung around; they fell prostrate before them; they groaned; they wept aloud; and the joint clamor of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the English camp.

LESSON XLIV.

THE SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED.

BROOKE.

1. The English, by this time, were apprized of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation, and their souls were touched with compassion. Each of the soldiers prepared a portion of his own victuals, to welcome and entertain the half famished inhabitants; and they loaded them with as much as their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way.

2. At length, St. Pierre and his fellow-victims appeared, under conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents

* John de Aire'.

† Wis-sant'.

of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts, and arranged themselves on each side, to behold, to contemplate, to admire, this little band of patriots, as they passed. They bowed to them on all sides; they murmured their applause of that virtue which they could not but revere, even in enemies; and they regarded those ropes, which they had voluntarily assumed about their necks, as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British garter.

3. As soon as they had reached the presence, "Mauny," says the monarch, "are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?" "They are," says Mauny; "they are not only the principal men of Calais, they are the principal men of France, my lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling." "Were they delivered peaceably?" says Edward; "was there no resistance, no commotion among the people?" "Not in the least, my lord; the people would all have perished rather than have delivered the least of these to your Majesty. They are self-delivered, self-devoted; and come to offer up their inestimable heads as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands."

4. Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter; but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. "Experience," says he, "has ever shown that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is indispensably necessary, to compel subjects to submission by punishment and example. Go," he cried to an officer, "lead these men to execution."

5. At this instant, a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The Queen had just arrived with a powerful reinforcement of gallant troops. Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her Majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims.

6. As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience. "My lord," said she, "the question I am to enter upon is not touching the lives of

a few mechanics; it respects the honor of the English nation it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king. You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my lord, they have sentenced themselves; and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward.

7. "The stage on which they would suffer would be to them a stage of honor; but a stage of shame to Edward, a reproach to his conquests, an indelible disgrace to his name. Let us rather disappoint these haughty burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expense. We cannot wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended; but we may cut them short of their desires. In the place of that death by which their glory would be consummate, let us bury them under gifts; let us put them to confusion with applauses. We shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue."

8. "I am convinced; you have prevailed. Be it so," replied Edward; "prevent the execution; have them instantly before us." They came; when the Queen, with an aspect and accents diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them:

9. "Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais, ye have put us to a vast expense of blood and treasure, in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance; but you have acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment, and we admire and honor in you that valor and virtue, by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions. You noble burghers! you excellent citizens! though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing on our part save respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tested.

10. "We loose your chains; we snatch you from the scaffold; and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you show us, that excellence is not of blood, title, or station; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and that those whom the Almighty forms

with sentiments like yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions. You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen; to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly defended; provided you refuse not the tokens of our esteem. Yet we would rather bind you to ourselves by every endearing obligation; and, for this purpose, we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honors that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons." "Ah, my country!" exclaimed Pierre; "it is now that I tremble for you. Edward only wins our cities; but Philippa* conquers our hearts."

LESSON XLV.

RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND.

IRVING.

1. THE taste of the English in the cultivation of land, and in what is called landscape gardening, is unrivaled. They have studied Nature intently, and discovered an exquisite sense of her beautiful forms and harmonious combinations. Those charms which, in other countries, she lavishes in wild solitudes, are here assembled round the haunts of domestic life. They seem to have caught her coy and furtive graces, and spread them, like witchery, about their rural abodes.

2. Nothing can be more imposing than the magnificence of English park scenery. Vast lawns, that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees, heaping up rich piles of foliage; the solemn pomp of groves and woodland glades, with the deer trooping in silent herds across them; the hare bounding away to the cover; or the pheasant suddenly bursting upon the wing.

3. The brook, taught to wind in natural meanderings, or expand into a glassy lake; the sequestered pool, reflecting the quivering trees, with the yellow leaf sleeping on its

* Philippa; the name of the Queen, and wife of Edward.

bosom; and the trout roaming fearlessly about its limpid waters; while some rustic temple, or sylvan statue, grows green and dank with age, gives an air of classic sanctity to the seclusion.

4. These are but a few of the features of park scenery; but what most delights me, is the creative talent with which the English decorate the unostentatious abodes of middle life. The rudest habitation, the most unpromising and scanty portion of land, in the hands of an Englishman of taste, becomes a little paradise. With a nicely discriminating eye, he seizes at once upon its capabilities, and pictures in his mind the future landscape.

5. The sterile spot grows into loveliness under his hand; and yet the operations of art which produce the effect are scarcely to be perceived. The cherishing and training of some trees; the cautious pruning of others; the nice distribution of flowers and plants of tender and graceful foliage; the introduction of a green slope of velvet turf; the partial opening to a peep of blue distance, or silver gleam of water; all these are managed with a delicate tact, a pervading yet quiet assiduity, like the magic touchings with which a painter finishes up a favorite picture. *

6. The residence of people of fortune and refinement in the country, has diffused a degree of taste and elegance in rural economy that descends to the lowest class. The very laborer, with his thatched cottage and narrow slip of ground, attends to their embellishment.

7. The trim hedge, the grass-plot before the door, the little flower-bed bordered with snug box, the woodbine trained up against the wall, and hanging its blossoms about the lattice; the pot of flowers in the window; the holly, providently planted about the house to cheat winter of its dreariness, and to throw in a semblance of green summer to cheer the fireside; all these bespeak the influence of taste, flowing down from high sources, and pervading the lowest levels of the public mind. If ever Love, as poets sing, delights to visit a cottage, it must be the cottage of an English peasant.

8. In rural occupation there is nothing mean or debasing

It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences. Such a man may be simple and rough, but he cannot be vulgar.

9. The man of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower orders in rural life, as he does when he casually mingles with the lower orders of cities. He lays aside his distance and reserve, and is glad to waive the distinctions of rank, and to enter into the honest, heartfelt enjoyments of common life. Indeed, the very amusements of the country bring men more and more together; and the sound of the hound and horn blend all feelings into harmony.

10. To this mingling of cultivated and rustic society, may also be attributed the rural feeling that runs through British literature; the frequent use of illustrations from rural life; those incomparable descriptions of Nature, that abound in the British poets; that have continued down from "the Flower and the Leaf"^a of Chaucer,^b and have brought into our closets all the freshness and fragrance of the dewy landscape.

11. The pastoral writers of other countries appear as if they had paid Nature an occasional visit, and become acquainted with her general charms; but the British poets have lived and reveled with her; they have wooed her in her most secret haunts; they have watched her minutest caprices.

12. A spray could not tremble in the breeze, a leaf could not rustle to the ground, a diamond drop could not patter in the stream, a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning, but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers and wrought up into some beautiful morality.

13. The effect of this devotion of elegant minds to rural occupations has been wonderful on the face of the country. A great part of the island is rather level, and would be monot-

^a Flower and Leaf; the title of a poem by Chaucer, (Chaw'ser.) ^b Chaucer; an early English poet, sometimes styled the father of English poetry.

onous were it not for the charms of culture ; but it is studded and gemmed, as it were, with castles and palaces, and embroidered with parks and gardens.

14. It does not abound in grand and sublime prospects, but rather in little home scenes of rural repose and sheltered quiet. Every antique farm-house and moss-grown cottage is a picture ; and as the roads are continually winding, and the 'view is shut in by groves and hedges, the eye is delighted by a continual succession of small landscapes of captivating loveliness.

15. The great charm, however, of English scenery, is the moral feeling that seems to pervade it. It is associated in the mind with ideas of order, of quiet, of sober, well-established principles, of hoary usage and reverend custom. Every thing seems to be the growth of ages^a of regular and peaceful existence.

16. The old church, of remote architecture, with its low, massive portal ; its gothic tower ; its windows, rich with tracery and painted glass, in scrupulous preservation ; its stately monuments of warriors and worthies of the olden time, ancestors of the present lords of the soil ; its tombstones, recording successive generations of sturdy yeomanry, whose progeny still plow the same fields, and kneel at the same altar.

17. The neighboring village, with its venerable cottages, its public green, sheltered by trees, under which the forefathers of the present race have sported ; the antique family mansion, standing apart in some little rural domain, but looking down with a protecting air on the surrounding scene ; all these common features of English landscape evince a calm and settled security, a hereditary transmission of home-bred virtues and local attachments, that speak deeply and touchingly for the moral character of the nation.

^a Civilization, in England, probably commenced at the invasion of Julius Cæsar about nineteen hundred years ago.

LESSON XLVI.

HOME.

1. **THERE** is something in the word home, that wakes the kindest feelings of the heart. It is not merely friends and kindred that render that place so dear, but the very hills and rocks and rivulets throw a charm around the place of one's nativity. It is no wonder that the loftiest harps have been tuned to sing of home, "sweet home." The rose that bloomed in the garden where one has wandered in early years a thoughtless child, careless in innocence, is lovely in its bloom and lovelier in its decay.

2. No songs are sweet like those we heard among the boughs that shade a parent's dwelling, when the morning or the evening hour found us gay as the birds that warbled over us. No waters are bright like the clear silver streams that wind among the flower-decked knolls, where, in childhood, we have often strayed to pluck the violet, or the lily, or to twine a garland for some loved schoolmate.

3. We may wander away and mingle in the "world's fierce strife," and form new associations and friendships, and fancy we have almost forgotten the land of our birth; but at some evening hour, as we listen perchance to the autumn winds, the remembrance of other days comes over the soul, and fancy bears us back to childhood's scenes, and we roam again the old familiar haunts, and press the hands of companions long since cold in the grave, and listen to the voices we shall hear on earth no more. It is then a feeling of melancholy steals over us, which, like Ossian's^a music, is pleasant, though mournful to the soul.

4. The African, torn from his willow-braided hut, and borne away to the land of strangers and of toil, weeps as he thinks of home, and sighs and pines^b for the cocoa^b land beyond the

^a Ossian (O'she-an, or O'ryan;) supposed to be a Scotch poet who flourished about A. D. 300. ^b Cocoa (ko'ko;) a fruit, which abounds in Africa.

waters of the sea. Years may have passed over him, and strifes and toil may have crushed his spirits; all his kindred may have found graves upon the corals of the ocean; yet were he free, how soon would he seek the shores and skies of his boyhood dreams?

5. The New England mariner, amid the icebergs of the Northern seas, or breathing the spicy gales of the ever-green isles,* or coasting along the shores of the Pacific, though the hand of time may have blanched his raven locks, and care have plowed deep furrows on his brow, and his heart have been chilled by the storms of the ocean, till the fountains of his love have almost ceased to gush with the heavenly current; yet, upon some summer's evening, as he looks out upon the sun sinking behind the western wave, he will think of home, and his heart will yearn for the loved of other days, and his tears flow like the summer rain.

6. How does the heart of the wanderer, after long years of absence, beat, and his eyes fill, as he catches a glimpse of the hills of his nativity; and when he has pressed the lip of a brother or sister, how soon does he hasten to see if the garden, and the orchard, and the stream, look as in days gone by! We may find climes as beautiful, and skies as bright and friends as devoted; but that will not usurp the place of home.

LESSON XLVII.

THE WIFE.

IRVING.

1. I HAVE often had occasion to remark the fortitude, with which woman sustains the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters, which break down the spirit of man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the ener-

* Ever-green isles; the India islands.

gies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that, at times, it approaches to sublimity.

2. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortunes, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

3. As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs, so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

4. These observations call to mind a little domestic story of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune; but that of my friend was ample, and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies, that spread a kind of witchery about the sex.

5. Never did a couple set forward, on the flowery path of early and well suited marriage, with a fairer prospect of felicity. It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations; and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced to almost penury. For a time, he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance and a breaking heart.

6. His life was but a protracted agony; and what ren-

dered it more insupportable, was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however, with the quick eye of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul.

7. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek; the song will die away from those lips; the luster of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow; and the happy heart which now beats lightly in that bosom, will be weighed down, like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

8. At length he came to me one day, and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I had heard him through, I inquired, "Does your wife know all this?" At the question, he burst into an agony of tears. I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation, at once, to his wife.

9. "Believe me, my friend," said I, stepping up and grasping him warmly by the hand, "believe me, there is, in every true woman's heart, a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity; but which kindles up, and beams and blazes, in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is, no man knows what a ministering angel she is, until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world."

10. Some days afterward, he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling-house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind.

All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold excepting his wife's harp.

11. He was now going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day, superintending its arrangement. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

12. He was wearied with the fatigue of the day, and, as we walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing. "Poor Mary!" at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips. "And what of her?" asked I; "has anything happened to her? Has she repined at the change?" "Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humor. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort!"

13. "Admirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich; you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possessed in that woman."

14. After turning from the main road up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded by forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing, rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grass-plot in front.

15. A small wicket-gate opened upon a footpath, that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music. Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice, singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air, of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

16. I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel-walk. A bright, beautiful face glanced out at the

window, and vanished; a light footstep was heard, and Mary came tripping forth to meet us. She was in a pretty rural dress of white; a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles. I had never seen her look so lovely.

17. "My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come! I have been watching and watching for you; and running down the lane, and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them; and we have such excellent cream; and everything is so sweet and still here. O!" said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face, "O! we shall be so happy!"

18. Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosom; he folded his arms round her; he could not speak; but the tears gushed into his eyes; and he has often assured me, that, though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has indeed been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity.

LESSON XLVIII.

EULOGY OF WASHINGTON.

OTIS.

1. IN WASHINGTON* seemed combined all the elements to constitute a man, in the highest meaning of the term. His form was of the finest specimens of manly beauty, and his carriage full of grace and dignity. His constitution, both physical and mental, of the happiest mold. In power of mind he stood at the head of the human intellect.

2. His perception of truth, in the vast and various concerns with which his life was charged, seemed to indicate the intuition of a superior being; the unrivaled accuracy of his judgment was demonstrated in the extraordinary success of

* Washington, (George,) the father of his country, was born in Virginia in 1732.

his wide and eventful range of action. His brightness was not indeed the glare of the meteor, but the steady light of the sun; it was not the brilliancy of a single act, but the finished series of his life; the combined results of all his action.

3. Hence the firmness of his resolution and the courage of his temper. Hence he shrunk not in the field of battle or the moral conflict; and conscious of the right, never trembled for the issue. Unlike the desperate few, who have achieved a bad eminence by indiscriminate means, he sought no results which virtue did not sanction; used no appliances which honesty did not advise.

4. His character is unique, and stands alone on an eminence unapproached, I had almost said, inaccessible. Its union of goodness and greatness, of moral beauty and intellectual strength, adorned by services of inappreciable value to the human race, furnishes an instance of the sublime in morals such as no human example has presented. It has changed the general idea of greatness, and shown that the most enviable talent must find assistance in the aids of virtue.

5. He was fortunate beyond all the past in the position which he held in the affairs of the world. The presiding genius at the birth of the first free nation, the daring leader of the first successful struggle for the principles of freedom, the idol of a young nation yet to increase as the sands of the sea-shore, the grand agitator of the change yet to come over all the governments of the earth, his fame will increase with ages and the multiplication of his race.

6. He stood at the head of a new country; at the beginning of a new civil polity; at the source and fountain of that stream of liberty which was yet to overflow the earth, and, like the deluge of old, to swallow up every vestige of the wrongs which had passed. In the whole range of time, in the wide variety of human affairs, there has been no era so felicitous for his existence as that in which he was born and lived; at no other point, could equal virtue have met with equal success; no other career could have secured the like train and splendor of consequences.

7. In his life, fortunate and happy above all other example, without a spot or blemish to mar his private fame, he was covered with glory in his public career; through all the round of action, through all the change and casualty of life, he stood a model and exemplar to the human race. In the purity of his motives, in the nobleness of his designs, and in the extent and success of his course, he stands without a rival or an equal.

8. Without having been bred to the science of war, he assumed the command of our armies, and for seven long years, with every disparity of means, baffled the skill and paralyzed the genius of the most celebrated soldiers. Without experience, he fought like a veteran; nearly without means, he still found resources; and sometimes, almost without an army, he held the enemy at bay by the vigor of his enterprises.

9. This struggle for the mastery was long held in doubt, but the star of his fortune at length prevailed against the ostent of the times. He conquered, not for fame, but for freedom; not for ambition, but for his country. How well and how gently, let the present condition of the happy valleys and sunny mountains of freedom make answer.

10. But not even yet had he filled the full measure of his fame. In the pride of victory, in the flush of success, with a devoted soldiery, accustomed to execute his wishes, instead of stooping to the mean ambition of a tyrant, in ruining his country to elevate himself, he plucked the warrior's plume from his brow, and cast it with the sword at the feet of his country. O! how mean and little are the names of Alexander, of Cæsar,^a of Napoleon,^b when seen in the light of such a deed as this!

11. He retired to private life, unambitious of further distinction, and well pleased to escape the din and turmoil of his former days. In the seclusion of his retreat, he cultivated the quiet arts of peace, without a regret for the past or a sigh for the future. But fame found him here. The privacy of

^a Cæsar (Julius); a Roman general, statesman, and historian. ^b Napoleon; a distinguished general and emperor of France.

his condition did not obscure its glory, and again his country called him to her aid. The freedom we had won by valor must be preserved by wisdom. Though national independence was secured by the Revolution, our political organization was imperfect.

12. We had the materials of freedom, but not its system, the power of self-government, without being well aware of the best means of using it. We had achieved the privilege of self-government, but history furnished no precedent to aid in its exercise. And we stood a people, free indeed, but wanting the ascertained means of self-preservation. The sages and soldiers of the Revolution, with the illustrious Washington at their head, again came forward to meet the high exigency; they were successful.

13. In a council combining more experience, more patriotism, and more intellectual power, than the history of ages could show, they devised a system of government, unique in its character and original in its design, which has answered the high behests of freedom, and stands a beacon light to all the nations of the earth. A numerous people now repose in peace and happiness beneath its power, encouraging by precept and example the diffusion of the benign principles of liberty.

14. Washington, without his own desire, was placed at the head of the new organization by the voluntary suffrage of the people, and again became charged with the political destiny of his country. He assumed the responsibilities of his new and unprecedented station, and placed himself, by the vigor and wisdom of his policy, upon the most enviable heights of political renown.

15. If his success as a military chieftain had won the admiration of the world, his wisdom as a statesman secured its highest applause. Having given an impulse and direction to the untried institutions of his country, which will influence their destiny through all coming time, he voluntarily left the lofty station he had filled, and closed his career amidst the peace and happiness of that country he had assisted to elevate and redeem.

16. The fabric of his character was then completed; then was the model, designed by Heaven for the imitation of man kind, brought to its final perfection. Then was the complete idea of freedom exemplified and explained. The mission for which he was sent was accomplished; and the wide earth may now rejoice in the eventful fulfilment of those purpose of liberty to which his life was consecrated.

LESSON XLIX.

GREENOUGH'S^a WASHINGTON.^b

TUCKERMAN.

1. THE quarry whence thy form majestic sprung
Has peopled earth with grace,
Heroes and gods that elder bards have sung
A bright and peerless race.
2. But from its sleeping veins ne'er rose before
A shape of loftier name
Than his who glory's name with meekness wore,
The noblest son of fame.
3. Sheathed is the sword that passion never stained,
His gaze around is cast,
As if the joys of freedom newly gained
Before his vision passed.
4. As if a nation's shout of love and pride
With music filled the air,
And his calm soul was lifted on the tide
Of deep and grateful prayer.
5. As if the crystal mirror of his life
To fancy sweetly came,

^a Greenough; an American sculptor of distinction. ^b The statue of Washington, executed by Greenough is of marble, in a sitting posture, and clothed in Roman drapery.

With scenes of patient toil and noble strife,
Undimmed by doubt or shame.

6. As if the lofty purpose of his soul
Expression would betray,
The high resolve ambition to control
And thrust her crown away.
7. O, it was well in marble, firm and white,
To carve our hero's form,
Whose angel guidance was our strength in fight,
Our star amid the storm!
8. And it is well to place his image there
Beneath the dome* he blest;
Let meaner spirits, who its councils share,
Revere that silent guest!
9. Let us go up with high and sacred love
To look on his pure brow,
And as with solemn grace he points above,
Renew the patriot's vow.

LESSON L.

DEATH OF NAPOLEON.^b

OF MC'LELLAN.

1. WILD was the night, yet a wilder night
Hung round the soldier's pillow;
In his bosom there waged a fiercer fight
Than the fight on the wrathful billow.
2. A few fond mourners were leaning by,
The few that his stern heart cherished;

* This statue has recently been placed in the east park of the Capitol at Washington.
† Napoleon Bonaparte died of a cancer in the stomach, on the island of St. Helena, in 1821.

They knew by his glazed and unearthly eye,
That life had nearly perished.

3. They knew by his awful and kingl'y look,
By the order hastily spoken,
That he dreamed of days when the nation shook
And the nation's hosts were broken.
4. He dreamed that the Frenchman's sword still slew,
And triumphed the Frenchman's "eagle;"
And the struggling Austrian fled anew,
Like the hare before the beagle.
5. The bearded Russian^a he scourged again,
The Prussian's^b camp was routed,
And again, on the hills of haughty Spain,
His mighty armies shouted.
6. Again Marengo's^c field was won,
And Jena's^d bloody battle;
Again the world was overrun,
Made pale at his cannons' rattle.
7. He died at the close of that darksome day,
A day that shall live in story;
In the rocky land they placed his clay,
"And left him alone with his glory."

LESSON LI.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

1. THERE is no such scenery on earth, I verily believe, as
ours. There is but one Niagara in its broad circumference,

^a Pronounced Roo'she-an, or Rush'e-an; but, by the poets, usually in two syllables.
^b Proo'she-an, or Prush'e-an; but, by the poets, usually in two syllables. ^c Mar-en'-
go; a village in the north of Italy, famous for the victory of Napoleon over the Aus-
trians, in 1800. ^d Jen'a; a town of Germany, celebrated for the victory of the French
over the Prussians, in 1806.

and then its glorious rivers, from the tumbling cataracts of high northern latitudes, to the calm and beautiful Alabama;^a the majestic Mississippi; the golden waters of Missouri;^b the placid, soft Ohio.

2. And then, too, its lakes, the vast inland seas, where fleets can ride; its forests, alive with songsters of almost every note, and every feather; of trees of every cast and hue, and, if seen in the frosts of autumn, beyond the power of pencil to paint; mocking the skill of man, rivaling the rich sunset on the bosom of the western clouds, and making a very paradise of earth!

3. And then its boundless prairies, its savannahs, its vast havens, on which beat the waves of the ocean with their sullen roar, and its still solitudes, where man feels as if he really were alone with the Indian; the wild, unapproached, and almost unapproachable Indian, in his savage dignity, painted and decked for war, fiery red, with his armor on, "snorting for battle."

4. And then, again, its noisy cities, where men crowd and rush as if the spot of earth on which they were was their only spot; cities now vying in business with the older cities of Europe, but yet in the gristle; in their swaddling clothes, as it were, by and by to become the Londons^c of the Western world! What a variety of view is this! How rich in speculation, in thought! How admirably calculated to warm the imagination, and to give feeling and imagery!

5. Talk not, then, of Europe as the only land worth a journey over. Its past we may reverence and admire. There is sublimity in it. But the future of our country, who dare set its metes and bounds? Who will trace it out? Sublime, is but a feeble word for the destiny that awaits it!

6. What nation presents such a spectacle as ours, of a confederated government; so complicated, so full of checks and balances, over such a vast extent of territory, with so many varied interests, and yet moving so harmoniously?

^a Al-a-ba-ma. ^b Mis-sou'ri, (Mis-soo're.) ^c Lon'don, the metropolis of the British Empire. It was a place of considerable commerce in A. D. 51, and is now the most commercial, and, probably, the largest city on the globe.

7. I go within the walls of the capitol^a at Washington, and there, under the star-spangled banners that wave amid its domes, I find the representatives of three territories, and of twenty-six nations; nations, in many senses, they may be called, that have within them all the germ and sinew to raise a greater people than many of the proud principalities of Europe; all speaking one language, all acting with one heart, and all burning with the same enthusiasm, the love and glory of our common country; even though parties do exist, and bitter domestic quarrels now and then arise.

8. I take my map, and I mark from whence they come. What a breadth of latitude, and of longitude too, in the fair est portion of North America! What a variety of climate and what a variety of production! What a stretch of sea-coast, on two oceans, with harbors enough for all the commerce of the world!

9. What an immense national domain, surveyed and unsurveyed, of extinguished and unextinguished Indian titles, within the states and territories, and without! It is estimated, in the aggregate, to be more than one billion acres, and to be worth the immense sum of more than one billion dollars; seven hundred and fifty million acres of which are without the bounds of the states and territories, and are yet to make new states, and to be admitted into the Union!

10. Our annual revenue now, from the sales, is over three millions of dollars. Our national debt, too, is nearly or quite extinguished, and yet within fifty-eight years, starting with a population of about three millions, we have fought the war of Independence; again, not ingloriously, struggled with the greatest naval power in the world, fresh with laurels won on sea and land; and now we have a population of over twenty millions of souls. One cannot feel the grandeur of our republic, unless he surveys it in detail.

11. It is difficult to be very prosaic in describing such a

^a This edifice, in which Congress meets, is of the Corinthian style of architecture, constructed of free-stone. It is 350 feet long, and 120 high to the top of the dome.

country as ours. Think, if a prophet, but thirty years ago had predicted only the half that has happened, lucky would he have been to escape the asylum for lunatics. Jefferson^a mourned over a journey from Monticello^b to Philadelphia, as a fearful undertaking.

12. Mount Vernon^c and Bunker Hill^d were as far apart in the days of Washington, as the jumping-off rock in Eastport, (Maine,) and Augusta, (Georgia,) now are. The Mississippi boatman, who was thirty and forty days in going over a distance he now goes in six, can now hardly believe that he is the man he was. The steam-boat and the steam-horse, are the miracle workers of the day. But, then, enterprise and labor have done their wonders, too.

13. The Erie canal!^e What an achievement for a young people! The Chesapeake and Ohio canal, too! Go over it, and see how labor has wrought with mountain rocks, and torn them from their beds, and dashed them aside, as if with the power of Milton's demons. See the fire-horse, with long trains of cars, careering through the air, over rivers, and pathless swamps, from Charleston, South Carolina, to Ham-
burgh, on the Savannah.

14. Take the railroad from Boston to Providence, and see the rocks that have been cleft asunder, the mountains of dirt thrown up; the track now through caverns, and anon over a massive bridge of mason work, that almost staggers human faith to believe that it has been done.

15. And then mark what enterprise is planning, and will execute, too. Why, railroad tracks are projecting in all directions, from New Orleans to Nashville, in the south, and from Montreal to Portland, in the north. No enterprise staggers us. Nothing appals us. No hazard is so great to be run. Ingenuity is racked to the utmost. Every body is awake, and wide awake.

^a Jefferson; the third President of the U. S., born 1743. ^b Monticello; Jefferson's residence, in Virginia. ^c Mount Vernon; the burial place of Washington, in Virginia. ^d Bunker Hill; the place where the second battle was fought in the Revolution. ^e The Erie canal extends from Lake Erie to the Hudson river, a distance of about 360 miles.

16. There is, as it were, an atmospheric maelstrom all about us. We talk in a hurry; we walk in a hurry; we make love in a hurry, and are married in a hurry. We eat, drink, sleep, and die in a hurry; and, alas! are buried in a hurry. Every thing is on the high-pressure principle. No doubt such a state of fermentation, in any society, has its advantages and disadvantages.

17. It is one of the advantages of our free institutions, that they give society such a stimulus. Our politics, even with all their bitterness and occasional outbreaks, do us much good. They teach us that no man is above the influence of public opinion; and they also teach each man the responsibility he takes in forming it. They raise up the humble, and rank them with the proud. They stimulate in the bosoms of all, the ambition to advance, or to "go ahead," to use a phrase better descriptive of the thing itself.

LESSON LII.

THE SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED.

1. THE political cauldron that is always boiling in such a government as ours, throws up on the surface of society many men of strong minds, and high purposes; and though often, too often it may be, the very seethings of the cauldron will come up also, yet, in a moment of calm, they sink to their proper level, while what is good remains.

2. Death, too, is a great leveler among us; and if it would not be impious, I would add, the severest of all republicans. The family whom over-grown wealth was making proud to-day, death cuts up to-morrow; dividing its inheritance, scattering its members, and often robbing it of its natal soil. The incipient aristocracy is thus nipped in the bud. The wealth of a Girard* is instantly divided among many persons.

3. How remarkable the fact, all over this country, that

* Girard (ga-rard') a very wealthy merchant, late of Philadelphia.

wealth seldom runs long in the same line, but that the heritage is rather a curse than a blessing for the children; and how remarkable the other fact, too, that almost all the large holders of property are the makers of their own fortunes; men who have earned it with their own hands, and by their own struggles.

4. The poor are ever coming upward, and the rich are ever going downward. Such is the effect of this fermentation; such the stimulus of free institutions, and the operation of our laws of inheritance. But then, again, we must open our eyes the wider to the disadvantages of such a state of things, so as to check and improve them.

5. We must not forget, that it generates an inordinate thirst for office, and often a daring and reckless ambition; that it makes wealth the god of thousands; engulfs them in its pursuit, and often throws into the distance the man of genius, and the achievements of Literature, Art, and Science. Thus, politics and money-making engross the talents of the country; and thus Literature is kept at a partial stand; when, in a free country, men of learning, and men of genius, whose efforts stamp the age, and refine its manners, ought to be, if not the first, among the first. This, we must use our efforts to counteract.

6. Genius must be won from the ranks of political combatants. The sparks of poetical fire that blaze in the columns of the partisan press, must kindle up the pages of the Muse. Haughty, dictatorial, pampered Wealth, that frowns upon genius, must receive the lash of genius. Men of property must be made to see that their true glory consists in encouraging the arts, the sciences, the achievements of the pen or pencil.

7. Above all, the schoolmaster must go abroad more and more. Education, universal education, not little, but much; free schools, popular clubs, literary newspapers, and periodicals, must be cherished. Literary men must respect themselves, and speak loud and strong; and when they sell their labors, not sell themselves.

8. A vast amount of talent we have at command, if it can be united and combined. Our newspapers often show it, our periodicals show it. It is a remarkable fact, that our periodical literature, the only kind which this country has really patronized, has ever been unrivaled by any nation on earth. The State Papers of the Revolution did almost if not quite as much for us as our soldiery. The best diplomatists of Europe have confessed their power, and paid us the tribute; and sure I am, that in this respect we have not degenerated.

9. With the same strength that we develop our national resources, we must develop the moral and intellectual energies among us. There is great danger that such a busy, practical people, will forget that they have hearts and souls. There is danger, too, that such a moving, journeying people, will lose their attachment to home; their love for the rocks, and hills, and valleys, that their eyes first saw. Home, home, home, is the sentiment that we need to cherish. Our country must be our idol, if idols we have.

10. Next to the preservation of liberty, is the preservation of the Union; and this, in a territory so vast, can only be effected by an interchange of feelings, by intercommunications, by forming friends, and making visits, all over our wide domain. We must know and understand each other, in order to love each other.

11. We must see with our own eyes what a glorious heritage our fathers have bequeathed us, before we can appreciate its value. Dangers threaten us, above all other people; and such dangers as only high patriotism and pure affection can overcome. We have not achieved our independence yet. Washington and his compatriots gave us freedom.

12. Our own industry has liberated us from a servile dependence upon foreign skill and foreign artisans, and now we want a literary freedom; the independence to think, write, and criticise for ourselves; not driving our scholars abroad to acquire a reputation at home, and then reflecting at home the light of foreign glow-worms from abroad. We want local attachments too; then a national pride, a just sense of our own importance.

13. Another duty we have laid on our hands; and that is, to elevate and refine public feeling, by associations, by lectures, by lycéums, and in every practicable manner; so as to give society a tone and a character, and so as to combat the physical and lower tendencies of the day. There is an atmosphere encompassing every circle, either light or lurid, just in proportion to the splendor of the minds that sparkle within it. There is a sympathetic link in the chain of social intercourse, that vibrates well or ill, whenever it is touched.

14. The tone of a whole society may be compared to the winds that float through an *Æolian*^a harp. If but a summer breeze play upon its strings, it is like the melodious notes that sprang from Memnon's statue,^b when touched by the rays of the morning sun. But if the rude and gusty storm run roughly over the cords, it flings off notes harsh and discordant. See, then, the duty of the American. But tune society, and it will pour forth melodies from a thousand strings.

LESSON LIII.

OUR COUNTRY.

PABODIE.

1. OUR COUNTRY! 'tis a glorious land!

With broad arms stretched from shore to shore,
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic roar;
And, nurtured on her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies
In Nature's wildest grandeur drest,
Enameled with her loveliest dyes.

2. Rich prairies, decked with flowers of gold, Like sunlit oceans roll afar;

^a *Æolian* (ē-ō-le-an;) pertaining to *Æolus*, the god of the winds. ^b *Mem'non's statue*; a colossal statue in Thebes, which is said to have sent forth joyful sounds when the sun rose, but mournful ones when it set.

Broad lakes her azure heaven behold,
 Reflecting clear each trembling star;
 And mighty rivers, mountain-born,
 Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,
 Through forests where the bounding fawn
 Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

3. And cradled mid her clustering hills,
 Sweet vales in dreamlike beauty hide,
 Where love the air with music fills,
 And calm content and peace abide;
 For plenty here her fullness pours
 In rich profusion o'er the land,
 And sent to seize her generous store,
 There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.
4. Great God! we thank thee for this home,
 This bounteous birth-land of the free,
 Where wanderers from afar may come,
 And breathe the air of liberty!
 Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
 Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
 And yet, till time shall fold her wing,
 Remain Earth's loveliest paradise!

LESSON LIV.

UNION, LIBERTY.

[The reader may scan the following piece of poetry, and tell to what kind of verse it belongs, and to what form. See Construction of Verse, p. 68.]

1. HAIL, our | country's | natal | morn,
 Hail, our | spreading | kindred | born,
 Hail, thou | banner | not yet | torn,
 Waving | o'er the | free!
 While, this day in festal throng,

Millions swell the patriot song,
Shall not we thy notes prolong,
Hallowed Jubilee?*

2. Who would sever freedom's shrine?†
Who should draw the invidious line?

Though by birth, one spot be mine,

Dear is all the rest:

Dear to me the South's fair land,

Dear the central Mountain band,

Dear New England's rocky strand,

Dear the prairied West.

3. By our altars, pure and free,
By our Law's deep-rooted tree,
By the past dread memory,
By our Washington;
By our common parent tongue,
By our hopes, bright, buoyant, young,
By the tie of country strong,
We will still be one.

4. Fathers! have ye bled in vain?
Ages! must ye droop again?
MAKER! shall we rashly stain
Blessings sent by Thee?
No! receive our solemn vow,
While before thy throne we bow,
Ever to maintain as now,
"Union, Liberty."

* Jubilee, a public festivity. † Shrine: a case or box as for relics.

LESSON LV.

LAKES AND THE OCEAN.

MELLEN.

1. THERE is ever a contrast between the smaller lakes and the great ocean. You can rarely, if ever, look upon the sea, when it is not heaving with the coming on, with the height or with the dying of the tempest. There is always agitation within its mighty bosom. You see something at work there that tells of perpetual unrest; of a power within that cannot be still. The subsiding thunder of the storm that has passed away, is but the deep prelusive music of another.

2. But go in midsummer to the lake, embosomed among the hills, and gaze upon it when all the elements are in slumber, and I know not that you will find in nature a more beautiful picture of repose. There is no heaving billow there; no crested wave breaking in foam upon the shore; no sound of departed storm, murmuring like some vast imprisoned spirit at its temporary subjection.

3. But you see there a surface, silent as death, and as placid. The water lies spread before you, a perfect mirror; and you see wooded summit and lofty vale, forest and field-tree and tower, cloud and sky, all gazing into its profound, as though enchanted with the loveliness of their own reflection. You see the beautiful and the grand mingling their wonders in solitude, and you feel how much more exquisite is the display when it is perfected in the hour and home of Nature's quietness.

4. Then, if you stand upon bank or shore at sunset, when its hundred hues are playing on the sky, and see the new heaven created in the depths below you, and witness its mockery of splendor, its fading colors and dying beams, till star begins to answer star in the dark water, surely you are beholding something that Nature presents only in such hallowed spots in her empire; something of beauty and grandeur that she can never offer by the "vasty deep;" something, be it devel

oped where it may, far beyond the witchery of the gifted pencil; something to rejoice in, something to be thankful for

LESSON LVI.

SCENE FROM PIZARRO. *Pizarro^a and Gomez.^b*

KOTKEBUE.

[Before reading the following dialogue, the reader should carefully study the rule and remark under Personation, p. 62.]

The facts upon which this dialogue is founded occurred in Peru, and it is designed to show the cruelty of Pizarro, and the integrity of the unoffending Peruvians.

Piz. How now, Gomez, what bringest thou?

Gom. On yonder hill, among the palm trees, we have surprised an old Peruvian. Escape by flight he could not, and we seized him unresisting.

Piz. Drag him before us. [Gomez leads in Orosembo. c] What art thou, stranger?

Oro. First tell me who is the Captain of this band of robbers.

Piz. Audacious! This insolence has sealed thy doom. Die thou shalt, gray-headed ruffian. But first confess what thou knowest.

Oro. I know that which thou hast just assured me of, that I shall die.

Piz. Less audacity might have preserved thy life.

Oro. My life is as a withered tree, not worth preserving.

Piz. Hear me, old man. Even now we march against the Peruvian army. We know there is a secret path that leads to your strong hold among the rocks. Guide us to that, and name thy reward. If wealth be thy wish ———

Oro. Ha, ha, ha!

^a Pizarro; a Spanish general of great ignorance and cruelty, who invaded Peru in 1535, and caused the hospitable king Atahualpa to be burned. ^b Gomez; a fictitious name for one of Pizarro's army. ^c A fictitious name for one of the Peruvians.

Piz. Dost thou despise my offer?

Oro. Yes, thee and thy offer! Wealth! I have the wealth of two gallant sons. I have stored in heaven the riches which repay good actions here! and still my chiefest treasure do I wear about me.

Piz. What is that? Inform me.

Oro. I will, for thou canst never tear it from me. An unsullied conscience.

Piz. I believe there is no other Peruvian who dares speak as thou dost.

Oro. Would I could believe there is no other Spaniard who dares act as thou dost!

Gom. Obdurate Pagan! how numerous is your army?

Oro. Count the leaves of the forest.

Gom. Which is the weakest part of your camp?

Oro. It is fortified on all sides by justice.

Gom. Where have you concealed your wives and children?

Oro. In the hearts of their husbands and fathers.

Piz. Knowest thou Alonzo?

Oro. Know him! Alonzo! Our nation's benefactor, the guardian angel of Peru!^b

Piz. By what has he merited that title?

Oro. By not resembling thee.

Piz. Who is this Rolla, joined with Alonzo in command?

Oro. I will answer that, for I love to speak the hero's name. Rolla, the kinsman of the king, is the idol of our army. In war a tiger, in peace a lamb. Cora was once betrothed to him, but finding she preferred Alonzo, he resigned his claim for Cora's happiness.

Piz. Romantic savage! I shall meet this Rolla soon.

Oro. Thou hadst better not! the terrors of his noble eye would strike thee dead.

Gom. Silence, or tremble!

Oro. Beardless robber! I never yet have learned to tremble before man. Why before thee, thou less than man!

^a A fictitious name for one of the Peruvians. ^b Peru (Peroo';) a republic of South America.

Gom. Another word, audacious heathen, and I strike!

Oro. Strike, Christian! then boast among thy fellow
too have murdered a Peruvian."

SECOND SCENE. *Sentinel, Rolla and Alonzo*

[Enter Rolla, disguised as a monk.]

Rolla. INFORM me, friend, is Alonzo, the Peruvian, confined in this dungeon?

Sent. He is.

Rolla. I must speak with him.

Sent. You must not.

Rolla. He is my friend.

Sent. Not if he were your brother.

Rolla. What is to be his fate?

Sent. He dies at sunrise.

Rolla. Ha! then I am come in time.

Sent. Just to witness his death.

Rolla. [Advancing toward the door.] Soldier, I must speak with him

Sent. [Pushing him back with his gun.] Back! back! it is impossible.

Rolla. I do entreat you but for one moment.

Sent. You entreat in vain; my orders are most strict.

Rolla. Look on this wedge of massy gold! Look on these precious gems. In thy land they will be wealth for thee and thine, beyond thy hope or wish. Take them, they are thine; let me pass but one moment with Alonzo.

Sent. Away! Wouldst thou corrupt me? Me, an old Castilian! I know my duty better.

Rolla. Soldier! hast thou a wife?

Sent. I have.

Rolla. Hast thou children?

Sent. Four honest, lovely boys.

Rolla. Where didst thou leave them?

Sent. In my native village, in the very cot where I was born.

* Castilian; a native of Castile, a province of Spain.

Rolla. Dost thou love thy wife and children?

Sent. Do I love them! God knows my heart, I do.

Rolla. Soldier! Imagine thou wert doomed to die a cruel death in a strange land. What would be thy last request?

Sent. That some of my comrades* should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children.

Rolla. What if that comrade was at thy prison door, and should there be told, thy fellow-soldier dies at sunrise, yet thou shalt not for a moment see him, nor shalt thou bear his dying blessing to his poor children, or his wretched wife; what wouldst thou think of him who thus could drive thy comrade from the door?

Sent. How?

Rolla. Alonzo has a wife and child; and I am come but to receive for her, and for her poor babe, the last blessing of my friend.

Sent. Go in. [Exit Sentinel.]

Rolla. [Calls.] Alonzo! Alonzo!

[Enter Alonzo, speaking as he comes in.]

Alon. How! is my hour elapsed? Well, I am ready

Rolla. Alonzo, ——— know me!

Alon. Rolla! O Rolla! how didst thou pass the guard?

Rolla. There is not a moment to be lost in words. This disguise I tore from the dead body of a friar, as I passed our field of battle. It has gained me entrance to thy dungeon; now take it thou, and fly.

Alon. And Rolla ———.

Rolla. Will remain here in thy place.

Alon. And die for me! No! Rather eternal tortures rack me.

Rolla. I shall not die, Alonzo. It is thy life Pizarro seeks, not Rolla's; and thy arm may soon deliver me from prison. Or, should it be otherwise, I am as a blighted tree in the desert; nothing lives beneath my shelter. Thou art a husband and a father; the being of a lovely wife and help-

* Comrades; companions in arms.

less infant depend upon thy life. Go! go! Alonzo, not to save thyself, but Cora, and thy child.

Alon. Urge me not thus, my friend; I am prepared to die in peace.

Rolla. To die in peace! devoting her you have sworn to live for, to madness, misery, and death!

Alon. Merciful heavens!

Rolla. If thou art yet irresolute, Alonzo—now mark me well. Thou knowest that Rolla never pledged his word and shrunk from its fulfilment. Know then, if thou art proudly obstinate, thou shalt have the desperate triumph of seeing Rolla perish by thy side.

Alon. O Rolla! you distract me! Wear you the robe, and though dreadful the necessity, we will strike down the guard, and force our passage.

Rolla. What, the soldier on duty here?

Alon. Yes, else seeing two, the alarm will be instant death.

Rolla. For my nation's safety, I would not harm him. That soldier, mark me, is a man! All are not men that wear the human form. He refused my prayers, refused my gold, denying to admit, till his own feelings bribed him. I will not risk a hair of that man's head, to save my heart-strings from consuming fire. But haste! A moment's further pause and all is lost.

Alon. Rolla, I fear thy friendship drives me from honor and from right.

Rolla. Did Rolla ever counsel dishonor to his friend?
(Throwing the friar's garment over his shoulders.) There, conceal thy face. Now God be with thee.

LESSON LVII.

CULTIVATION OF TASTE FOR BEAUTY.

CHANNING.

In looking at our nature, we discover among its admirable endowments, the sense or perception of Beauty. We see

the germ of this in every human being and there is no power which admits greater cultivation; and why should it not be cherished in all? It deserves remark, that the provision for this principle is infinite in the universe.

2. There is but a very minute portion of the creation which we can turn into food and clothes, or gratification of the body, but the whole creation may be used to minister to the sense of beauty. Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone.

3. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side.

4. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it, as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment.

5. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures* of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn, that neither man, woman nor child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation; how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice.

6. But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a diviner artist; and how much would his existence be

* The "Sacrifice of Isaac;" the "Transfiguration of Christ," &c.

elevated, could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions and moral expression !

7. I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature ? The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire.

8. Now no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished ; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand.

9. What beauty is, is a question which the most penetrating minds have not satisfactorily answered ; nor, were I able, is this the place for discussing it. But one thing I would say ; the beauty of the outward creation is intimately related to the lovely, grand, interesting attributes of the soul.

10. There is another power, which each man should cultivate according to his ability, but which is very much neglected in the mass of the people, and that is the power of utterance. A man was not made to shut up his mind in itself ; but to give it voice and to exchange it for other minds. Speech is one of our grand distinctions from the brute.

11. Our power over others lies not so much in the amount of thought within us, as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than ordinary intellectual vigor, may, for want of expression, be a cipher, without significance in society. And not only does a man influence others, but he greatly aids his own intellect, by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his thoughts.

12. We understand ourselves better, our conceptions grow clearer, by the very effort to make them clear to another. Our social rank, too, depends a good deal on our power of utterance. The principal distinction between what are called gentlemen and the vulgar, lies in this ; that the latter are

awkward in manners, and are essentially wanting in propriety, clearness, grace, and force of utterance.

13. A man who cannot open his lips without breaking a rule of grammar, without showing in his dialect, or brogue, or uncouth tones, his want of cultivation, or without darkening his meaning by a confused, unskillful mode of communication, cannot take the place to which perhaps his native good sense entitles him. To have intercourse with respectable people, we must speak their language.

LESSON LVIII.

SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

DAWES.

[The reader may note the cæsural pauses in the following piece. See Harmonic Pauses, p. 70. The cæsural and grammatical pauses sometimes fall in the same place.]

1. THE Spirit of Beauty || unfuris her light,*
And wheels her course || in a joyous flight;
I know her track || through the balmy air,
By the blossoms that cluster || and whiten there,
She leaves the tops || of the mountains green,
And gems the valley || with crystal sheen.
2. At morn, I know where she rested at night,
For the roses are gushing with dewy delight;
Then she mounts again, and around her flings
A shower of light from her purple wings.
At noon, she hies to a cool retreat,
Where bowering elms over waters meet;
She dimples the wave, where the green leaves dip,
That smiles, as it curls, like a maiden's lip.
3. At eve, she hangs o'er the western sky
Dark clouds for a glorious canopy;

There may sometimes be two or three cæsural pauses in the same line. By some
the shorter ones are called demi-cæsural.

And round the skirts of each sweeping fold,
 She paints a border of crimson and gold,
 Where the lingering sunbeams love to stay,
 When their god in his glory has passed away.

4. She hovers around us at twilight hour,
 When her presence is felt with the deepest power;
 She mellows the landscape, and crowds the stream
 With shadows that flit like a fairy* dream;
 Still wheeling her flight through the gladsome air,
 The Spirit of Beauty is every where!

LESSON LIX.

VIRTUE.

AKENSIDE.

[The learner may tell in what manner the following extract should be read. See Rule 3, p. 54.]

1. WHAT can strive
 With virtue? which of nature's regions vast
 Can in so many forms produce to sight
 Such powerful beauty; beauty which the eye
 Of hatred cannot look upon secure;
 Which envy's self contemplates, and is turned
 Ere long to tenderness, to infant smiles,
 Or tears of humblest love.

2. Is aught so fair,
 In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
 The summer's noontide groves, the purple eve
 At harvest home, or in the frosty morn
 Glittering on some smooth sea, is aught so fair
 As virtuous friendship; as the honored roof
 Whither from highest heaven, immortal love
 His torch ethereal and his golden bow

* Fairy; an imaginary being, supposed to assume a human form.

Propitious brings, and there a temple holds,
 To whose unspotted service, gladly vowed,
 The social band of parent, brother, child,
 With smiles and sweet discourse and gentle deeds
 Adorn his power?

8. What gift of richest clime
 E'er drew such eager eyes, or prompted such
 Deep wishes, as the zeal that snatches back
 From slander's poisonous tooth a foe's renown;
 Or crosseth danger in his lion walk,
 A rival's life to rescue? as the young
 Athenian^a warrior sitting down in bonds,
 That his great father's body might not want
 A peaceful, humble tomb? the Roman^b wife
 Teaching her lord how harmless was the wound
 Of death, how impotent the tyrant's rage,
 Who nothing more could threaten to afflict
 Their faithful love?

4. Or is there in the abyss,
 Is there, among the adamantine spheres
 Wheeling unshaken through the boundless void,
 Aught that with half such majesty can fill
 The human bosom, as when Brutus^c rose,
 Refulgent, from the stroke of Cæsar's fate
 Amid the crowd of patriots; and, his arm
 Aloft extending like eternal Jove^d
 When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud
 On Tully's^e name, and shook the crimson sword
 Of justice in his wrapt, astonished eye,
 And bade the father of his country hail,
 For lo, the tyrant prostrate in the dust—
 And Rome again is free!

^a A-the'ni-an; pertaining to Athens, the capital of Greece. ^b Roman; pertaining to Rome, the capital of Italy. ^c Bru'tus; a distinguished Roman, and assassinator of Julius Cæsar. ^d Jove; another form of the name of Jupiter, meaning the same god. ^e Tully (Cicero); the most distinguished of the Roman orators, born B. C. 107.

LESSON LX.

THE BEREAVED SISTER.

1. In the spring of 1824, I contracted an acquaintance in one of the cities of the south, with a gentleman who had removed from England to this country with two small children, the one a boy of ten years, the other a girl of nine years of age. These children were the most lovely beings I ever saw. Their extreme beauty, their deep and artless affection, and their frequent bursts of childish and innocent mirth, made them as dear to me as if I had been the companion of their infancy.

2. They were happy in themselves, happy in each other, and in the whole world of life and nature around them. I had known the family but a few months, when my friend was compelled to make a sudden and unexpected voyage to South America. His feelings were embittered by the thought of leaving his motherless children behind him; and as I was on the point of embarking for Liverpool,* I promised to take them to their friends and relations.

3. My departure was delayed two weeks. During that period, I lived under the same roof with the little ones that had been consigned to my charge. For a few days they were pensive, and made frequent inquiries for their absent father; but their sorrows were easily assuaged, and regret for his absence changed into pleasant anticipation of his return. The ordinary sorrows of childhood are but dewdrops upon the eagle's plumage, which vanish at the moment the proud bird springs upward into the air to woo the beautiful flashes of the morning.

4. The day of our departure at last arrived, and we set sail on a quiet afternoon of summer. The distant hills bent their pale blue tops to the waters, and as the great sun, like the image of his Creator, sunk down in the west, successive

* Liverpool; a city in England, next to London in size.

shadows of gold, and crimson, and purple, came floating over the waves, like barks from a fairy land.

5. My young companions gazed on those scenes steadily and silently, and when the last tints of the dim shore were melting into shadow, they took each other's hand, and a few natural tears gushed forth as an adieu to the land they had loved. Soon after sunset, I persuaded my little friends to let me lead them to the cabin, and then returned again to look out upon the ocean.

6. In about half an hour, as I was standing musingly apart, I felt my hand gently pressed, and on turning around, saw that the girl had stolen alone to my side. In a few moments, the evening star^a began to twinkle from the edging of a violet cloud. At first, it gleamed faintly and at intervals, but anon it came brightly out, and shone like a holy thing upon the brow of the evening.

7. The girl at my side gazed upon it, and hailed it with a tone which told that a thought of rapture was at her heart. She inquired, with simplicity and eagerness, whether, in the fair land to which we were going, that same bright star would be visible; and seemed to regard it as another friend, that was to be with her in her long and lonely journey.

8. The first week of our voyage was unattended by any important incident. The sea was, at times, wild and stormy, but again it would sink to repose, and spread itself out in beauty to the verge of the horizon. On the eighth day the boy arose pale and dejected, and complained of indisposition. On the following morning he was confined by a fever to his bed, and much doubt was expressed as to his fate, by the physician of the vessel.

9. I can never forget the look of agony, the look of utter woe, that appeared upon the face of the little girl, when the conviction of her brother's danger came slowly home upon her thoughts. She wept not; she complained not; but hour after hour she sat by the bed of the young sufferer, an image of

^a Ve'nus, or Her'pe-rus, which is another name for the same star.

grief and beautiful affection. The boy became daily more feeble and emaciated.

10. He could not return the long and burning caresses of his sister; and at last a faint heaving of his breast, and the eloquence of his half closed eye, and a flush, at intervals, upon his wasted cheek, like the first violet tint of a morning cloud, were all that told he had not yet passed "the dark day of nothingness."

11. The twelfth evening of our absence from land was the most beautiful I had ever known, and I persuaded the girl to go for a short time upon deck, that her own fevered brow might be fanned by the twilight breeze. The sun had gone down in glory, and the traces of his blood-red setting were still visible upon the western waters.

12. Slowly, but brilliantly, the many stars were gathering themselves together above, and another sky swelled out in softened beauty beneath, and the foam upon the crest of the waves was lighted up like wreaths of snow. There was music in every wave, and its wild, sweet tones came floating down from the fluttering pennon above us, like the sound of a gentle wind amid a cypress* grove.

13. But neither music nor beauty had a spell for the heart of my little friend. I talked to her of the glories of the sky and sea; I pointed to her the star on which she had always loved to look; but her only answer was a sigh; and I returned with her to the bedside of her brother. I perceived instantly that he was dying. There was no visible struggle, but the film was creeping over his eye, and the hectic flush of his cheek was fast deepening into purple.

14. I knew not whether, at first, his sister perceived the change in his appearance; she took her seat at his side, pressed his pale lips to her own, and then, as usual, let her melancholy eye rest fixedly upon his countenance. Suddenly his looks brightened for a moment, and he spoke his sister's name. She replied with a passionate caress, and looked up to my face as if to implore encouragement.

* The cypress-tree is a dark colored evergreen, anciently used at funerals.

15. I knew that her hopes were but a mockery. A moment more, and a convulsive quiver passed over the lips of the dying boy; a slight shudder ran through his frame; and all was still. The girl knew, as if intuitively,* that her brother was dead. She sat in tearless silence, but I saw that the waters of bitterness were gathering fearfully at their fountain. At last she raised her hands with a sudden effort, and pressing them upon her forehead, wept with the uncontrollable agony of despair.

16. On the next day, the corpse of the dead boy was committed to the waves. The little girl knew that it must be so, but she strove to drive the thought away, as if it had been an unreal and terrible vision. When the appointed hour was at hand, she came and begged me, with a tone that seemed less like a human voice than the low cadence of a disembodied and melancholy spirit, to go and look upon her brother, and see if he was indeed dead.

17. I could not resist her entreaties, but went with her to gaze upon the sleeping dust, to which all the tendrils of her life seemed bound. She paused by the bedside, and I almost deemed that her very existence would pass off in that long, fixed gaze. She moved not; she spoke not; till the form she loved was taken away to be let down into the ocean.

18. Then indeed she arose, and followed her lifeless brother with a calmness that might have been from heaven. The body sunk slowly and solemnly beneath the waves; a few long, bright ringlets streamed out upon the waters, a single white and beautiful glimpse came up through the glancing billows, and all that had once been joy and beauty vanished forever.

19. During the short residue of our voyage, the bereaved sister seemed fading away, and beautiful as a cloud in a summer zenith.^b Her heart had lost its communion with nature, and she would look down into the sea, and murmur incoherently of its cold and solitary depths, and call her brother's name, and then weep herself into calmness.

* Intuitively; without the intervention of argument or consideration. ^b Zenith; the point directly over head in the heavens.

20. Soon afterward, I left her with her friends. I know not whether she is a blossom of the earth, or whether she has long since gone to be nurtured in a holier realm. But I love the memory of that beautiful and stricken one. Her loveliness, her innocence, and her deep and holy feelings, still come back to me in their glory and quietude, like a rainbow, or a summer cloud, that has showered and passed off forever.

LESSON LXI.

THE BURIAL.

1. It was summer. The sun shone proudly down upon the gray mist that rose above the billows; the blushing charms of spring were passed, and the summer glow of loveliness had succeeded. The woodlands were gay and beautiful; for Nature had clothed them in all her surpassing splendors. The mountain stream now ran, now rippled, now curled with its silver eddies, glad, sparkling in the sunbeam; now smoothly flowed along its ever-varying bed, toward its quiet home "in the world of waters."^a

2. The birds warbled as sweetly in their green bowers of bliss, as if sighs and tears were things unknown. There was joy on earth; the twittering swallow, as it darted along in sunshine and shade, heeded not the bitter wailing of affliction and distress; the wild bird, in its noiseless flight, softly as falls the snow-flake, seemed unmindful of woe, as it flashed its wing across the vision, like a thought of a dream during the hushed hours of midnight, and vanished as suddenly.

3. To me the sight of their joyous felicity brought no gladness; the sounds of their mirth fell cold upon the heart; it seemed but bitter mockery, and spoke of days departed. The bright and laughing skies seemed insensible that they were smiling over ruin and decay; that one of hope's fairest,

^a "The world of waters;" the ocean.

sweetest flowers had drooped and died ; and that now, even now, it was to be laid in the earth's cold bosom.

4. I had seen the child in its guileless beauty, when it was a thing all glowing with health, innocence, and joy. I had seen it folded in the arms of her who bore it, in all the overwhelming fondness of a mother's love. But now her first-born blessing, her first, last, and only one, slept ; not on the soft bosom of a mother's tenderness, but with the quiet dead ! Death ! death ! how lovely thou canst be !

5. Though pale and lifeless, it wore a smile passionless and pure as the cherub of immortality ; it had nothing of the corpse about it but its whiteness, nothing of the grave but its silence. So beautiful it seemed, like a sportive lamb, decked with a flowery garland for the sacrifice, I could fain have lain down by its side in the cold bosom of our common mother, in the dark and silent valley.

6. Thou weepst, childless mother. Ah ! well thou mayest. The Son of God wept at the tomb of his friend ; and thou mournest thy first-born. Hard is it for thee to lay thy loved one in the damp earth, beneath the cold clods of the valley ; hard it is to reflect that this, thy child of peerless beauty, will never more raise its rosy lips to thine, in all the fondness of childhood's warm affection. Ah ! there are recollections that weigh upon the soul even to overpowering.

7. Memory tells thee thou art desolate. It tells, too, of playful smiles, of a thousand soft and winning ways that twine around the mother's heart ; it tells of the sweetest wild throbbings of unspeakable bliss that were thine, which softly soothed it to slumber and repose. Now the foliage of the cypress will be its shelter, and the narrow house its abiding place ; the nursery will no more resound with its glad some mirth ; the cradle in which it had so often reposed in quiet is now desolate. Thou weepst, childless mother !

8. The time is come when she may gaze once more upon her sleeping boy, ere the pall is settled upon his lifeless brow. O ! the bitter agony of that moment. One long, agonizing kiss upon his marble forehead, and he is shut from her view.

The long train of weeping friends gathered around a fresh dug grave. The coffin was lowered into its final resting-place, in the vale of solitude and silence. The spirit of him who was so lovely here had, long ere this, crossed the dark waters, and is safely landed upon the flowery coast of a world of fadeless bloom!

LESSON LXII.

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

IRVING.

[The reader may note the emphatic words which are repeated in the following piece, and tell how such words should be read. See Rule 3, for Emphasis, p. 19.]

1. THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal, every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude.

2. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness?

3. No; the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation.

tion on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart.

4. Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living.

5. O, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies moldering before him?

6. But the grave of those we loved, what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy. There it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene.

7. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendants, its mute, watchful assiduities! The last testimonies of expiring love, the feeble, fluttering, thrilling, O, how thrilling! pressure of the hand. The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence. The faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection.

8. Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who can never — never — never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

9. If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silver brow of an affectionate parent, if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom

that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth ; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee ; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet ; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungente action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul ; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

10. Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave ; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret ; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

LESSON LXIII.

THE CLOSING OF THE YEAR.

PRENTICE.

1. 'T is midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark ! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling ; 't is the knell^a
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past, yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light the moonbeams rest,
Like a pale, spotless shroud ; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh ; and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand ;

^a Knell ; funeral tolling.

Young spring, bright summer, autumn's solemn form,
And winter with his aged locks, — and breathe,
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge* o'er the dead year
Gone from the earth forever.

2. 'T is a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life.

3. That specter lifts
The coffin-lid of hope, and joy, and love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness. The year
Has gone, and with it many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on the brow,
Its shadows in each heart.

4. In its swift course
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful ;
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous ; and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded.

* Dirge ; a funeral song.

5. It passed o'er
 The battle-plain, where sword, and spear, and shield,
 Flashed in the light of mid-day; and the strength
 Of serried^a hosts is shivered, and the grass,
 Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
 The crushed and mold'ring skeleton. It came
 And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
 Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
 It heralded its millions to their home
 In the dim land of dreams.

6. Remorseless Time!
 Fierce spirit of the glass^b and scythe!^c what power
 Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
 His iron heart to pity! On, still on
 He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
 The Condor^d of the Andes, that can soar
 Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
 The fury of the northern hurricane,
 And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
 Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
 To rest upon his mountain crag; but Time
 Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness;
 And Night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
 His rushing pinion.

7. Revolutions sweep
 O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
 Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink
 Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
 Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
 To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
 To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
 Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
 Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,

^a Serried; compact, pressed together. ^b Hour glass. ^c Scythe of Death. ^d Condor; probably the largest bird of flight known. The wings of one of the largest measured from the tip of one extended wing to the other, fourteen feet.

And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations.

8. Yet Time,
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all pitiless; and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

LESSON LXIV.

INTEGRITY.

1. Among the prisoners taken at the battle of Hoosac,^a by the Americans, was an inhabitant of Hancock, in the county of Berkshire,^b a plain farmer, named Jackson. This man had conscientiously taken the side of the British in the revolutionary contest, and felt himself bound to seize the earliest opportunity of employing himself in the service of his king. Hearing that Colonel Baum,^c a British officer, was advancing, with a body of troops, towards Bennington in Vermont, he rose early, saddled his horse, and rode to Hoosac, intending to attach himself to his corps.

2. Here he was taken prisoner in such circumstances as proved his intention, beyond every reasonable doubt. Besides, he was too honest to deny it. Accordingly he was committed to the charge of the high sheriff of the county, who immediately confined him in the county jail. This building was, at that time, so much out of repair that, without a guard, no prisoner could be kept in it, who wished to escape. But to escape, however, was in no degree consonant with Jackson's idea of right; and he thought no more seriously of making an attempt of this nature, than he would have done in his own house.

^a Hoosac; a town in New York, celebrated for the battle between the British and the Americans under Gen. Stark. ^b Berkshire; one of the western counties of Massachusetts. ^c Baum (Bawm); the English commander, slain in the battle of Hoosac, generally called the battle of Bennington.

3. After he had lain quietly in jail a few days, he told the sheriff that he was losing his time and earning nothing, and wished he would permit him to go out and work in the daytime, promising to return regularly at evening to his quarters in the prison. The sheriff having become acquainted with his character, readily acceded to his proposal. Accordingly Jackson went out regularly during the remaining part of the autumn, and the following winter and spring, until the beginning of May, and every evening returned at the proper time to the jail.

4. In this manner he performed a day's work every day, with scarcely any exception besides the Sabbath, through the whole period. In the month of May, he was to be tried for high treason. The sheriff made preparations to conduct him to Springfield,* where he was to be tried. But he told the sheriff that it was not worth his while to take this trouble, for he could just as well go alone, and it would save both the expense and the inconvenience of the sheriff's journey.

5. The sheriff, after a little reflection, assented to his proposal, and Jackson commenced his journey; the only one, it is believed, which was ever undertaken, in the same manner, for the same object. While on his journey, he was overtaken by the Honorable T. Edwards, from whom this account was received. "Whither are you going?" said Mr. Edwards. "To Springfield, sir," answered Jackson, "to be tried for my life." Accordingly he proceeded directly to Springfield, surrendered himself to the sheriff there; was tried, found guilty, and condemned to die.

6. Application was made to the executive council for pardon. The facts were stated, the evidence by which they were supported, and the sentence grounded on them. The question was then put by the president, "Shall a pardon be granted to Jackson?" The gentleman who first spoke, observed that the case was perfectly clear; the act charged against Jackson was unquestionably high treason; and the proof was

* Springfield; a town in Massachusetts.

complete. If a pardon be granted in this case, he saw no reason why it should not be granted in every other.

7. In the same manner answered those who spoke after him. When it came to the turn of Mr. Edwards, who was one of the council, he related this story, with those little circumstances of particularity, which give light and shade a living reality. At the same time, he evidently made no effort to be pathetic. As is always the case, this simplicity gave the narration its full force.

8. The council began to hesitate. One of the members at length observed, "Surely, such a man as this ought not to be sent to the gallows." To this opinion the members unanimously agreed. A pardon was immediately made out and transmitted to Springfield, and Jackson returned to his family. Never was exhibited a stronger proof that honesty is wisdom.

LESSON LXV.

HAFED'S DREAM.*

TODD.

1. At the foot of one of those gigantic mountains in Asia^b which lift up their heads so far above the clouds that the eye of man never saw their summits, stood a beautiful cottage, facing the east. The mountain stream leaped and murmured on the north; the verdant plain, where the bright-eyed gazelle sported, lay spread out in front; the garden and the olive-yard, filled with every flower and every fruit which an oriental sun could pencil and ripen, lay on the south; while back, on the west, rose the everlasting mountain.

2. Here were walks, and shades, and fruits, such as were found no where else. The sun shone upon no spot more luxuriant; the moonbeams struggled to enter no place more delightful; and the soft wings of the breezes of evening fanned no such abode in all the east.

* Hafed's dream; a fictitious narrative, in the style of an oriental tale, designed to show the folly of a belief in a government of chance. ^b Asia, (A'she-a).

3. The howl of the wolf was never heard here ; the sly fox never came here to destroy ; and here the serpent's hiss was never heard. This cottage was the home of Hafed, the aged and the prosperous. He reared this cottage ; he adorned this spot ; and here, for more than fourscore years, he had lived and studied.

4. During all this time, the sun had never forgotten to visit him daily ; the harvest had never failed, the pestilence had never destroyed, and the mountain stream had never dried up. The wife of his youth still lived to cheer and bless him ; and his son and daughter were such as were not to be found in all that Province. No youth could rein the horse, hurl the javelin, chase the lion, or delight the social circle, like this son.

5. No daughter of kings could be found so beautiful and perfect, as was this daughter, with an eye so bright and joyous, and a form so symmetrical* as hers. But who can insure earthly happiness ? In one short week, Hafed was stripped of all his joys. His wife went to see a new white peacock, which it was said a neighbor, who lived a mile off in the ravine, had just brought home. She took cold, a quick fever followed, and on her return, Hafed saw that she must die.

6. Before two days were gone, the old man was standing at her open grave. He gazed long, and said impatiently, "Cover her, cover the only woman that I ever loved !" The son and daughter had returned from the burial of their mother, fatigued and sick. The nurse gave them, as she thought, a simple medicine. In a few hours it was found to be poison.

7. Hafed saw that they must die ; for the laws of nature are fixed ; and poison kills. He buried them in one wide, deep grave, and it seemed as if in that grave he buried his reason and his religion. He tore his gray hair, he cursed the light of day, and wished the moon turned into blood ; and above all, declared that the laws which God had established were all wrong, useless, and worse than none.

8. He wished the world were governed by chance ; but, as

* Symmet'rical ; proportionate in all its parts.

this was a hopeless wish, he wished that at his death he might go to a world where there was no God to fix unalterable laws. He arraigned the wisdom of God in his government over this world, declaring that his plans were worse than none, and that it would be far better to have no God in the universe!

9. In the center of Hased's garden stood a large, beautiful palm-tree. Under it was Hased sitting, the second evening after closing the grave over his children. The seat on which he sat had been reared by his son. On the leaf of the tree which lay before him, were some exquisite verses, written by the pencil of his daughter.

10. Before him lay the beautiful country, covered with green, sprinkled here and there, as far as the eye could see, with the habitations of men; and upon this great landscape the shadows of the mighty mountains were now setting. In the east, the moon was just pushing up her modest face, and the gold of day was softening into the silver of night.

11. While Hased looked on all this, grief began to swell in his throat; his tongue murmured; his heart was full of hard thoughts of God. As the night deepened, Hased, as he then thought, fell asleep with a heavy heart. When he supposed he awoke, it was in a new spot. The mountain, the landscape, the home, were all gone. All was new.

12. As he stood wondering where he was, he saw a creature approaching him, which, at first, he mistook for a baboon; but, on its coming near, he discovered that it was a creature somewhat resembling a man, but every way mal-formed, ill-shaped, and monstrous.

13. He came up and walked around Hased, as he would a superior being, exclaiming, "Beautiful, beautiful creature!" "Shame, shame on thee!" said Hased; "dost thou treat a stranger thus with insults? Leave off thy jests, and tell me where I am, and how I came here." "I do not know how you came here, but here you are, in our world, which we call chance-world, because every thing happens here by chance."

14. "Ah! is it so? This must be delightful! This is just the world for me. Oh! had I always lived here, my

beautiful children would not have died under an inexorable law! Come, show me this world, for I long to see it. But have ye really no God, nor any one to make laws and govern you just as he sees fit?"

15. "I don't know what you mean by God; we have nothing of that kind here, nothing but chance; but go with me, and you will understand all about it." As they proceeded, Hased began to notice that every thing looked queer and odd. Some of the grass was green, some red, some white, some new, and some dying; some grew with the top downward; all kinds were mingled together; and on the whole, the sight was very painful.

16. He stopped to examine an orchard; here chance had been at work. On a fine looking apple tree, he saw no fruit but large, coarse cucumbers. A small peach tree was breaking down under its load of gourds. The guide told Hased that there was no certainty about these trees; and you could never tell what fruit a tree would happen to bear. The tree which this year bears cucumbers, may bear potatoes next year.

LESSON LXVI.

THE SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED.

1. THEY soon met another of the "chance men." His legs were very unequal in length; one had no knee, and the other no ankle. His ears were set upon his shoulders, and around his head was a thick, black bandage. He came groping his way, and Hased at once asked him how long since he had lost his sight.

2. "I have not lost it," said he; "but when I was born, my eyeballs happened to be turned in, instead of out, and the back parts, being outward, are very painful in the light, and so I put on a covering." "Well, but canst thou see any thing? Methinks thou mayest see strange things within."

3. "True, but the difficulty is to get any light in there.

Yet I am as well off as others. My brother has one good eye on the top of his head; but he only looks directly up with it to the clouds; and the sun almost puts it out. He shuts it most of the time during the day; but it happens to be one of those eyes that will not stay shut.

4. They stopped to look at some "chance cattle" in a yard. Some had but three legs; some had the head on the wrong part of the body; some were covered with wool, under which they were sweltering in a climate always tropical. Some were half horse and half ox. One cow had a young dwarf of a camel following her, and claiming her as his mother.

5. Young elephants were there with the flocks of sheep; horses with claws like a lion, and geese clamping* round the yard with hoofs like horses. It was all the work of chance. Just as they were leaving the premises, the owner came out, to admire, and show, and talk over his treasures. "Don't think I am a happy man," said he to Hafed, "in having so many and such perfect animals. Alas! even in this happy and perfect world, there are drawbacks.

6. "That fine looking cow yonder happens to give nothing but warm water for milk; and her calf, poor thing, died the first week. Some of them have good-looking eyes, but from some defect are stone blind. Some cannot live in the light, and few of them can hear. No two eat the same food, and it is a great labor to take care of them."

7. While they were talking, in an instant, they were in midnight darkness. The sun was gone, and Hafed could not for some time see his guide. "What has happened?" said he. "Oh! nothing uncommon," said the guide. "The sun happened to go down now. There is no regular time for him to shine; but he goes and comes just as it happens.

8. "Sometimes he is gone for months, and sometimes for weeks, and sometimes only for a few minutes, just as it happens. We may not see him again for months, but perhaps he will come soon." As the guide was proceeding, to the inex-

* Clamping; treading heavily in walking.

pressible joy of all, the sun at once broke out. The light was so sudden, that Hafed at first thought he must be struck with lightning, and actually put his hands up to his eyes, to see if they were safe.

9. He then clapped his hands over his eyes, till he could gradually bear the light. There was a splendor about the sun which he had never before seen ; and it was intolerably hot. The air seemed like a furnace. "Ah !" said the owner of the cattle, "we must now scorch for it. My poor wool-ox must die at once ! Bad luck, bad luck to us ! The sun has come back much nearer than he was before. But we hope he will happen to go away again soon, and then happen to come back further off the next time."

10. The sun was now pouring down his heat so intensely, that they were glad to go into the house for shelter, a miserable looking place indeed. Hafed could not but compare it with his own beautiful cottage. They invited Hafed to eat. On sitting down at table, he noticed that each one had a different kind of food, and that no two could eat out of the same dish.

11. He was told that it so happened, that the food which one could eat, was poison to another, and what was agreeable to one, was nauseating to another. Hafed rose from the table in anguish of spirit. He remembered the world where he had lived, and all that was past. He had desired to live in a world where there was no God : where all was governed by chance, so far as there was any thing that looked like government. Here he was, and here he must live.

12. He threw himself on a bed, and recalled the past, the beautiful world in which he had once lived ; his ingratitude, his murmurings against the wisdom and the goodness of God. He wept like infancy. He would have prayed, and even began a prayer ; but then he recollected that there was no God here, nothing to direct events, nothing but chance. He shed many and bitter tears of repentance. At last he wept himself asleep.

13. When Hafed again awoke, he was sitting under his

palm tree in his own beautiful garden. It was morning. At the appointed moment, the glorious sun rose up in the east; the fields were all green and fresh; the trees were all right end upwards, and covered with blossoms; the beautiful deer were bounding, in their gladness, over the lawn; and the songsters in the trees, which, in plumage and sweetness, might have vied with those that sang in Eden, were uttering their morning song.

11. Hafed arose, recalled that ugly dream, and then wept for joy. Was he again in a world where chance does not reign? He looked up, and then turned to the God of heaven and earth, the God of laws and of order. He gave glory to him, and confessed that his ways, to us unsearchable, are full of wisdom. He was a new man. Tears, indeed, fell at the graves of his family; but he now lived to do good to men, and to make others happy. He called a young and worthy couple, distant relatives, to fill his house. His home again smiled, and peace and contentment came back, and were his abiding guests.

LESSON LXVII.

ESCAPE FROM A PANTHER.

COOPER.

1. ELIZABETH TEMPLE and Louisa^a had gained the summit of the mountain, where they left the highway, and pursued their course, under the shade of the stately trees that crowned the eminence. The day was becoming warm; and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest, as they found its invigorating coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive heat they had experienced in their ascent. The conversation, as if by mutual consent, was entirely changed to the little incidents and scenes of their walk.

2. In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego,^b

^a Louisa, (Leo-s'-na.) ^b Ot-se-go; a small lake in Otsego county, New York.

or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers that rose from the valley, when Elizabeth suddenly started, and exclaimed, "Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us or can some little one have strayed from its parents?"

3. "Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds; it may be a wanderer starving on the hill." Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and, pointing behind them, cried, "Look at the dog!"

4. The advanced age of Brave had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets,* the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, either through fright or anger.

5. "Brave!" said she, "be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?" At the sound of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking. "What does he see?" said Elizabeth; "there must be some animal in sight."

6. Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upward with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female

* Bouquet (boo-ké') a bunch of flowers.

panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening instant destruction.

7. "Let us fly!" exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow, and sunk lifeless to the earth. There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity; and she fell on her knees by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with an instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds of her voice.

8. "Courage, Brave!" she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble; "courage, courage, good Brave!" A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant but vicious creature approached near to the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race.

9. Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore paws, and play all the antics of a cat, for a moment; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling, and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific. All this time, Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on his haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub.

10. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nearer to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles; but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless.

11. Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood

was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks, and growls.

12. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe like a feather, and, rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again, with his jaws distended, and a dauntless eye.

13. But age, and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In every thing but courage he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, which was making a desperate but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted, in a favorable position, on the back of her aged foe.

14. For a single moment only could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and, directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless.

15. Several mighty efforts of the wildcat, to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog, followed; but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened; when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded announced the death of poor Brave.

16. Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his

creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow.

17. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe; next, to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting for inches from its broad feet.

18 "Hist! hist!" said a low voice; "stoop lower, girl; your bonnet hides the creature's head." It was rather the yielding of nature, than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant, the form of Leather-stocking* rushed by her; and he called aloud, "Come in, Hector; come in; 't is a hard-lived animal, and may jump again."

19. Nathan maintained his position in front of the maidens most fearlessly, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded; when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and, placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

LESSON LXVIII.

SONG OF THE STARS.

BRYANT.

1. WHEN the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,

* The name of the hunter.

- And orbs of beauty and spheres of flame
From the void abyss by myriads came, —
In the joy of youth, as they darted away
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung,
And this was the song the bright ones sung :
2. " Away, away, through the wide, wide sky, —
The fair blue fields that before us lie, —
Each sun,^a with the worlds that round him roll,
Each planet, poised on her turning pole ;
With her isles of green and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.
3. " For the source of glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space ;
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides ;
Lo, yonder the living splendors play ;
Away, on our joyous path, away !
4. " Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom, as they swiftly pass !
How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass !
And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
Where the small waves dance and the young woods lean.
5. " And see, where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows^b hang in the sunny shower ;
And the morn and eve, with their pomp of hues,
Shift o'er the bright planets and shed their dew.
6. " Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,
To weave the dance that measures the years ;

^a The fixed stars are supposed to be suns like our own, having planets or worlds revolving round them. ^b The rainbow is formed of drops of rain or water, which separate the light of the sun into its seven primary colors.

Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent
To the farthest wall of the firmament, —
The boundless visible smile of Him,
To the veil of whose brow your lamps are dim.*

LESSON LXIX.

TO A STAR.^a

MISS DAVIDSON.

1. Thou bright glittering star of even,
Thou gem upon the brow of heaven!
Oh! were this fluttering spirit free,
How quick 't would spread its wings to thee!
2. How calmly, brightly, dost thou shine,
Like the pure lamp in virtue's shrine!
Sure the fair world which thou may'st boast
Was never ransomed, never lost.
3. There, beings pure as heaven's own air,
Their hopes, their joys, together share;
While hovering angels touch the string,
And seraphs spread the shektering wing.
4. There cloudless days and brilliant nights,
Illumed by heaven's refulgent lights;
There seasons, years, unnoticed roll,
And unregretted by the soul.
5. Thou little sparkling star of even,
Thou gem upon an azure heaven!
How swiftly will I soar to thee,
When this imprisoned soul is free!

* Perhaps the planet Venus, usually called the evening star, is alluded to. The nearest of the fixed stars is supposed to be more than seventy billions of miles distant from the earth.

LESSON LXX.

A GHOST STORY.

WHITTLESY.

1. I HAD heard, in my youth, as I presume most of my readers have done, the usual quantity of marvelous tales of ghosts, and witches, and spirits; nestled closer toward the others in the room, when the fearful tale was telling, hardly dared to go to bed after it was finished, and when there, covered my head closely with the bed-clothes, for fear some awful spectacle would blast my eye-sight, and lay shivering and trembling for very terror, until sleep furnished the welcome relief. These tales had a wonderful effect upon my imagination, and made me very timid when alone, especially at night.

2. I have had the usual experience, too, of fancying apparitions from the moonbeams falling upon the wall, my clothes hanging upon the chair, or any other thing which a little light and a great deal of imagination could readily convert into the semblance of a spirit. But as I always had a proneness to investigate every thing, these appearances, upon examination, of course were satisfactorily accounted for; but many times I have made the examination when absolutely shivering with fear. Several such false alarms rather tended to restore my courage, and to convince me that spiritual apparitions were not quite as common as I had supposed.

3. When I was about fifteen years of age, I was low in health, and my nervous system was greatly deranged, requiring some care and change of scene to restore the tone of my physical frame. My father sent me to reside with an aged clergyman of a small parish in a quiet and secluded town in Connecticut. I occupied a small, neat bed-room, the bed in which was hung with curtains of dark calico; and the whole room and furniture had a somewhat somber and antique air, in perfect keeping with the house, the place, and the owner.

4. One night I awoke, and found myself lying on my back; and saw, sitting upon the side of the bed and just at the part-

ing of the curtain, in a line between my eyes and the window, a very aged man. The spectacle struck me with some surprise at first, but no dread. I could see distinctly the bed-curtains, the furniture of the room, the old bureau of dark wood, with its filigree-work, and brass handles, my own clothes hanging on a chair, the window and the stars shining through it, and that figure sitting upon the side of my bed.

5. Every thing was well known and familiar except the figure. That was the figure of a very old man, clad in a Quaker^{*} garb, with a rusty, broad-brimmed hat upon his head, a rusty and thread-bare suit of gray clothes, as if they had been much worn; large buttons upon his coat; a vest, with broad and wide flaps; small clothes upon his spindle legs, with large, old-fashioned buckles at the knees, which I could see just at the edge of the bed, below which his feet hung down out of sight.

6. I did not at first pay much attention to his face. Soon, my eyes were attracted to that, when I perceived it was deeply wrinkled, and ashy pale, with a beard of long, thin, white hair, which hung quite down to his bosom in straggling, snowy locks. The eye was white and lusterless, and immovable, and was fixed upon me with a dead, stony gaze, but wholly devoid of vitality or expression. There was no movement of muscle, limb, or feature, but there seemed to be a fascination in that gaze which riveted my own sight, without the power of withdrawing it.

7. Soon a sensation of fear began to creep over me, which by degrees amounted to terror, and the very agony of horror. The blood absolutely froze in my veins, and I could feel my hair rising on end, while great drops of sweat stood on my forehead, and a sense of suffocation and dread pervaded my whole frame. The same stony gaze was riveted upon me, looking directly into my own eyes, which I could not remove from the revolting object.

^{*} The sect of Quakers, properly Friends, originated from George Fox, of England, about A. D. 1647.

8. I strove to breathe, speak, shout, raise my hand, or move my eyes. I seemed to struggle, but all in vain, while a breathless horror grew more and more oppressive. At length, in the violence of effort, I succeeded in moving a limb, when the figure, without changing its position, without motion, and with the same look, posture, and attitude, gradually, but rapidly, grew thinner and more shadowy, until I could see the mere outline and the very stars through it, when it completely vanished, vanished into thin air, and nothing was visible but the familiar furniture of the room.

9. The oppression and terror of feeling gradually disappeared, also ; but it was long before I could compose myself to reflect rationally upon what I had seen. I soon, however became satisfied I had evidently been laboring under the influence of nightmare, when I was either actually awake, or when my dream had supplied all the well known objects, and imagination had conjured up this as one of the hideous visions of such disease.

10. As soon as the paroxysm passed off, and the stagnant blood began again to flow, the terrible vision vanished. This is my ghost story, and it has satisfied me of the true theory of supernatural apparitions. If I was a philosopher, I should urge that these visions were conjured up by physical disease, and that the disease itself accounts for the sensation of horror and dread attending the apparition. • But I am no philosopher, and shall leave others to draw their own inferences.

11. I have only related a simple and veritable fact, which occurred to myself. I have seen no ghosts since, and fear none, except as they are harbingers, or rather attendants, upon a disease, which is at all times distressing, and, doubtless sometimes fatal. I have related the tale to dispel, if possible the idle terrors of supernatural apparitions, as unfounded in reason, philosophy, and religion.

LESSON LXXI.

IMAGINARY DEDICATION OF A HEATHEN TEMPLE.

WALL.

1. As we drew near to the lofty fabric, I thought that no scene of such various beauty and magnificence, had ever met my eye. The temple itself is a work of unrivaled art. In size it surpasses any other building of the same kind in Rome, and for the excellence of workmanship, and purity of design, although it may fall below the standard of Hadrian's^a age, yet for a certain air of grandeur, and luxuriance of invention, in its details, and lavish profusion of embellishment in gold and silver, no temple, or other edifice of any preceding age, ever, perhaps, resembled it.

2. Its order is Corinthian, of the Roman form, and the entire building is surrounded by its slender columns, each composed of a single piece of marble. Upon the front is wrought Apollo^b surrounded by the Hours.^c The western extremity is approached by a flight of steps, of the same breadth as the temple itself. At the eastern, there extends beyond the walls, to a distance equal to the length of the building, a marble platform, upon which stands the altar of sacrifice, and which is ascended by various flights of steps, some little more than a gently rising plain, up which the beasts are led that are destined to the altar.^d

3. When this vast extent of wall and column, of the most dazzling brightness, came into view, every where covered, together with the surrounding temples, palaces, and theaters, with a dense mass of human beings, of all climes and regions, dressed out in their richest attire — music, from innumerable instruments, filling the heavens with harmony — shouts of the proud and excited populace, every few moments, and from different points, as Aurelian^e advanced, shaking the air with its

^a Hædrian, or A'dri-an; a Roman emperor, successor to Trajan. ^b A-pol'lo; the son of Jupiter and Latona. In mythology the god of all the fine arts. ^c Hours; the goddesses of the seasons, blossoms, &c. ^d The ancient Greeks and Romans offered beasts in sacrifice to conciliate the favor of their gods. ^e Au-re-li-an; a Roman emperor of military abilities, who died A. D. 273.

thrilling din — the neighing of horses, the frequent blasts of the trumpet — the whole made more solemnly imposing by the vast masses of cloud, which swept over the sky, now suddenly unveiling, and again eclipsing the sun, the great god of this idolatry, and from which few could withdraw their gaze; when, at once, this all broke upon my eye and ear, I was like a child, who before had never seen aught but his own village, and his own rural temple, in the effect wrought upon me, and the passiveness with which I abandoned myself to the sway of the senses.

4. Not one there was more ravished by the outward circumstances and show. I thought of Rome's thousand years, of her power, her greatness, and universal empire, and, for a moment, my step was not less proud than that of Aurelian.

5 But after that moment, when the senses had had their fill, when the eye had seen the glory, and the ear had fed upon the harmony and the praise, then I thought and felt very differently; sorrow and compassion for these gay multitudes were in my heart; prophetic forebodings of disaster, danger, and ruin to those, to whose sacred cause I had linked myself, made my tongue to falter in its speech, and my limbs to tremble.

6. I thought that the superstition, which was upheld by the wealth and the power, whose manifestations were before me, had its root in the very center of the earth, far too deep down, for a few, like myself, ever to reach them. I was like one whose last hope of life and escape is suddenly struck away. I was roused from these meditations by our arrival at the eastern front of the temple. Between the two central columns, on a throne of gold and ivory, sat the emperor of the world, surrounded by the senate, the colleges of augurs and haruspices,* and by the priests of the various temples of the capital, all in their peculiar costume.

7. Then Fronto,^b the priest of the temple, when the crier had proclaimed that the hour of worship and sacrifice had

* Ha-rus'pi-ces; Roman soothsayers. ^b Fron'to; a Roman writer of distinction.

come, and had commanded silence to be observed, standing at the altar, glittering in his white and golden robes, like a messenger of light, bared his head, and lifting his face up toward the sun, offered, in clear and sounding tones, the prayer of dedication. As he came toward the close of his prayer, he as is so usual, with loud and almost frantic cries, and importunate repetition, called upon the god to hear him, and then, with appropriate names and praises, invoked the father of gods and men, to be present and hear.

8. Just as he had thus solemnly invoked Jupiter^a by name, and was about to call on the other gods in the same manner, the clouds, which had been deepening and darkening, suddenly obscured the sun; a distant peal of thunder rolled along the heavens, and, at the same moment, from the dark recesses of the temple, a voice of preternatural power came forth, proclaiming, so that the whole multitude heard the words,—“God is but one; the King eternal, immortal, invisible!”

9. It is impossible to describe the horror that seized those multitudes. Many cried out with fear, and each seemed to shrink behind the other. Paleness sat upon every face. The priest paused, as if struck by a power from above. Even the brazen Fronto was appalled. Aurelian leaped from his seat, and by his countenance, white and awe-struck, showed that to him it came, as a voice from the gods. He spoke not, but stood gazing at the dark entrance into the temple, from which the sound had come.

10. Fronto hastily approached him, and whispering but one word, as it were, into his ear, the emperor started; the spell that bound him was dissolved, and recovering himself, making, indeed, as though a very different feeling had possessed him, cried out, in fierce tones to his guards, “Search the temple; some miscreant, hid away among the columns, profanes thus the worship and the place. Seize him and drag him forth to instant death!” The guards of the emperor, and the servants of the temple, rushed in at that bidding. They soon emerged,

^a Jupiter was regarded by the Romans as the father of gods and men.

saying that the search was fruitless. The temple, in all its aisles and apartments, was empty.

11. The heavens were again obscured by thick clouds, which, accumulating into dark masses, began now nearer and nearer to shoot forth lightning, and roll their thunders. The priest commenced the last office, prayer to the god to whom the new temple had been thus solemnly consecrated. He again bowed his head, and again lifted up his voice. But no sooner had he invoked the god of the temple, and besought his ear, than again, from its dark interior, the same awful sounds issued forth, this time saying, "Thy gods, O Rome, are false and lying gods! God is but one!"

12. Aurelian, pale as it seemed to me with superstitious fear, strove to shake it off, giving it, artfully and with violence, the appearance of offended dignity. His voice was a shriek, rather than a human utterance, as it cried out, "This is but a Christian device; search the temple, till the accursed Nazarene^a be found, and hew him piecemeal!" More he would have said; but, at the instant, a bolt of lightning shot from the heavens, and lighting upon a large sycamore which shaded a part of the temple court, clove it in twain.

13. The swollen cloud at the same moment burst, and a deluge of rain fell upon the city, the temple, the gazing multitudes, and the kindled altars. The sacred fires^b went out, in hissing darkness; a tempest of wind whirled the limbs of the slaughtered victims into the air, and abroad over the neighboring streets. All was confusion, uproar, terror, and dismay. The crowds sought safety in the houses of the nearest inhabitants, and the porches of the palaces. Aurelian and the senators, and those nearest him, fled to the interior of the temple.

14. The heavens blazed with the quick flashing of the lightning; and the temple itself seemed to rock beneath the voice of the thunder. I never knew in Rome so terrific a tempest. The stoutest trembled; for life hung by a thread.

^a Nazarene; a native of Nazareth; a follower of Jesus of Nazareth. ^b Sacred fires were kept constantly burning on the altars in the heathen temples.

Great numbers, it has now been found, in every part of the capital, fell a prey to the fiery bolts. The Capitol itself was struck, and the brass statue of *Vespasian*,^a in the forum, thrown down and partly melted. The Tiber in a few hours overran its banks, and laid much of the city and its borders under water.

LESSON LXXII.

DESCRIPTION OF A HERD OF BISONS.^b

COOPER.

1. "THERE come the buffaloes themselves, and a noble herd it is." Every eye was now drawn to the striking spectacle that succeeded. A few enormous bisons were first discovered scouring along the most distant roll of the prairie, and then succeeded long files of single beasts, which, in their turns, were followed by a dark mass of bodies, until the dun colored herbage of the plain was entirely lost in the deeper hue of their shaggy coats.

2. The herd, as the column spread and thickened, was like the endless flocks of the smaller birds, whose extended flanks are so often seen to heave up out of the abyss of the heavens, until they appear as countless as the leaves in those forests over which they wing their endless flight.

3. Clouds of dust shot up in little columns from the center of the mass, as some animal more furious than the rest plowed the plain with his horns, and, from time to time, a deep, hollow bellowing was borne along on the wind, as though a thousand throats vented their complaints in a discordant murmuring.

4. A long and musing silence reigned in the party, as they gazed on this spectacle of wild and peculiar grandeur. It was at length broken by the trapper, who, having been long accus-

^a *Ves-pā'si-an*; a Roman emperor of rare virtues, who died A. D. 79. ^b *Bison*; the American ox, being found only in North America. It is distinguished by the great projection over its fore shoulders, and dense hair growing upon the head, between the horns.

turned to similar sights, felt less of its influence, or rather felt it in a less thrilling and absorbing manner, than those to whom the scene was more novel. "There," said he, "go ten thousand oxen in one drove, without keeper or master, except Him who made them, and gave them these open plains for their pasture!

5. "But the herd is heading a little this way, and it behooves us to make ready for their visit. If we hide ourselves, altogether, the horned brutes will break through the place, and trample us beneath their feet, like so many creeping worms; so we will just put the weak ones apart, and take post, as becomes men and hunters, in the van."

6. As there was but little time to make the necessary arrangements, the whole party set about them in good earnest. By the vacillating movements of some fifty or a hundred males, that led the advance, it remained questionable, for many moments, what course they intended to pursue.

7. But a tremendous and painful roar, which came from behind the cloud of dust that rose in the center of the herd, and which was horridly answered by the screams of carrion birds, that were greedily sailing directly above the flying drove, appeared to give a new impulse to their flight, and at once to remove every symptom of indecision.

8. As if glad to seek the smallest signs of the forest, the whole of the affrighted herd became steady in its direction rushing in a straight line toward the little cover of bushes which has already been so often named. The appearance of danger was now, in reality, of a character to try the stoutest nerves.

9. The flanks of the dark, moving mass, were advanced in such a manner as to make a concave line of the front, and every fierce eye, that was glaring from the shaggy wilderness of hair, in which the entire heads of the males were enveloped, was riveted with mad anxiety on the thicket.

10. It seemed as if each beast strove to outstrip his neighbor in gaining this desired cover, and as thousands in the rear

pressed blindly on those in front, there was the appearance of an imminent risk that the leaders of the herd would be precipitated on the concealed party, in which case the destruction of every one of them was certain. Each of our adventurers felt the danger of his situation in a manner peculiar to his individual character and circumstances.

11. The old man, who had stood all this while leaning on his rifle, and regarding the movements of the herd with a steady eye, now deemed it time to strike his blow. Leveling his piece at the foremost bison, with an agility that would have done credit to his youth, he fired.

12. The animal received the bullet on the matted hair between his horns, and fell to his knees; but, shaking his head, he instantly arose, the very shock seeming to increase his exertions. There was now no longer time to hesitate. Throwing down his rifle, the trapper stretched forth his arms, and advanced from the cover with naked hands, directly towards the rushing column of the beasts.

13. The figure of a man, when sustained by the firmness and steadiness that intellect only can impart, rarely fails of commanding respect from all the inferior animals of the creation. The leading bisons recoiled, and, for a single instant, there was a sudden stop to their speed, a dense mass of bodies rolling up in front, until hundreds were seen floundering and tumbling on the plain.

14. Then came another of those hollow bellowings from the rear, and set the herd again in motion. The head of the column, however, divided; the immovable form of the trapper cutting it, as it were, into two gliding streams of life. Middleton* and Paul* instantly profited by his example, and extended the feeble barrier by a similar exhibition of their own persons.

15. For a few moments, the new impulse given to the animals in front served to protect the thicket. But, as the body of the herd pressed more and more upon the open line of its defenders, and the dust thickened so as to obscure their per-

* Names of the persons engaged in the hunting excursion.

sons, there was, at each instant, a renewed danger of the beasts breaking through.

16. It became necessary for the trapper and his companions to become still more and more alert ; and they were gradually yielding before the headlong multitude, when a furious male darted by Middleton, so near as to brush his person, and at the next instant swept through the thicket with the velocity of the wind.

17. All their efforts would have proved fruitless, however, against the living torrent, had not Asinus, whose domains had just been so rudely entered, lifted his voice in the midst of the uproar. The most sturdy and furious of the animals trembled at the alarming and unknown cry, and then each individual brute was seen madly pressing from that very thicket, which, the moment before, he had endeavored to reach with the same sort of eagerness as that with which the murderer seeks the sanctuary.

18. As the stream divided, the place became clear ; the two dark columns moving obliquely from the copse to unite again at the distance of a mile on its opposite side. The instant the old man saw the sudden effect which the voice of Asinus had produced, he coolly commenced reloading his rifle, indulging, at the same time, in a most heartfelt fit of his silent and peculiar merriment.

19. The uproar which attended the passage of the herd, was now gone, or rather it was heard rolling along the prairie, at the distance of a mile. The clouds of dust were already blown away by the wind, and a clear range was left to the eye, in that place where, ten minutes before, there existed such a strange scene of wildness and confusion.

LESSON LXXIII.

SONG OF THE PILGRIMS.

UPHAM.

1. THE breeze has swelled the whitening sail,
The blue waves curl beneath the gale,
And, bounding with the wave and wind,
We leave old England's shores behind ;
Leave behind our native shore,
Homes, and all we loved before.
2. The deep may dash, the winds may blow,
The storm spread out its wings of woe,
Till sailors' eyes can see a shroud
Hung in the folds of every cloud ;
Still, as long as life shall last,
From that shore we'll speed us fast.
3. For we would rather never be,
Than dwell where mind can not be free,
But bows beneath a despot's rod
E'en where it seeks to worship God.
Blasts of heaven, onward sweep !
Bear us o'er the troubled deep !
4. O, see what wonders meet our eyes !
Another land and other skies !
Columbian hills have met our view !
Adieu ! Old England's shores, adieu !
Here, at length, our feet shall rest,
Hearts be free, and homes be blest,
5. As long as yonder firs shall spread
Their green arms o'er the mountain's head ;
As long as yonder cliff shall stand,
Where join the ocean and the land,—
Shall those cliffs and mountains be
Proud retreats for liberty.

6. Now to the King of kings we'll raise
 The ^{pean} loud of sacred praise,
 More loud than sounds the swelling breeze,
 More loud than speak the rolling seas!
 Happier lands have met our view!
 England's shores, adieu! adieu!

LESSON LXXIV.

WESTERN EMIGRATION.

HUMPHREYS.

[The reader may scan the following piece, and tell to what kind of poetry, and to what form it belongs. See page 68.]

1. With all that's ours, together let us rise,
 Seek brighter plains, and more indulgent skies;
 Where fair Ohio rolls his amber tide,
 And nature blossoms in her virgin pride;
 Where all that Beauty's hand can form to please,
 Shall crown the toils of war with rural ease.

2. The shady coverts and the sunny hills,
 The gentle lapse of ever-murmuring rills,
 The soft repose amid the noontide bowers,
 The evening walk among the blushing flowers,
 The fragrant groves that yield a sweet perfume,
 And vernal glories in perpetual bloom,
 Await you there; and heaven shall bless the toil;—
 Your own the produce, and your own the soil.

3. There cities rise, and spiry towns increase,
 With gilded domes and every art of peace.
 There Cultivation shall extend his power,
 Rear the green blade, and nurse the tender flower;
 Make the fair villa^b in full splendors smile,
 And robe with verdure all the genial soil.

^a *Pe'an*; a song of triumph.

^b *Villa*; a country seat, or farm.

4. There shall rich Commerce court the favoring gales
 And wondering wilds admire the passing sails,
 Where the bold ships the stormy Huron brave,
 Where wild Ontario^a rolls the whitening wave,
 Where fair Ohio his pure current pours,
 And Mississippi^b laves the extended shores.
5. And thou, Supreme! whose hand sustains this ball
 Before whose nod the nations rise and fall,
 Propitious smile, and shed diviner charms
 On this blest land, the queen of arts and arms;
 Make the great empire rise on wisdom's plan,
 The seat of bliss, and last retreat of man.

LESSON LXXV.

THE INDIAN,^c AS HE WAS, AND AS HE IS.

SPRAGUE.

1. Not many generations ago, where you now sit circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

2. Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council-fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

3. Here, too, they worshiped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not writ-

^a On-ta'-ri-o. ^b Mis-sis-sip'-pe. ^c The origin of the Indians in this country is unknown. The most reasonable supposition seems to be, that they came over from the eastern continent by way of Bhering's strait.

ten his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in every thing around.

4. He beheld him in the star that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine, that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler, that never left his native grove; in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious Source he bent in humble, though blind, adoration.

5. And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

6. Here and there a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untameable progenitors! The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man, when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

7. As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.

8. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of person they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

LESSON LXXVI.

THE CAPTIVE CHIEF.

1. PALE was the hue of his faded cheek,
As it leaned on his cold, damp pillow ;
And deep the heave of his troubled breast
As the lift of the ocean billow ;
For he thought of the days when his restless foot
Through the pathless forest bounded,
And the festive throng by the hunting fire,
Where the chase-song joyously sounded.
 - 2 He had stood in the deadly ambuscade,
While his warriors were falling around him ;
He had stood unmoved at the torturing stake,
Where the foe in his wrath had bound him ;
He had mocked at pain in every form,
Had joyed in the post of danger ;
But his spirit was crushed by the dungeon's gloom,
And the chain of the ruthless stranger.
-

I will go to my tent, and lie down in despair ;
I will paint me with black, and will sever my hair .
I will sit on the shore, where the hurricane blows ,
And reveal to the god of the tempest my woes ,
I will weep for a season, on bitterness fed,
For my kindred are gone to the hills of the dead ;
But they die not of hunger, or lingering decay ;
'The steel of the white man hath swept them away.

LESSON LXXVII.

MAMMOTH CAVE IN KENTUCKY.

1. Now, reader, if you will take my hand and use my eyes a little while, I will render you all the aid I can in seeing such wonders as would attract millions of beholders, if they were near the banks of the Hudson or the Thames, instead of the beautiful Kentucky "Green River."

2. Down the main branch we go, then, for two miles, stopping by the way at "the Doctor's House,"^a to leave our hats, wearing handkerchiefs instead, till we reach the "Steamboat,"^b an immense rock bearing that name. Just behind this is an avenue, with a narrow mouth, which you descend, stooping for some rods, and pursue for two miles or more.

3. You pass, on your way, by a narrow and slippery path, "the bottomless pit," a frightful chasm one hundred and sixty feet in depth; down which we hurled rocks and stones, that were several seconds in reaching the bottom, with fainter and fainter reverberations from the rocky cliffs below. Near this is "the Dead Sea," at the side of which you descend by a ladder several feet.

4. You leave this branch and ascend again, till you enter the "winding way,"^c which is one hundred and five yards long, and one of the most crooked, zigzag paths that can be conceived. The roof is not more than four and a half feet high, and the path, which at some day seems to have been a water-channel, is about fifteen or twenty inches wide; the sides rising about two and a half feet perpendicularly, but hollowed out sufficiently above that, to admit the free use of the arms. A man of ordinary size can easily thread this labyrinth.

5. Hurrying past a clear, beautiful cascade, descending some thirty feet from the roof, we reach the "river Styx,"^d

^a Doctor's House; a name given to one of the apartments of this cave. ^b These names are given in consequence of some resemblance they bear to other objects, or in honor of some distinguished person. ^c So named from the mythological river Styx, of which Charon was ferryman.

where a skiff is waiting. After crossing the first branch of the river, one hundred and fifty yards, you reach two little streams which are usually crossed by a skiff.

6. Crossing another branch of the river, two hundred yards in length, we came to the "river Jordan," which is three fourths of a mile long, about twenty-five feet broad, at least three hundred feet beneath the surface of the earth, and not far from five miles from the mouth of the cave. The river is of uniform width, and of considerable depth.

7. The roof is of solid rock, forming a regular arch from the water; now rising to a height of twenty or thirty feet, and then falling so low that all must stoop, or have broken heads. It is in this river that the eyeless fish are found, one of which I saw. They are about six inches long, of the form of a catfish, or "bull-head," of New England, but nearly white and translucent. They are without eyes, or even sockets for them.

8. Safely across the "Jordan," let us hasten on to the points of exciting interest beyond. Passing through "Sil-liman's" Avenue," you enter and climb up the rugged sides of "the Vineyard" by a ladder. Here you are surrounded by "surges of rocks," as some one called them, mostly of a spherical form, and completely encrusted with a formation resembling clusters of grapes of a purple color. For a hundred feet or more around the walls are covered in this way.

9. A few steps to the right of the vineyard is "the Holy Sepulcher." You climb up the almost perpendicular side of the cave, at considerable risk, to a beautiful gateway of stalactites, just large enough to admit the person; and one of the most unique and enchanting sights greets you that eyes ever beheld. It is a room about thirty-five feet long and fifteen wide, with a low arched roof, which at the end you enter is hung with the most beautiful, coral-like stalactites.

10. In the center of the room is a cavity, perfectly regular, about fifteen feet long by five wide and six deep; having every appearance of a newly formed grave, and all of solid

* Siliman; a distinguished mineralogist and chemist of Yale College.

rock. It is a perfect gem among all the curiosities of this most curious cave. It is suited to awaken associations of solemn interest to the stricken heart. You feel amply repaid for the difficult scramble up, and the more difficult task of getting down.

11. The most imaginative poets never conceived or painted a place of such exquisite beauty and loveliness as "Cleveland's Cabinet," into which you now pass. Were the wealth of princes bestowed on the most skillful lapidaries, with the view of rivaling the splendors of this single chamber, the attempt would be vain. How, then, can I hope to give you a conception of it? You must see it; and you will then feel that all attempt at description is futile.

12. It is a perfect arch, of about fifty feet span, of an average height of about ten feet in the center; just high enough to be viewed with ease in all its parts. It is encrusted from end to end with the most beautiful formations, in every variety of form. The base of the whole is carbonate of lime,^b in part of dazzling whiteness, and perfectly smooth, and in other places crystalized so as to glitter like diamonds in the light.

13. Growing from this, in endlessly diversified forms, is a substance resembling selenite,^c translucent, and imperfectly laminated. Some of the crystals bear a striking resemblance to branches of celery, and are of about the same length; while others, a foot or more in length, have the appearance and color of vanilla cream candy; others are set in the carbonate of lime in the form of a rose; and others still roll out from the base in forms resembling the ornaments on the capital of a Corinthian^d column.

14. Some of the incrustations are massive and splendid; others are as delicate as a lily, or as fancy work of shell or wax. Think of traversing an arched way like this for a mile and a half, and all the wonders of the tales of youth, "Ara-

^a Cleveland; a distinguished mineralogist and chemist of Bowdoin College. ^b Carbonate of lime; limestone. ^c Sel'e-nite; crystalized sulphate of lime, or plaster of paris. ^d Corinthian; of the Corinthian order of architecture, more ornamental than the Doric or Ionic.

bian Nights,"^a and all, seem tame, compared with the living, growing reality. Yes, growing reality; for the process is going on before your eyes. Successive coats of these incrustations have been perfected and crowded off by others; so that hundreds of tons of these gems lie at your feet, and are crushed as you pass, while the work of restoring the ornaments is proceeding around you.

15. Here and there, through the whole extent, you will find openings in the sides, into which you may thrust the person, and often stand erect in little grottos, perfectly encrusted with a delicate white substance, reflecting the light from a thousand glittering points. All the way you might have heard us exclaiming, "Wonderful!" "Wonderful!"

LESSON LXXVIII.

THE SAME SUBJECT, CONCLUDED.

1. WITH general unity of form and appearance, there is considerable variety in "the Cabinet." The "Snow-ball Room," for example, is a section of the cave described above, some two hundred feet in length, entirely different from the adjacent parts; its appearance being aptly indicated by its name.

2. If a hundred rude school-boys had but an hour before completed their day's sport by throwing a thousand snow-balls against the roof, while an equal number were scattered about the floor, and all petrified, it would have presented precisely such a scene as you witness in this room of nature's frolics. So far as I know, these "snow-balls" are a perfect anomaly^b among the strange forms of crystalization.

3. Leaving the quiet and beautiful "Cabinet," you come suddenly upon the "Rocky Mountains," furnishing a contrast

^a Arabian Nights; a celebrated collection of Eastern tales. ^b Anomaly; that which deviates from rule.

so bold and striking as almost to startle you. Clambering up the rough side, some thirty feet, you pass close under the roof of the cavern you have left, and find before you an immense transverse cave, one hundred feet or more from the ceiling to the floor, with a huge pile of rocks half filling the hither side.

4. Taking the left hand branch, you are soon brought to "Crogan's Hall," which is nine miles from the mouth, and is the farthest point explored in that direction. The "Hall" is fifty or sixty feet in diameter, and perhaps thirty-five feet high, of a semi-circular form. Fronting you, as you enter, are massive stalactites,^a ten or fifteen feet in length, attached to the rock, like sheets of ice, and of a brilliant color.

5. The rock projects near the floor, and then recedes, with a regular and graceful curve or swell, leaving a cavity of several feet in width, between it and the floor. At intervals around this swell, stalactites of various forms are suspended, and behind the sheet of stalactites first described are numerous stalagmites^b in fanciful forms.

6. In the center of this hall, a very large stalactite hangs from the roof; and a corresponding stalagmite rises from the floor about three feet in height, and a foot in diameter, of an amber color, perfectly smooth and translucent, like the other formations. On your right is a deep pit, down which the water dashes from a cascade that pours from the roof.

7. Other avenues could most likely be found by descending the sides of the pit, if any one has the courage to attempt the descent. We hastened back to the "Rocky Mountains," and took the branch which we left at our right on emerging from the Cabinet. Pursuing the uneven path for some distance, we reached "Sereno's Arbor." The descent to the "Arbor" seemed so perilous, from the position of the loose rocks around, that several of the party would not venture.

8. Those of us who scrambled down, regarded this as the crowning object of interest. The "Arbor" is not more than twelve feet in diameter, and of about the same height, of a

^a Sta-lac'tites; see note, page 160. ^b Sta-lag'mite; a deposit of carbonate of lime on the floors of caverns.

circular form ; but is of itself, floor, sides, roof and ornaments one perfect, seamless stalactite, of a beautiful hue, and exquisite workmanship. Folds or blades of stalactical matter hang like drapery around the sides, reaching half way to the floor ; and opposite the door a canopy of stone projects, elegantly ornamented, as if it were the resting-place of a fairy bride.

9. Every thing seemed fresh and new. Indeed, the invisible architect has not quite finished this master-piece ; for you can see the pure water trickling down its tiny channels, and perfecting the delicate points of some of the stalactites. Victoria,^a with all her splendor, has not in Windsor Castle^b so beautiful an apartment as "Seren's Arbor." Reluctantly leaving the "Arbor," we reascended the "Rocky Mountains," and passed leisurely through the "Cabinet."

10. We visited, on our return, an immense dome, viewing it from a window broken into its side. Although illuminated with a Bengal^c light, neither the floor or ceiling were visible. It must be two hundred feet high, and one hundred and fifty feet in circumference.

11. Directly over this dome is the "Bat Room," which we were too weary to visit. We spent a moment in the "Bacon Room," answering well to its name. If two or three hundred hams were suspended from the ceiling of a low room, at perfectly regular intervals, each in a canvass sack, the appearance would be similar to that presented here.

12. At about six o'clock we made our way out of the cave, having been eleven hours in the bowels of the earth. And now I would say to the reader, do not omit any good opportunity of visiting the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, for here you may see two hundred and twenty-six avenues, forty-seven domes, with a subterranean world of wonders.

^a Vic-to'ria ; queen of the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. ^b Windsor Castle (Wind'zor Cas'l ;) a favorite country residence of the English kings and queens. ^c Bengal.

LESSON LXXIX.

ST. PETER'S^a CHURCH AT ROME.

DEWEY.

1. ST. PETER'S is the largest, and far the most expensive structure in the world. The area of its noble piazza is eleven thousand and fifty-five feet long; its front is one hundred and sixty feet high, and three hundred and ninety-six feet wide; it is six hundred and seventy-three feet long, and four hundred and forty-four feet at the transept, or widest part; that is to say, it covers about seven acres. With these general ideas of the building, let us enter it.

2. We immediately observe, on the right and left of the door, statues, apparently of children, cherubs, that sustain marble vases of holy water.^b We approach them, and find that they are giants more than six feet high. We see at a little distance, on the pilasters and just above the pedestal, sculptured doves; and they appear to the eye of no very extraordinary size, and we think that we can easily lay our hand on them.

3. We approach, and find that we can scarcely reach to touch them, and they are eighteen inches or two feet long. We advance along the mighty central nave, and we see, nearly at the termination of it and beneath the dome, the high altar, surmounted by a canopy, raised on four twisted pillars of bronze. The pillars and canopy seem to be of very suitable elevation for the place, and yet we soon learn that they are ninety feet high.

4. I have before spoken of the size of the dome,^c with its walls twenty-three feet thick, its own height one hundred and seventy-nine feet, and itself raised two hundred and seventy-seven feet above the floor of the church. The dome is sustained by four square pillars, two hundred and twenty-three

^a Called St. Peter's, in honor of the apostle Peter, of whom the Romish popes consider themselves successors. ^b Holy water; the consecrated water of the Romish church. Angelo, the painter, was the architect who designed this wonderful structure.

feet in circumference. That is to say, each one of these pillars, or masses of masonry, is nearly sixty feet on each side and therefore as large as one of our common-sized churches if it were raised up and set on the end.

5. There is a small church and an adjoining house on the Strada Felice^a in Rome, designedly built so as to be together equal to the size of one of these columns. And yet these columns do not seem to be in the way at all; they do not seem to occupy any disproportionate space; they do not encumber the mighty pavement!

6. With regard to the objects within St. Peter's, I can notice only two or three that struck me most. One of them is the monument to the last of the Stuarts,^b Charles Edward,^c and his brother Henry,^d the cardinal. There are two angels of death before which I have spent hours.

7. So exquisitely molded are their forms, so delicate, thoughtful, beautiful are their faces; so sad, too, as they are about to extinguish the torch of life, as they stand leaning their cheeks upon the reverse end of the long, slender stem, so sad indeed; but then that sadness so relieved by beauty, intellectual, contemplative, winning beauty, it seems to my fancy, at times, as if they would certainly appear to me at my own death; as if they would flit before the imagination, and reconcile the soul to a departure effected by a ministry so beautiful.

8. Ah! blessed angels! I may one day stretch out my hands to you and ask your aid, but not yet, not yet.^e But sickness, sorrow, deprivation, calamity in some shape, may make you welcome, before one thinks to be ready.

9. Among the Mosaic copies of paintings in which St. Peter's is so rich, there is one of the Incredulity of Thomas,^f which has always made one of my stopping-places, in taking the customary circuit. The eagerness of Thomas, the

^a Strada Felice (Strā-dā Fel-ĕ-shā;) one of the principal streets in Rome. ^b The name of a family of European sovereigns, commencing with Robert II., (Robert Stuart,) king of Scotland, and ending with Henry, (Stuart,) cardinal of York, in England. ^c Charles Edward, (Stuart,) called the Pretender; the grandson of James II., king of England. ^d Henry (Stuart;) the cardinal of York, and last of the royal line of the Stuarts. ^e Thomas; one of the twelve apostles.

calm dignity of Jesus, are fine; but the face of John,^a as he stands just behind Thomas, and looks upon his rash act, is one to remember always. It seems to me the very personification of forbearance. He submits calmly that Thomas should do it, should satisfy himself, but yet he is exceedingly sorrowful.

10. There is no surprise in his countenance; he knows human frailty; he is not astonished at unbelief or hardness of heart; but it seems, at the same time, as if his own heart were broken at the spectacle. There is not the slightest rebuke in his beautiful countenance; but such a union of indulgence and sorrow, as one might well pray for, at that altar, to be awakened in his mind when he stands by the evil and erring.

11. A walk in St. Peter's is something by itself; a thing not to be had, nor anything like it, anywhere else in the world. The immensity of the place; its immense, unequaled magnificence; the charming temperature of the air, preserved the same the year round, by the vastness of the mass of masonry; the incense-breathing walls; for there is literally an odor of sanctity always here, from the daily burning of incense; — the rich, beautiful, variegated marble columns; the altars, the tombs on every side, the statues, the paintings, the fine medallions,^b in marble, of the heads of saints and fathers of the church, which are set into the sides of the columns in great numbers; then the arches on arches that present themselves to the view in every direction; and, if the walk be toward evening, the music of the vesper hymn,^c now swelling in full chorus upon the ear, and then dying away, as the music changes, or the walk leads you near the chapel whence it proceeds, or farther from it; all this, with the gathering shadows of approaching evening, the shadows slowly gathering in arch and dome, makes a walk in St. Peter's like nothing else!

12. Among the most beautiful things in Rome are its fountains, and among the most striking things are its obelisks.

^a John; another of the apostles. ^b Medallion; the representation of a medal in painting or sculpture. ^c Vesper hymn; a hymn sung at the evening service of Catholic churches.

The fountains in front of St. Peter's especially, are really glorious. They rise thirty or forty feet into the air, and come down in a shower. The quantity of water thrown up is so great, and the streams as they spring out from the basin are made so to diverge, that they present the appearance of two trees, one on each side of the piazza.

13. The fountains are partly resolved into drops and mist, and a rainbow may always be seen in the direction opposite the sun. Every time one sees them, they seem a new mystery and beauty; and when the sky is so fair, so glorious a thing, that you feel almost (as you do some days) as if you could kneel down and worship it, they appear like a cloud of incense, pure, bright, resplendent, offered up to that supernal splendor and purity.

14. As to these Egyptian^a obelisks, of polished granite, pointing up to the sky from almost every square and open space in Rome, and with that handwriting of mysterious and yet unexplained characters upon their sides, what could be more striking? The antiquities of Rome are young by their side. Some of them were built by Sesostris,^b between three and four thousand years ago. They saw ages of empire and glory before Rome had a being.

15. They are also in the most perfect preservation. So beautifully polished, and entirely free from stain, untouched by the storms of thirty-five centuries, it seems as if they had not lost one of their particles, since they came from the quarries of Egypt. That very surface, we know, has been gazed upon by the eyes of a hundred successive generations.

16. Speak, dread monitors! as ye point upward to heaven; speak, dark hieroglyphic symbols! and tell us, are ye not yet conscious, when conscious life has been flowing around you for three thousand years? Methinks it were enough to penetrate the bosom of granite with emotion, to have witnessed what ye have witnessed. Methinks that the stern and inex-

^a Egyptian obelisks; four-sided pyramids, brought from Egypt by Roman emperors. The largest one in Rome is 179 feet high. ^b Sesostris (See-os'tris;) a king of ancient Egypt.

orable mystery, graven upon your mighty shafts, must break silence, to tell that which it hath known of weal and woe, of change, disaster, blood, and crime.

LESSON LXXX.

ODE TO ART.

1. WHEN, from the sacred garden^a driven,
Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
An angel left her place in heaven,
And crossed the wanderer's sunless path.
2. 'Twas Art! sweet Art! new radiance broke,
Where her light foot flew o'er the ground;
And thus with seraph voice she spoke,
"The curse a blessing shall be found."
3. She led him through the trackless wild,
Where noontide sunbeams never blazed;
The thistle shrunk, the harvest smiled,
And nature gladdened as she gazed.
4. Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
At Art's command are to him given;
The village grows, the city springs,
And point their spires of faith to heaven.
5. In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chambers of the sky;
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame
That quivers round the throne on high.

^a Sacred garden; the garden of Eden.

LESSON LXXXI.

TO THE CONDOR.

[The learner may scan the first stanza of the following piece, and note the words in which the metrical and customary accents co-incident. See note under Metrical Accent, p. 71.]

1. Wondrous, majestic bird ! whose mighty wing
Dwells not with puny warblers of the spring,
Nor on earth's silent breast ;
Powerful to soar in strength and pride on high,
And sweep the azure bosom of the sky,
Chooses its place of rest.
2. Proud nursling of the tempest, where repose
Thy pinions at the daylight's fading close ?
In what far clime of night
Dost thou in silence, breathless and alone,
While round thee swell, of life no kindred tone,
Suspend thy tireless flight ?
3. The mountain's frozen peak is lone and bare,
No foot of man hath ever rested there ;
Yet 't is thy sport to soar
Far o'er its frowning summit ; and the plain
Would seek to win thy downward wing in vain,
Or the green sea-beat shore.
4. The limits of thy course no daring eye
Has marked ; thy glorious path of light on high
Is trackless and unknown ;
The gorgeous sun thy quenchless gaze may share ;
Sole tenant of his boundless realm of air,
Thou art, with him, alone.
5. Imperial wanderer ! the storms that shake
Earth's towers, and bid her rooted mountains quake,
Are never felt by thee !
Beyond the bolt, beyond the lightning's gleam,

Basking forever in the unclouded beam,—
Thy home, immensity!

6. And thus the soul, with upward flight like thine,
May track the realms where heaven's own glories shine,
And scorn the tempest's power;
Yet meaner cares oppress its drooping wings,
Still to earth's joys the sky-born wanderer clings,
Those pageants of an hour!

LESSON LXXXII.

THE LEAF.

GOODRICH.

1. It came with spring's soft sun and showers,
Mid bursting buds and blushing flowers;
It flourished on the same light stem,
It drank the same clear dews with them.
The crimson tints of summer morn,
That gilded one, did each adorn;
The breeze, that whispered light and brief
To bud or blossom, kissed the leaf;
When o'er the leaf the tempest flew,
The bud and blossom trembled too.
2. But its companions passed away,
And left the leaf to lone decay.
The gentle gales of spring went by
The fruits and flowers of summer die.
The autumn winds swept o'er the hill,
And winter's breath came cold and chill.
The leaf now yielded to the blast,
And on the rushing stream was cast;
Far, far it glided to the sea,
And whirled and eddied wearily,
Till suddenly it sank to rest,
And slumbered on the ocean's breast.

3. Thus life begins — its morning hours
 Bright as the birthday of the flowers;
 Thus passes like the leaves away,
 As withered and as lost as they.
 Beneath the parent roof we meet
 In joyous groups, and gaily greet
 The golden beams of love and light,
 That kindle to the youthful sight.
 But soon we part, and one by one,
 Like leaves and flowers, the group is gone.

LESSON LXXXIII.

ERUPTION OF THE VOLCANO OF KILAUEA.^a

COAN.

1. On the 30th of May the people of Puna^b observed the appearance of smoke and fire in the interior, a mountainous and desolate region of that district. Thinking that the fire might be the burning of some jungle,^c they took little notice of it until the next day, Sabbath, when the meetings in the different villages were thrown into confusion by sudden and grand exhibitions of fire, on a scale so large and fearful as to leave them no room to doubt the cause of the phenomenon.

2. The fire augmented during the day and night, but it did not seem to flow off rapidly in any direction. All were in consternation, as it was expected that the molten flood would pour itself down from its height of four thousand feet, to the coast, and no one knew to what point it would flow, or what devastation would attend its fiery course. On Monday, June 1st, the stream began to flow off in a northeasterly direction, and on the following Wednesday, at evening, the burning river reached the sea, having averaged about half a mile an hour in its progress.

3. The rapidity of the flow was very unequal, being modi-

^a Kilauea (kē-low-e'A;) a place on the island of Hawaii (hā-wi'ea.) one of the Sandwich group. ^b Puna (po'-na.) ^c Jungle; a thick cluster of small trees or shrubs.

led by the inequalities of the surface over which the stream passed. Sometimes it is supposed to have moved five miles an hour, and, at other times, owing to obstructions, making no apparent progress, except in filling up deep valleys, and in swelling over or breaking away hills and precipices.

4. But I will turn to the source of the eruption. This is in a forest, and in the bottom of an ancient wooded crater, about four hundred feet deep, and probably eight miles east from Kilauea. The region being uninhabited and covered with a thicket, it was some time before the place was discovered, and up to this time, though several foreigners have attempted it, no one except myself has reached the spot.

5. From Kilauea to this place the lava flowed in a subterranean gallery, probably at the depth of a thousand feet; but its course can be distinctly traced all the way, by the rending of the crust of the earth into innumerable fissures, and by the emission of smoke, steam, and gases. The eruption in this old crater was small, and from this place the stream disappeared again for the distance of a mile or two, when the lava again gushed up and spread over an area of about fifty acres.

6. Again it passed under ground for two or three miles, when it reappeared in another old wooded crater, consuming the forest, and partly filling up the basin. Once more it disappeared, and flowed in a subterranean channel, cracking and breaking the earth, opening fissures from six inches to ten or twelve feet in width, and sometimes splitting the trunk of a tree so exactly that its legs stand astride of the fissure.

7. At some places it is impossible to trace the subterranean stream, on account of the impenetrable thicket under which it passed. After flowing under ground several miles, perhaps six or eight, it again broke out like an overwhelming flood, and sweeping forest, hamlet, plantation, and every thing before it, rolled down with resistless energy to the sea, where, leaping a precipice of forty or fifty feet, it poured itself in one vast cataract of fire into the deep below, with loud ^adetonations.

^a Detonations; explosions.

tions, fearful hissings, and a thousand unearthly and indescribable sounds.

8. Imagine to yourself a river of fused minerals of the breadth and depth of Niagara, and of a deep gory red, falling in one emblazoned sheet, one raging torrent, into the ocean ! The scene, as described by eye-witnesses, was terribly sublime. Two mighty agencies in collision ! Two antagonist and gigantic forces in contact, and producing effects on a scale inconceivably grand !

9. The atmosphere in all directions was filled with ashes, spray and gases ; while the burning lava, as it fell into the water, was shivered into millions of minute particles, and being thrown back into the air, fell in showers of sand on all the surrounding country. The coast was extended into the sea for a quarter of a mile, and a pretty sand beach and a new cape were formed. Three hills of scoria^a and sand were also formed in the sea, the lowest about two hundred, and the highest about three hundred feet.

10. For three weeks this terrific river disgorged itself into the sea with little abatement. Multitudes of fishes were killed, and the waters of the ocean were heated for twenty miles along the coast. The breadth of the stream, where it fell into the sea, is about half a mile, but inland it varies from one to four or five miles in width, conforming itself, like a river, to the face of the country over which it flowed.

11. Indeed, if you can imagine the Mississippi, converted into liquid fire, of the consistency of fused iron, and moving onward, sometimes rapidly, sometimes sluggishly ; now widening into a sea, and anon rushing through a narrow defile, winding its way through mighty forests and ancient solitudes, you will get some idea of the spectacle now exhibited. The depth of the stream will probably vary from ten to two hundred feet, according to the inequalities of the surface over which it passed.

12. During the flow, night was converted into day. The light rose and spread like the morning upon the mountains

^a Scoria ; volcanic cinders.

and its glare was seen on the opposite side of the island. It was also distinctly visible for more than one hundred miles at sea; and at the distance of forty miles, fine print could be read at midnight. The brilliancy of the light was like a blazing firmament, and the scene is said to have been one of unrivaled sublimity.

13. The whole course of the stream from Kilauea to the sea is about forty miles. Its mouth is about twenty-five miles from the Hilo^a station. The ground over which it flowed descends at the rate of one hundred feet to the mile. The crust is now cooled, and may be traversed with care, though scalding steam, pungent gases, and smoke are still emitted in many places.

14. In pursuing my way for nearly two days over this mighty smoldering mass, I was more and more impressed at every step with the wonderful scene. Hills had been melted down like wax; ravines and deep valleys had been filled; and majestic forests had disappeared like feathers in the flames. In some places the molten stream parted and flowed in separate channels for a considerable distance, and then reuniting, formed islands of various sizes, from one to fifty acres, with trees still standing, but seared and blighted by the intense heat.

15. On the outer edges of the lava, where the stream was more shallow and the heat less vehement, and where, of course, the liquid mass cooled soonest, the trees were mowed down like grass before the scythe, and left charred, crisped, smoldering, and only half consumed.

16. As the lava flowed around the trunks of large trees on the outskirts of the stream, the melted mass stiffened and consolidated before the trunk was consumed, and when this was effected, the top of the tree fell, and lay unconsumed on the crust, while the hole which marked the place of the trunk remains almost as smooth and perfect as the calibre of a cannon.

17. These holes are innumerable, and I found them to

^a Hilo (He-lo;) a town in the island of Hawaii.

measure from ten to forty feet deep; but, as I remarked before they are in the more shallow parts of the lava, the trees being entirely consumed where it was deeper. During the flow of this eruption, the great crater of Kilauea sunk about three hundred feet, and her fires became nearly extinct, one lake only, out of many, being left active in this mighty caldron.

18. This, with other facts which have been named, demonstrates that the eruption was the disgorgement* of the fires of Kilauea. The open lake in the old crater is at present intensely active, and the fires are increasing, as is evident from the glare visible at our station and from the testimony of visitors.

19. During the early part of the eruption, slight and repeated shocks of earthquake were felt, for several successive days, near the scene of action. These shocks were not noticed at Hilo. Through the direction of a kind Providence, no lives were lost, and but little property was consumed during this amazing flood of fiery ruin. The stream passed over an uninhabited desert. A few little hamlets were consumed, and a few plantations were destroyed; but the inhabitants, forewarned, fled and escaped.

20. During the progress of the eruption, some of the people in Puna spent most of their time in prayer and religious meetings; some flew in consternation from the face of the all-devouring element; others wandered along its margin, marking with idle curiosity, its daily progress; while another class still coolly pursued their usual vocations, unawed by the burning fury as it rolled along within a mile of their doors.

21. They were apparently indifferent to the roar of consuming forests, the sight of devouring fire, the startling detonations, the hissing of escaping steam, the rending of the earth, the shivering and melting of gigantic rocks, the raging and dashing of the fiery waves, the bellowings, the murmurings, and the unearthly mutterings coming up from the burning deep.

* Disgorgement; the act of throwing out.

22. They went carelessly on amid the rain of ashes, sand, and fiery scintillations,* gazing vacantly on the fearful and ever varying appearance of the atmosphere, murky, black, livid, blazing, the sudden rising of lofty pillars of flame, the upward curling of ten thousand columns of smoke, and their majestic roll in dense, dingy, lurid, or party-colored clouds.

23. During the progress of the descending stream, it would often fall into some fissure, and forcing itself into apertures and under massive rocks, and even hillocks and extended plate of ground, and lifting them from their ancient beds, bear them, with all their superincumbent mass of soil and trees, on its viscous and livid bosom, like a raft on the water. When the fused mass was sluggish, it had a gory appearance, like clotted blood, and when it was active, it resembled fresh and clotted blood mingled and thrown into violent agitation.

24. Sometimes the flowing lava would find a subterranean gallery, diverging at right angles from the main channel, and pressing into it would flow off unobserved, till meeting with some obstruction in its dark passage, when, by its expansive force, it would raise the crust of the earth into a dome-like hill of fifteen or twenty feet in height, and then, bursting this shell, pour itself out in a fiery torrent around.

25. A man who was standing at a considerable distance from the main stream, and intensely gazing on the absorbing scene before him, found himself suddenly raised to the height of ten or fifteen feet above the common level around him, and he had but just time to escape from his dangerous position when the earth opened where he had stood, and a stream of fire gushed out.

* Scintillation; sparks, or the act of emitting sparks.

LESSON LXXXIV.

A SCENE AT SEA.

LEGGETT.

1. THE *Active*, a sloop of war, had been lying all day becalmed, in mid ocean, and was rolling and pitching about in a heavy ground swell, which was the only trace left of the gale she had lately encountered. The sky was of as tender and serene a blue as if it had never been deformed with clouds; and the atmosphere was bland and pleasant. To a true sailor there are few circumstances more annoying than a perfect calm.

2. On the afternoon in question, this feeling of restlessness at the continuance of the calm was not confined to the crew of the *Active*. Her commander had been nearly all day on deck, walking to and fro, on the starboard side,^a with quick, impatient strides, or now stepping into one gangway, and now into the other, and casting anxious and searching looks into all quarters of the heavens, as if it were of the utmost consequence that a breeze should spring up and enable him to pursue his way.

3. But notwithstanding his impatience, and the urgency of his mission, whatever it was, the *Active* continued to roll heavily about at the sport of the big round billows, which swelled up and spread and tumbled over so lazily, that their glassy surfaces were not broken by a ripple. The sun went down clear, but red and fiery; and the sky, though its blue faded to a duskier tint, still remained unflecked by a single cloud. "We shall have a dull and lazy night of it, Vangs," said the master's mate.

4. The person he addressed stood on the heel of the bowsprit,^b with his arms folded on his breast, and his gaze fixed intently on the western horizon, from which the daylight had so completely faded, that it required a practised and keen eye

^a Starboard side; the right hand side of the ship. ^b Bowsprit; a boom or mast which projects over the stem of a ship.

to discern where the sky and water met. He did not turn his head, nor withdraw his eyes from the spot they rested on, as he said, in a low tone, "We shall have work enough before morning."

5. "Turn your eye in that direction, Mr. Garnet. Do you not see a faint belt of light, no broader than my finger, that streaks the sky where the sun went down? It is not daylight, for I watched that all fade away, and the last glimmer of it was gone before that dim, brassy streak began to show itself. And carry your eye in a straight line above it; do you not mark how thick and lead-like the air looks?"

6. "There is that there," said the old man, "which will try what stuff these sticks are made of before the morning breaks." "Is there, then, really any prospect of wind?" asked the midshipman. "Let it come butt-end foremost, if it chooses, and the sooner the better," said young Burton, laughing.

7. The old quarter-master turned a grave and thoughtful look on the round face of the lively boy, and seemed meditating an answer that might repress what probably struck him as untimely mirth; but even while he was in the act of speaking, the tempest he had predicted burst in sudden fury upon the vessel.

8. The first indication those below had of its approach was the wild rushing sound of the gust, which broke upon their ears like the roar of a volcano. The heaving and rolling of the ship ceased all at once, as if the waves had been subdued and chained down by the force of a mighty pressure.

9. The vessel stood motionless an instant, as if instinct with life, and cowering in conscious fear of the approaching strife; the tempest then burst upon her, and the stately mass reeled and fell over before it, like a tower struck down by a thunderbolt. The surge was so violent that the ship was thrown almost on her beam-ends, and every thing on board, not secured in the strongest manner, was pitched with great force to the leeward.*

* Lee'ward; on the opposite side to that from which the wind blows.

10 A scene of fearful grandeur was presented. The sky was of a murky, leaden hue, and appeared to bend over the ship in a nearer and narrower arch, binding the ocean in so small a round, that the eye could trace, through the whole circle, the line where the sickly-looking heaven rested on the sea. The air was thick and heavy; and the water, covered with driving snow-like foam, seemed to be packed and flattened down by the fury of the blast, which scattered its billows into spray as cutting as the sleet of a December storm.

11. The wind howled and screamed through the rigging with an appalling sound, that might be likened to the shrieks and wailings of angry fiends; and the ship fled before the tempest like an affrighted thing, with a velocity that piled the water in a huge bank around her bows, and sent it off, whirling and sparkling, in lines of dazzling whiteness, soon lost in the general hue of the ocean, which resembled a wild waste of drifting snow.

12. For more than an hour did the Active flee along in this way, like a wild horse foaming and stretching at his utmost speed, driven onward in the van of the tempest, and exposed to its fiercest wrath. At length, the first fury of the gale passed away, and the wind, though still raging tempestuously, swept over her with less appalling force.

13. The ocean, now, as if to revenge itself for its constrained inactivity, roused from its brief repose, and swelled into billows that rolled and chased each other with the wild glee of ransomed demons. Wave upon wave, in multitudinous confusion, came roaring in from astern; and their white crests, leaping, and sparkling, and hissing, formed a striking feature in the scene. The wind, fortunately, issued from the right point, and drove the Active towards her place of destination.

14. The dun pall of clouds, which, from the commencement of the gale, had totally overspread the heavens, except in the quarter whence the blast proceeded, now began to give way and a reddish light shone out here and there, in long horizontal streaks, like the glow of expiring coals between the bars of a furnace.

16. Though the first dreadful violence of the storm was somewhat abated, it still raved with too much fierceness and power to admit of any relaxation of vigilance. The commander himself still retained the trumpet, and every officer stood in silence at his station, clinging to whatever might assist him to maintain his difficult footing.

16. "Light, ho!" cried the look-out on one of the catheads.^a "Where away?" demanded the captain. "Dead ahead." "What does it look like, and how far off?" shouted the captain in a loud and earnest voice. "A large vessel lying to, under bare poles; starboard your helm, sir, quick, hard a-starboard, or you will fall aboard of her!"

17. This startling intelligence was hardly communicated, before the vessel descried from aloft loomed suddenly into sight from deck through the thick weather to leeward. Her dark and shadowy form seemed to rise up from the ocean, so suddenly did it open to view, as the driving mist was scattered for a moment. She lay right athwart the Active's bows, and almost under her fore-foot, as it seemed, while she pitched into the trough of an enormous sea, and the Active rode on the ridge of the succeeding wave, which curled above the chasm, as if to overwhelm the vessel beneath.

18. "Starboard your helm,^b quarter-master! hard a-starboard!" cried the commander of the Active, in a tone of startling energy. These orders were promptly obeyed, but it was too late for them to avail. The wheel, in the hands of four stout and experienced seamen, was forced swiftly round, and the effect of the rudder was assisted by a pull of the starboard braces; but in such a gale, and under bare poles, the helm exerted but little power over the driving and ponderous mass.

19. She had headed off hardly a point from her course, when she was taken up by a prodigious surge, and borne onward with fearful velocity. The catastrophe was now inevitable. In an instant, the two ships fell together, their

^a Catheads; pieces of timber projecting over the ship's bow. ^b Helm; the instrument or apparatus by which a ship is steered.

massive timbers crashing with the fatal force of the concussion. A wild shriek ascended from the deck of the stranger, and woman's shrill voice mingled with the sound.

20. All was now confusion and uproar on board both vessels. The Active had struck the stranger broad on the bows while the bowsprit of the latter, rushing in between the foremast and the starboard fore-rigging of the Active, had snapped her chains and stays, and torn up the bolts and chain-plates, as if they had been thread and wire. Staggering back from the shock, she was carried to some distance by a reflux wave, which suddenly subsiding, she gave such a heavy lurch to port, that the foremast, now wholly unsupported on the starboard side, snapped short off, like a withered twig, and fell with a 'oud splash into the ocean.

21. In the meanwhile, another furious billow lifted the vessel on its crest, and the two ships closed again, like gladiators, faint and stunned, but still compelled to do battle. The bows of the stranger, this time, drove heavily against the bends of the Active just abaft her mainrigging, and her bowsprit darted quivering in over the bulwarks, as if it were the arrowy tongue of some huge sea monster.

22. At this instant a wild sound of agony, between a shriek and a groan, was heard in that direction, and those who turned to ascertain its cause saw, as the vessels again separated, a human body swinging and writhing at the stranger's bowsprit head. The vessel heaved up into moonlight, and showed the face of poor Vangs, the quarter-master, his back apparently crushed and broken, but his arms clasped round the spar, to which he appeared to cling with convulsive tenacity.

23. The bowsprit had caught him on its end, as it ran in over the Active's side, and driving against the mizzen-mast,* deprived the poor wretch of all power to rescue himself from the dreadful situation. While a hundred eyes were fastened in a gaze of horror on the impaled seaman, thus dangling over the boiling ocean, the strange ship again reeled forward,

* Mizzen-mast; the mast that supports the hindermost sails, being nearest the stern of the ship.

as if to renew the terrible encounter. But her motion was now slow and laboring.

24. She was evidently settling by the head ; she paused in mid career, gave a heavy drunken lurch to starboard, till her topmasts whipped against the rigging of her antagonist, then rising slowly on the ridge of the next wave, she plunged head-foremost, and disappeared forever.

25. One shriek of horror and despair rose through the storm — one wild, delirious shriek ! The waters swept over the drowning wretches, and hushed their gurgling cry. Then all was still ! — all but the rush and whirl of waves as they were sucked into the vortex, and the voice of the storm which howled its wild dirge above the spot.

LESSON LXXXV.

THE TEMPEST.

[The learner may note the transitions in the following piece, and tell how it should be read. See p. 60, and Rules for Expression, p. 52.]

1. 'T WAS morn — the rising splendor rolled
On marble towers and roofs of gold ;
Hall, court, and gallery below,
Were crowded with a living flow ;
Egyptian, Arab, Nubian, there,
The bearers of the bow and spear ;
The hoary priest, the Chaldee^a sage,
The slave, the gemmed and glittering page —
Helm, turban, and tiara shone
A dazzling ring round Pharaoh's^b throne.
2. There came a man — the human tide
Shrank backward from his stately stride —

^a Chaldee (kal'dee) sage ; a prophet of Chaldea, an ancient country which lay near the river Euphrates. ^b Pharaoh (fah'ro) the title of the ancient sovereigns of Egypt.

And dare the threat'ning storm, and trace a path
 'Mid countless dangers, to the destined port
 Unerringly secure. O, learn from him
 To station quick-eyed Prudence at the helm,
 To guard thy sail from Passion's sudden blasts,
 And make Religion thy magnetic guide,
 Which, though it trembles as it lowly lies,
 Points to the light that changes not, in heaven.

6. Farewell: Heaven smile propitious on thy course,
 And favoring breezes waft thee to the arms
 Of love paternal. Yes, and more than this;
 Blest be thy passage o'er the changing sea
 Of life; the clouds be few that intercept
 The light of joy; the waves roll gently on
 Beneath thy bark of hope, and bear thee safe
 To meet in peace thine other Father, God!

LESSON CXXXIV.

EXTRACT FROM PRESIDENT JEFFERSON'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS

1. DURING the contest of opinion through which we have passed, the animation of discussions and of exertions has sometimes worn an aspect which might impose on strangers, unused to think freely, and to speak and to write what they think; but this being now decided by the voice of the nation, announced according to the rules of the constitution, all will, of course, arrange themselves under the will of the law, and unite in common efforts for the common good. All, too, will bear in mind this sacred principle; that, though the will of the majority is, in all cases, to prevail, that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable; that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate which would be oppression.

2. Let us, then, fellow-citizens, unite with one heart and one mind. Let us restore to social intercourse that harmony

The prophet spoke, the thunder rolled !
Along the pathway of the sun
Sailed vapory mountains, wild and dun.

7. " Yet there is time," the prophet said —
He raised his staff; the storm was stayed.
" King! be the word of freedom given;
What art thou, man, to war with Heaven?"

8. There came no word. The thunder broke!
Like a huge city's final smoke,
Thick, lurid, stifling, mixed with flame,
Through court and hall the vapors came.

9. Loose as the stubble in the field,
Wide flew the men of spear and shield;
Scattered like foam along the wave,
Flew the proud pageant, prince and slave;
Or, in the chains of terror bound,
Lay, corpse-like, on the smoldering ground.
" Speak, king! the wrath is but begun —
Still dumb? — then, Heaven, thy will be done!"

10. Echoed from earth a hollow roar,
Like ocean on the midnight shore:
A sheet of lightning o'er them wheeled,
The solid ground beneath them reeled;
In dust sank roof and battlement;
Like webs the giant walls were rent;
Red, broad, before his startled gaze,
The monarch saw his Egypt blaze.

11. Still swelled the plague* — the flame grew pale;
Burst from the clouds the charge of hail;
With arrowy keenness, iron weight,
Down poured the ministers of fate;

* The seventh plague of Egypt is referred to.

Till man and cattle, crushed, congealed,
Covered with death the boundless field.

12 Still swelled the plague, uprose the blast,
The avenger, fit to be the last;
On ocean, river, forest, vale,
Thundered at once the mighty gale.

13. Before the whirlwind flew the tree,
Beneath the whirlwind roared the sea;
A thousand ships were on the wave —
Where are they? — Ask that foaming grave!
Down go the hope, the pride of years,
Down go the myriad mariners;
The riches of Earth's richest zone,
Gone! like a flash of lightning, gone.

14. And, lo! that first fierce triumph o'er,
Swells Ocean on the shrinking shore;
Still onward, onward, dark and wide,
Engulfs the land the furious tide.
Then bowed thy spirit, stubborn king,
Thou serpent, reft of fang and sting;
Humbled before the prophet's knee,
He groaned, "Be injured Israel free."

15. To heaven the sage upraised his wand
Back rolled the deluge from the land;
Back to its caverns sank the gale;
Fled from the noon the vapors pale;
Broad burned again the joyous sun:
The hour of wrath and death was done.

LESSON LXXXVI.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

CAMPBELL.

[In reading the following beautiful specimen of rhetorical dialogue the reader must personate four characters ; the chief, boatman, lady and lord ; and vary his voice so as to express the emotions, which prompted the language of the several speakers. See Personation, Plain and Rhetorical Dialogue, p. 62.]

1. A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
Cries, " Boatman, do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."
2. " Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,^a
This dark and stormy water ?"
" Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.
3. " And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.^b
4. " His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who would cheer my bonny^c bride
When they have slain her lover ? "
5. Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
" I'll go, my chief ; I'm ready ;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome^d lady

^a Lochgyle, (Lok-gile';) a lake in the Highlands, or north part of Scotland. ^b Heather (Scotch phrase;) a shrub of many species. ^c Bonny, (Scotch phrase;) pretty, handsome. ^d Winsome, (Scotch phrase;) cheerful, merry.

6. "And by my word ! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I 'll row you o'er the ferry."
7. By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water wraith^a was shrieking,
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.
8. But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.
9. "O, haste thee, haste !" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather,
I 'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."
10. The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,
When, O ! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.
11. And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing ;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.
12. For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover ;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.
13. "Come back ! come back !" he cried in grief,
Across the stormy water :
"And I 'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter ! O my daughter !"

^a Wraith, (Scotch phrase ;) the evil spirit of the waters.

14. 'T was vain : the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing ;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.
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LESSON LXXXVII.

A SCENE IN THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.*

MELLEN.

1. WE first came to the verge of the precipice, from which the water takes its leap upon a platform that projects with the rock many feet over the chasm. Here we gazed into the dell and the basin into which the stream pours itself from the beetling cliff. But the prospect from this point is far less thrilling than from below ; and we accordingly began our descent.

2. Winding round the crags, and following a foot-path between the overhanging trees, we gradually, and with some difficulty, descended so far as to have a fine view of the station which we had just left. The scene here is magnificent beyond description. Far under the blackened canopy of everlasting rock, that shoots above to an alarming extent over the abyss, the eye glances round a vast and regular amphitheater, which seems to be the wild assembling-place of all the spirits of the storms ; so rugged, so deep, so secluded, and yet so threatening does it appear !

3. Down from the midst of the cliff that over-arches this wonderful excavation, and dividing in the midst of the gloom that seems to settle within it, comes the foaming torrent, splendidly relieved upon the black surface of the enduring walls, and throwing its wreaths of mist along the frowning ceiling. Following the guide that had brought us thus far down the chasm, we passed into the amphitheater, and moving

* Catskill mountains ; a range of mountains in New York, extending along the Hudson, 2604 feet above the sea.

under the terrific projection, stood in the center of this sublime and stupendous work; the black, iron-bound rocks behind us and the snowy cataract springing between us and the boiling basin, which still lay under our feet.

4. Here the scene was unparalleled. Here seemed to be the theater for a people to stand in, and behold the prodigies and fearful wonders of the Almighty, and feel their own insignificance. Here admiration and astonishment come unbidden over the soul, and the most obdurate heart feels that there is something to be grateful for. Indeed, the scene from this spot is so sublime, and so well calculated to impress the feelings with a sense of the power and grandeur of nature, that, apart from all other considerations, it is worthy of long journeying and extreme toil to behold it.

5. Having taken refreshment, we descended to the extreme depth of the ravine, and, with certain heroic ladies, who somehow dared the perils of the path, we gazed from this place upon the sheet of water, falling from a height of more than two hundred and fifty feet. This is a matter of which Niagara would not speak lightly; and there is wanting only a heavy fall of water to make this spot not only magnificent for that it is now, but terribly sublime.

6. Mountains ascend and overshadow it; crags and precipices project themselves in menacing assemblages all about, as though frowning over a ruin which they are only waiting some fiat to make yet more appalling. Nature has hewed out a resting place for man, where he may linger, and gaze, and admire! Below him she awakens her thunder, and darts her lightning; above him she lifts still loftier summits, and round him she flings her spray and her rainbows!

LESSON LXXXVIII.

THE BIBLE.

JUDSON.

1. The highest eulogy we can pronounce upon this book of all books, is, to take it for the man of our counsel, and the

polar star of our lives ; not merely to admit and laud its superior excellency, and let it remain on the shelf, until anathema maranatha,^a can be written in the dust upon its lids, and criminally neglecting to aid in giving it to the millions who are groping in heathen darkness.

2. Divine in its origin, written by the pen of inspiration dipped in the burning indignation of God against the wicked on the one hand ; and in the melting fountain of his love, for the good, on the other ; the sublimity of its language caps the climax of Rhetoric. As a history of that grand epoch,^b when God said, "Let there be light ; and there was light," it stands alone, clothed in the majesty of Divinity.

3. As a chronicle of the creation of man,^c after the moral image of Deity, of his ruinous fall, and of his subsequent mad career, it must remain unrivaled. As a chart of human nature, and of human rights and wrongs, and of the character of the great Jehovah, its delineations, in precision, fullness, and force of description, far exceed the boldest strokes and finest touches, of the master spirits of every age and clime.

4. As a system of morals and religion, every effort of man, to add to its transcendent beauty, or omnipotent strength is presumption, and as vain as an attempt to bind the wind, or imprison the ocean. As a book of poetry^d and eloquence,^e it stands, in lofty grandeur, towering above the noblest productions of the most brilliant talents, that have illuminated and enraptured the classic world.

5. As a book of revelation,^f it shed a flood of light upon the wilderness of mind, that added fresh luster and refulgence to those of reason, philosophy and science, which had guided mankind to that auspicious, glorious era, when it burst upon the astonished world. As a book of counsel, its wisdom is profound, boundless, infinite. It meets every case in time, and is the golden chain that reaches from earth to heaven.

^a A-nāth'-e-ma mā-ra-nāth'-a ; let him be cursed at the coming of the Lord. ^b The epoch of the creation of the world. ^c We have no other true history of the creation and fall of man except the Bible. ^d See the Psalms which were originally written in Hebrew poetry. ^e See Paul's speech before Agrippa, Christ's sermon on the mount, &c. ^f Revelation of the immortality of the soul, of a future state of existence, &c.

6. It teaches us our native dignity, the design of our creation, the duties we owe to our God, ourselves, our families our parents, our children, and our fellow-men. It teaches us how to live and how to die. It arms the Christian in panoply complete, snatches from death its poisoned sting, from the grave its boasted victory, and points the soul to its crowning glory, a blissful immortality beyond the skies.

LESSON LXXXIX.

THE BLIND PREACHER.

WIRT.

[This is an extract from one of a series of Letters written by Mr. Wirt, under the assumed name of the British Spy.]

1. I HAVE been, my dear S——, on an excursion through the counties which lie along the eastern side of the Blue Ridge.* A general description of that country and its inhabitants may form the subject of a future letter. For the present, I must entertain you with an account of a most singular and interesting adventure, which I met with in the course of the tour.

2. It was one Sunday, as I traveled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous old wooden house, in the forest, not far from the road-side. Having frequently seen such objects before in traveling through these States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

3. Devotion alone should have stopped me to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his

* A range of mountains in Virginia.

head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shriveled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

4. The first emotions which touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato^a were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Savior. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times. I had thought it exhausted long ago.

5. Little did I suppose that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed. As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human, solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

6. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Savior; his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion; and his death. I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored! It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life.

7. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be at that moment acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet; my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

8. But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness, of our Savior; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven; his voice breathing to God

^a Plato, a celebrated philosopher, by descent an Athenian; born B. C. 429.

a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," — the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter, and fainter, until his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

9. It was some time before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But no! the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

10. The first sentence, with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau.* "Socrates^b died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!" I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes^c meant by laying such stress on delivery.

11. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection, old Homer,^d Ossian,^e and Milton,^f and associating with his performance, the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody.

12. You are to remember the pitch of passion and enthu-

* Rousseau, (Roo-so';) a man of eminent learning, born at Geneva, 1712. ^b Socrates, a celebrated philosopher, born at Alopée, near Athens, B. C. 569. ^c Demosthenes, a celebrated Athenian orator, born B. C. 385. ^d Homer, a celebrated Greek poet. He flourished B. C. about 900. ^e Ossian, a Caledonian bard, who flourished in the year A. D. about 300. ^f Milton, (John;) an eminent English poet; born 1608.

siasm to which the congregation were raised ; and then, the few minutes of portentous, death-like silence, which reigned throughout the house ; the preacher, removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears,) and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence : " Socrates died like a philosopher," then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his " sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice — " but Jesus Christ — like a God ! " If he had been in deed and in truth, an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

LESSON XC.

CHRISTIAN CONSOLATION.

[The reader may scan the following piece, and tell to what kind of verse it belongs. See Construction of Verse, p. 68.]

1. Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee,
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shall be :
Perished every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition, —
God and Heaven are all my own !
2. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure ;
Come disaster, scorn, and pain ;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain !
I have called thee Abba Father,
I have set my heart on thee ;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, —
All must work for good to me !

3. Soul! then know thy full salvation,
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear!
 Think, what spirit dwells within thee,
 Think, what heavenly bliss is thine;
 Think that Jesus died to save thee;
 Child of Heaven, canst thou repine?

 4. Haste thee on, from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission!
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
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LESSON XCI.

BENEVOLENCE OF GOD.

CHALMERS.

1. It is saying much for the benevolence of God, to say, that a single world, or a single system, is not enough for it; that it must have the spread of a mightier region, on which it may pour forth a tide of exuberancy throughout all its provinces; that, as far as our vision can carry us, it has strewed immensity with the floating receptacles of life, and has stretched over each of them the garniture of such a sky as mantles our own habitation; and that, even from distances which are far beyond the reach of human eye, the songs of gratitude and praise may now be arising to the one God, who sits surrounded by the regards of his one great and universal family.

2. Now it is saying much for the benevolence of God, to say, that it sends forth these wide and distant emanations over the surface of a territory so ample; that the world we inhabit

lying imbedded as it does, amidst so much surrounding greatness, shrinks into a point that to the universal eye might appear to be almost imperceptible.

— 3. But does it not add to the power and to the perfection of this universal eye, that at the very moment it is taking a comprehensive survey of the vast, it can fasten a steady and undistracted attention on each minute and separate portion of it; that at the very moment it is looking at all worlds, it can look most pointedly and most intelligently to each of them; that at the very moment it sweeps the field of immensity, it can settle all the earnestness of its regards upon every distinct hand-breadth of that field; that at the very moment at which it embraces the totality of existence, it can send a most thorough and penetrating inspection into each of its details, and into every one of its endless diversities? You cannot fail to perceive how much this adds to the power of the all-seeing eye.

4. Tell me, then, if it do not add as much perfection to the benevolence of God, that while it is expatiating over the vast field of created things, there is not one portion of the field overlooked by it; that while it scatters blessings over the whole of an infinite range, it causes them to descend in a shower of plenty on every separate habitation; that, while his arm is underneath and round about all worlds, he enters within the precincts of every one of them, and gives a care and a tenderness to each individual of their teeming population.

5. O! does not the God, who is said to be love, shed over this attribute of his, its finest illustration! when, while he sits in the highest heaven, and pours out his fullness on the whole subordinate domain of nature and of Providence, he bows a pitying regard on the very humblest of his children, and sends his reviving spirit into every heart, and cheers by his presence every home, and provides for the wants of every family, and watches every sick-bed, and listens to the complaints of every sufferer; and while, by his wondrous mind, the weight of universal government is borne, O! is it not more wondrous and more excellent still, that he feels for every sorrow, and has an ear open to every prayer!

LESSON XCII.

DECISIVE INTEGRITY.

VIRT.

1. THE man who is so conscious of the rectitude of his intentions, as to be willing to open his bosom to the inspection of the world, is in possession of one of the strongest pillars of a decided character. The course of such a man will be firm and steady, because he has nothing to fear from the world, and is sure of the approbation and support of heaven. While he who is conscious of secret and dark designs, which, if known, would blast him, is perpetually shrinking and dodging from public observation, and is afraid of all around, and much more, of all above him.

2. Such a man may, indeed, pursue his iniquitous plans steadily; he may waste himself to a skeleton in the guilty pursuit; but it is impossible that he can pursue them with the same health-inspiring confidence and exulting alacrity, with him who feels at every step that he is in the pursuit of honest ends by honest means. The clear, unclouded brow, the open countenance, the brilliant eye which can look an honest man steadfastly, yet courteously, in the face, the healthfully beating heart, and the firm, elastic step, belong to him whose bosom is free from guile, and who knows that all his motives and purposes are pure and right.

3. Why should such a man falter in his course? He may be slandered; he may be deserted by the world; but he has that within, which will keep him erect, and enable him to move onward in his course, with his eyes fixed on heaven, which he knows will not desert him.

4. Let your first step, then, in that discipline which is to give you decision of character, be the heroic determination to be honest men, and to preserve this character through every vicissitude of fortune, and in every relation which connects you with society. I do not use this phrase, "honest men," in the narrow sense merely of meeting your pecuniary engage-

ments, and paying your debts ; for this the common pride of gentlemen will constrain you to do.

5. I use it in its larger sense of discharging all your duties, both public and private, both open and secret, with the most scrupulous, Heaven-attesting integrity ; in that sense, further, which drives from the bosom all little, dark, crooked, sordid, debasing considerations of self, and substitutes in their place a bolder, loftier, and nobler spirit ; one that will dispose you to consider yourselves as born, not so much for yourselves, as for your country and your fellow-creatures, and which will lead you to act on every occasion sincerely, justly, generously, magnanimously.

LESSON XCIII.

GUSTAVUS VASA — SIVARD^a — ARNOLDUS^b — DALECARLIANS.^b

BROOKE.

[The following dialogue is founded upon the fact that Christiern, or Christian II., king of Denmark, attempted to make himself master of the throne of Sweden, but was defeated and expelled from the country by Gustavus Vasa, a Swede, of royal descent, who afterwards became king of Sweden.]

Gustavus disguised as a peasant.

Gustavus. Ye men of Sweden, wherefore are ye come ?

See ye not yonder, how the locusts swarm,

To drink the fountains of your honor up,

And leave your hills a desert ? — Wretched men !

Why came ye forth ? Is this a time for sport ?

Or are ye met with song and jovial feast,

To welcome your new guests, your Danish visitants ?

To stretch your supple necks beneath their feet,

And fawning, lick the dust ? — Go, go, my countrymen

Each to your several mansions, trim them out,

Cull all the tedious earnings of your toil,

^a Fictitious names for men of Sweden. ^b Dalecarlians; citizens of Dalecarlia, a province of Sweden.

To purchase bondage. — O, Swedes! Swedes!
Heavens! are ye men, and will ye suffer this?
There was a time, my friends, a glorious time!
When, had a single man of your forefathers
Upon the frontiers met a host in arms,
His courage scarce had turned; himself had stood,
Alone had stood, the bulwark of his country.
Come, come on, then. Here I take my stand!
Here, on the brink, the very verge of liberty;
Although contention rise upon the clouds,
Mix heaven with earth, and roll the ruin onward,
Here will I fix, and breast me to the shock,
Till I, or Denmark, fall.

Sivard. And who art thou,

That thus would swallow all the glory up
That should redeem the times? Behold this breast!
The sword has tilled it; and the stripes of slaves
Shall ne'er trace honor here; shall never blot
The fair inscription. Never shall the cords
Of Danish insolence bind down these arms,
That bore my royal master from the field.

Gust. Ha! Say you so, brother? Were you there — O, grief!

Where liberty and Stenon fell together?

Siv. Yes, I was there. — A bloody field it was,

Where conquest gasped, and wanted breath to tell
Its o'er-toiled triumph. There our bleeding king,
There Stenon on this bosom made his bed,
And rolling back his dying eyes upon me,
Soldier, he cried, if e'er it be thy lot
To see my gallant cousin, great Gustavus,
Tell him — for once, that I have fought like him, —
And would, like him, have —
Conquered.

Gust. O, Danes! Danes!

You shall weep blood for this. Shall they not, brother?
Yes, we will deal our might with thrifty vengeance,
A life for every blow, and, when we fall,

There shall be weight in't; like the tottering towers
That draw contiguous ruin.

Siv. Brave, brave man!

My soul admires thee. By my father's spirit,
I would not barter such a death as this
For immortality! Nor we alone —
Here be the trusty gleanings of that field,
Where last we fought for freedom; here's rich poverty,
Though wrapped in rags — my fifty brave companions;
Who, through the force of fifteen thousand foes,
Bore off their king, and saved his great remains.

Gust. Why, captain,

We could but die alone; with these we'll conquer.
My fellow-laborers, too — What say ye, friends?
Shall we not strike for it?

Siv. Death! Victory, or death!

All. No bonds! no bonds!

Arnoldus. Spoke like yourselves — Ye men of Dalecarlia,
Brave men and bold! whom every future age
Shall mark for wondrous deeds, achievements won
From honor's dangerous summit, warriors all!
Say, might ye choose a chief?
Speak, name the man
Who then should meet your wish?

Siv. Forbear the theme.

Why would'st thou seek to sink us with the weight
Of grievous recollection! O Gustavus!
Could the dead awake, thou wert the man.

Gust. Didst thou know Gustavus?

Siv. Know him! O, Heaven! what else, who else was worth
The knowledge of a soldier? That great day,
When Christiern, in his third attempt on Sweden,
Had summed his powers, and weighed the scale of fight
On the bold brink, the very push of conquest,
Gustavus rushed, and bore the battle down;
In his full sway of prowess, like leviathan,

That scoops his foaming progress on the main
And drives the shoals along — forward I sprung
All emulous, and laboring to attend him ;
Fear fled before, behind him rout grew loud,
And distant wonder gazed. At length he turned,
And having eyed me with a wondrous look
Of sweetness mixed with glory — grace inestimable !
He plucked this bracelet from his conquering arm,
And bound it here. My wrist seemed trebly nerved ;
My heart spoke to him, and I did such deeds
As best might thank him. But from that blessed day
I never saw him more — yet still to this
I bow, as to the relics of my saint :
Each morn I drop a tear on every bead.
Count all the glories of Gustavus o'er,
And think I still behold him.

Gust. Rightly thought,
For so thou dost, my soldier,
Behold your general,
Gustavus ! come once more to lead you on
To laureled victory, to fame, to freedom !

Siv. Strike me, ye powers ! it is illusion all !
It cannot — It is, it is ! (Falls and embraces his knees.)

Gust. O, speechless eloquence !
Rise to my arms, my friend.

Siv. Friend ! say you friend ?

O, my heart's lord ! my conqueror ! my ——

Gust. Approach, my fellow-soldiers, your Gustavus
Claims no precedence here.
Haste, brave men !
Collect your friends, to join us on the instant ;
Summon our brethren to their share of conquest,
And let loud echo, from her circling hills,
Sound freedom, till the undulation shake
The bounds of utmost Sweden !

LESSON XCIV.

DUTIES OF YOUTH.

CHANNING.

1. **FIRST**, you are required to view and treat your parents with respect. Your tender, inexperienced age requires that you think of yourselves with humility, and conduct yourselves with modesty; that you respect the superior age and wisdom and improvements of your parents, and observe toward them a submissive deportment. Nothing is more unbecoming in you; nothing will render you more unpleasant in the eyes of others, than froward or contemptuous conduct towards your parents.

2. **Secondly**, you should be grateful to your parents. Consider how much you owe them. The time has been, and it was not a long time past, when you depended wholly on their kindness, when you had no strength to make a single effort for yourselves, when you could neither speak nor walk, and knew not the use of any of your powers. Had not a parent's arm supported you, you must have fallen to the earth and perished. Observe with attention the infants which you so often see, and consider that, a little while ago, you were as feeble as they are; you were only a burden and a care, and you had nothing with which you could repay your parents' affection.

3. **But** did they forsake you? How many sleepless nights have they been disturbed by your cries! When you were sick, how tenderly did they hang over you! With what pleasure have they seen you grow up in health to your present state! And what do you now possess which you have not received at their hands? God, indeed, is your great parent, your best friend, and from Him every good gift descends; but God is pleased to bestow everything upon you, through the kindness of your parents. To your parents you owe every comfort; you owe to them the shelter you enjoy from the rain and cold, the raiment which covers, and the food which nourishes you.

4. While you are seeking amusement, or are employed in gaining knowledge at school, your parents are toiling that you may be happy, that your wants may be supplied, that your mind may be improved, that you may grow up and be useful in the world. And when you consider how often you have forfeited all this kindness, and yet how ready they have been to forgive you, and to continue their favors, ought you not to look upon them with the tenderest gratitude ?

5. What greater monster can there be than an unthankful child, whose heart is never warmed and melted by the daily expressions of parental solicitude ; who, instead of requiting his best friends by his affectionate conduct, is sullen and passionate, and thinks that his parents have done nothing for him, because they will not do all he desires ? My young friends, your parents' hearts have ached enough for you already ; you should strive from this time, by your expressions of gratitude and love, to requite their goodness. Do you ask how you may best express these feelings of respect and gratitude which have been enjoined ? In answer, I would observe :

6. Thirdly, that you must make it your study to obey your parents, to do what they command, and do it cheerfully. Your own hearts will tell you that this is a most natural and proper expression of honor and love. For how often do we see children opposing their wills to the will of their parents ; refusing to comply with absolute commands ; growing more obstinate, the more they are required to do what they dislike, and at last sullenly and unwillingly obeying because they can no longer refuse without exposing themselves to punishment ? Consider, my young friends, that by such conduct you very much displease God, who has given you parents, that they may control your passions, and train you up in the way you should go.

7. Consider how much better they can decide for you, than you can for yourselves. You know but little of the world in which you live. You hastily catch at anything which promises you pleasure ; and unless the authority of a parent should restrain you, you would soon rush into ruin without a thought or a fear. In pursuing your own inclinations, your

health would be destroyed, your minds would run waste, you would grow up slothful, selfish, a trouble to others, and burdensome to yourselves.

8. Submit, then, cheerfully, to your parents. Have you not experienced their goodness long enough to know that they wish to make you happy, even when their commands are most severe? Prove, then, your sense of their goodness, by doing cheerfully what they require. When they oppose your wishes, do not think that you have more knowledge than they. Do not receive their commands with a sour, angry, sullen look, which says, louder than words, that you obey only because you dare not rebel. If they deny your requests, do not persist in urging them; but consider how many requests they have already granted you. Consider that you have no claim upon them, and that it will be base and ungrateful for you, after all their tenderness, to murmur and complain.

9. Fourthly, you must further express your respect, affection, and gratitude, by doing all in your power to assist and oblige your parents. Children can very soon make return for the kindness they receive. Every day, you can render your parents some little service, and often save them many cares, and sometimes not a little expense. There have been children, who in early life, have been great supports to their sick, poor and helpless parents. This is the most honorable way in which you can be employed. You must never think too highly of yourselves, to be unwilling to do anything for those who have done so much for you. You should never let your amusements take such a hold of your minds, as to make you slothful, backward and unwilling, when you are called to serve your parents.

10. Fifthly, you should express your respect for your parents, and your sense of their kindness and superior wisdom, by placing unreserved confidence in them. This is a very important duty. Children should learn to be honest, sincere, and open-hearted to their parents. An artful, hypocritical child is one of the most unpromising characters in the world. You should have no secrets which you are unwilling to disclose to your parents. If you have done wrong, you should openly

confess it, and ask that forgiveness which a parent's heart is ready to bestow.

11. If you wish to undertake anything, ask their consent. Never begin anything in the hope that you can conceal your design. If you once strive to impose on your parents, you will be led on from one step to another, to invent falsehoods, to practice artifice, till you will become contemptible and hateful. You will soon be detected, and then none will trust you.

12. Lastly, you must prove your respect and gratitude to your parents by attending seriously to their instructions and admonitions, and by improving the advantages they afford you for becoming wise, useful, good and happy forever. You must prove your gratitude to them and to God, by listening respectfully and attentively to what they say; by shunning the temptations of which they warn you, and by walking in the paths they mark out before you. You must labor to answer their hopes and wishes, by improving in knowledge; by being industrious at school; by living peaceably with your companions; by avoiding all profane and wicked language; by fleeing bad company; by treating all persons with respect; by being kind, and generous, and honest; and by loving and serving your Father in Heaven.

13. My young friends, I have now set before you your duties. Let me once more beseech you to honor your father and mother. Ever cling to them with confidence and love. Be to them an honor, an ornament, a solace and a support. Be more than they expect, and if possible, be all that they desire. To you they are now looking with an affection which trembles for your safety. So live, that their eyes may ever fix on you with beams of hope and joy. So live, that the recollection of you may soothe their last hours. May you now walk by their side, in the steps of the Holy Savior; and through his grace, may you meet again in a better and happier world.

LESSON XCV.

FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

HANNAH MORE.

1. A young lady may excel in speaking French and Italian; may repeat a few passages from a volume of extracts; play like a professor, and sing like a syren; have her dressing-room decorated with her own drawings, tables, stands, flower-pots, screens, and cabinets; and yet we shall insist that she may have been very badly educated.

2. I am far from meaning to set no value whatever on any or all of these qualifications; they are all of them elegant, and many of them properly tend to the perfecting of a polite education. These things, in their measure and degree, may be done; but there are others which should not be left undone. Many things are becoming, but "one thing is needful." Besides, as the world seems to be fully apprized of the value of whatever tends to embellish life, there is less occasion here to insist on its importance.

3. But, though a well bred young lady may lawfully learn most of the fashionable arts; yet, let me ask, does it seem to be the true end of education, to make women of fashion, singers, players, painters, actresses, sculptors, gilders, varnishers, engravers, and embroiderers?

4. Most men are commonly destined to some profession, and their minds are consequently turned, each to its respective object. Would it not be strange, if they were called out to exercise their profession, or to set up their trade, with only a little general knowledge of the trades and professions of all other men, and without any previous definite application to their own peculiar calling?

5. The profession of ladies, to which the bent of their instruction should be turned, is that of daughters, wives, mothers, and mistresses of families. They should be, therefore, trained with a view to these several conditions, and be furnished with a stock of ideas, and principles, and qualifications, and habits,

ready to be applied and appropriated, as occasion may demand, to each of these respective situations.

6. For though the arts which merely embellish life must claim admiration ; yet, when a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, and not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and sing, and draw, and dress ; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him ; one who can reason, and reflect, and feel, and judge, and discourse, and discriminate ; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, soothe his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children.

LESSON XCVI.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

STORY.

1. If Christianity may be said to have given a permanent elevation to woman, as an intellectual and moral being, it is as true that the present age, above all others, has given play to her genius, and taught us to reverence its influence. It was the fashion of other times to treat the literary acquirements of the sex as starched pedantry, or vain pretension ; to stigmatize them as inconsistent with those domestic affections and virtues which constitute the charm of society.

2. We had abundant homilies read upon their amiable weaknesses and sentimental delicacy, upon their timid gentleness and submissive dependence ; as if to taste the fruit of knowledge were a deadly sin, and ignorance were the sole guardian of innocence. Most women had no character at all, beyond that of purity and devotion to their families.

3. Admirable as are these qualities, it seemed an abuse of the gifts of Providence to deny to mothers the power of instructing their children, to wives the privilege of sharing the intellectual pursuits of their husbands, to sisters and daughters the delight of ministering knowledge in the fireside circle, to

youth and beauty the charm of refined sense, to age and in firmity the consolation of studies which elevate the soul and gladden the listless hours of despondency.

4. These things have, in a great measure, passed away. The prejudices which dishonored the sex have yielded to the influence of truth. By slow but sure advances, education has extended itself through all ranks of female society. There is no longer any dread, lest the culture of science should foster that masculine boldness and restless independence, which alarms by its sallies, or wounds by its inconsistencies.

5. We have seen that here, as everywhere else, knowledge is favorable to human virtue and human happiness ; that the refinement of literature adds luster to the devotion of piety ; that true learning, like true taste, is modest and unostentatious ; that grace of manners receives a higher polish from the discipline of the schools ; that cultivated genius sheds a cheering light over domestic duties, and its very sparkles, like those of the diamond, attest at once its power and its purity.

6. There is not a rank of female society, however high, which does not now pay homage to literature, or that would not blush even at the suspicion of that ignorance, which, a half century ago, was neither uncommon nor discreditable. There is not a parent, whose pride may not glow at the thought, that his daughter's happiness is in a great measure within her own command, whether she keeps the cool, sequestered vale of life, or visits the busy walks of fashion.

7. A new path is thus opened for female exertion, to alleviate the pressure of misfortune, without any supposed sacrifice of dignity or modesty. Man no longer aspires to an exclusive dominion in authorship. He has rivals or allies in almost every department of knowledge ; and they are to be found among those whose elegance of manners and blamelessness of life command his respect, as much as their talents excite his admiration.

8. Who is there that does not contemplate with enthusiasm the precious fragments of Elizabeth Smith,* the venerable

* Elizabeth Smith ; an English poetess of rare classical attainments.

LESSON CXXXVI.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY* ON LIFE AND DEATH.

SHAKESPEARE.

To BE, or not to be? that is the question!
 Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
 Or, to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them! To die? to sleep;
 No more; and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to: 't is a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished! To die, to sleep:
 To sleep? perchance to dream; ay, there 's the rub;
 For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause! There 's the respect
 Which makes calamity of so long life:
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 Which patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardles bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death;
 That undiscovered country from whose bourne
 No traveler returns; puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of!
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,

* Soli-lo-quy; talking to one's self.

- who have been clothed with the mantle of righteousness, and their voices attuned to the melody of heaven.

4. With such a treasure, every lofty gratification on earth may be purchased; friendships will be doubly sweet, pain and sorrow shall lose their sting, and the character will possess a price "far above riches;" life will be but a pleasant visit to earth, and death the entrance upon a joyful and perpetual home. And when the notes of the last trumpet shall be heard, and sleeping millions awake to judgment, its possessor shall be presented "faultless before the throne of God, with exceeding joy, and a crown of glory that shall never fade away."

5. Such is piety. Like a tender flower, planted in the fertile soil of woman's heart, it grows, expanding its foliage and imparting its fragrance to all around, till transplanted, it is set to bloom in perpetual vigor and unfading beauty in the Paradise of God. Follow this star; it will light you through every labyrinth in the wilderness of life, gild the gloom that will gather around you in a dying hour, and bring you safely over the tempestuous Jordan of death, into the haven of promised and settled rest.

LESSON XCVIII.

THE ROMAN SOLDIER — DESTRUCTION OF HERCULANEUM.

ATHERSTONE.

PART I.

THERE was a man,
A Roman soldier, for some daring deed
That trespassed on the laws, in dungeon low
Chained down. His was a noble spirit, rough,
But generous, and brave, and kind.
He had a son; it was a rosy boy,
A little faithful copy of his sire
In face and gesture. From infancy the child
Had been his father's solace and his care.

2. Every sport

The father shared and heightened. But at length
The rigorous law had grasped him, and condemned
To fetters and to darkness.

The captive's lot

He felt, in all its bitterness; — the walls
Of his deep dungeon answered many a sigh
And heart-heaved groan. His tale was known, and touched
His jailer with compassion; — and the boy,
Thenceforth a frequent visitor, beguiled
His father's lingering hours, and brought a balm
With his loved presence, that in every wound
Dropt healing. But in this terrific hour
He was a poisoned arrow in the breast
Where he had been a cure.

3. With earliest morn,

Of that first day of darkness^a and amaze,
He came. The iron door was closed, — for them
Never to open more! The day, the night,
Dragged slowly by; nor did they know the fate
Impending o'er the city. Well they heard
The pent-up thunders in the earth beneath,
And felt its giddy rocking: and the air
Grew hot at length, and thick; but in his straw
The boy was sleeping: and the father hoped
The earthquake might pass by; nor would he wake
From his sound rest the unfearing child, nor tell
The dangers of their state. On his low couch
The fettered soldier sunk; and with deep awe
Listened the fearful sounds: with upturned eye
To the great gods he breathed a prayer; then strove
To calm himself, and lose in sleep a while
His useless terrors.

^a Darkness produced by volcanic smoke, which preceded the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, when Herculaneum was destroyed, A. D. 79.

4. But he could not sleep.

His body burned with feverish heat ; his chains
Clanked loud, although he moved not ; deep in earth
Groaned unimaginable thunders ; sounds,
Fearful and ominous, arose and died,
Like the sad moanings of November's wind,
In the blank midnight. Deepest horror chilled
His blood that burned before ; cold, clammy sweats
Came o'er him ; then, anon, a fiery thrill
Shot through his veins. Now on his couch he shrunk
And shivered, as in fear ; now upright leaped,
As though he heard the battle-trumpet sound.
And longed to cope with death.

He slept at last,
A troubled, dreamy sleep. Well — had he slept
Never to waken more ! His hours are few,
But terrible his agony.

PART II.

1. Soon the storm

Burst forth ; the lightnings glanced ; the air
Shook with the thunders. They awoke ; they sprung
Amazed upon their feet. The dungeon glowed
A moment as in sunshine — and was dark.
Again a flood of white flame fills the cell ;
Dying away upon the dazzled eye
In darkening, quivering tints, as stunning sound
Dies throbbing, ringing in the ear. Silence,
And blackest darkness. With intensest awe
The soldier's frame was filled ; and many a thought
Of strange foreboding hurried through his mind,
As underneath he felt the fevered earth
Jarring and lifting, and the massive walls
Heard harshly grate and strain.

2. Loudly the father called upon his child.
No voice replied. Trembling and anxiously
He searched their couch of straw ; with headlong haste

Trod round his stunted limits, and, low bent,
Groped darkling on the earth : no child was there.
Again he called : again, at farthest stretch
Of his accursed fetters, till the blood
Seemed bursting from his ears, and from his eyes
Fire flashed ; he strained with arm extended far,
And fingers widely spread, greedy to touch
Though but his idol's garment. Useless toil !
Yet still renewed : still round and round he goes,
And strains, and snatches ; and, with dreadful cries,
Calls on his boy. Mad frenzy fires him now.
He plants against the wall his feet ; his chain
Grasps : tugs, with giant strength, to force away
The deep-driven staple : yells and shrieks with rage.

3. And, like a desert lion in the snare
Raging to break his toils, to and fro he bounds.
But see ! the ground is opening : a blue light
Mounts, gently waving ; noiseless ; thin and cold
It seems, and like a rainbow tint, not flame ;
But by its luster, on the earth outstretched,
Behold the lifeless child ! his dress is singed,
And o'er his face serene a darkened line
Points out the lightning's track.

4. The father saw ;
And all his fury fled : a dead calm fell
That instant on him : speechless, fixed he stood,
And with a look that never wandered, gazed
Intensely on the corse. Those laughing eyes
Were not yet closed ; and round those ruby lips
The wonted smile returned.

5: Silent and pale
The father stands : no tear is in his eye :
The thunders bellow ; but he hears them not ;
The ground lifts like a sea ; he knows it not :
The strong-walls grind and gnaw : the vaulted roof

Takes shapes like bubble tossing in the wind.
 See! he looks up and smiles; for death to him
 Is happiness. Yet could one last embrace
 Be given, 'twere still a sweeter thing to die.

6. It will be given. Look! how the rolling ground,
 At every swell, nearer and still more near
 Moves toward the father's outstretched arm his boy.
 Once he has touched his garment; how his eye
 Lightens with love, and hope, and anxious fears!
 Ha! see; he has him now! he clasps him round;
 Kisses his face; puts back the curling locks
 That shaded his fine brow; looks in his eyes;
 Grasps in his own those little dimpled hands;
 Then folds him to his breast, as he was wont
 To lie when sleeping, and resigned awaits
 Undreaded death.

And death came soon, and swift,
 And pangless.

The huge pile sunk down at once
 Into the opening earth. Walls, arches, roof,
 And deep foundation-stones, all mingling, fell!

LESSON XCIX.

INFLUENCE OF SUPERIOR MINDS.

SPRAGUE.

1. It belongs to cultivated men to construct, and put in motion, and direct, the complex machinery of civil society. Who originated these free institutions, the arteries through which the life-blood of our country's prosperity circulates? Who built and rocked the cradle of American liberty, and guarded the infant angel, until she walked forth in the vigor of a glorious maturity?

2. Whom do we welcome to the helm of state, when the storm of faction beats, or dark clouds hang about the heavens?

vind:

10, after having seen the consequences of
, continues still to blunder, and whose age
obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object
of derision or contempt, and deserves not that his
should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is
he the abhorred who, as he has advanced in age, has receded
from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation;
who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and
spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

3. But youth, sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

4. In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modeled by experience.

5. But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves; nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment; age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

6. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that, if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them is the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavor.

ors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villany, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

LESSON CXL.

ON TIME.

WHITE.

1. Who needs a teacher to admonish him
That flesh is grass? — that earthly things are mist?
What are our joys but dreams? And what our hopes
But goodly shadows in the summer cloud?
There's not a wind that blows but bears with it
Some rainbow promise. Not a moment flies
But puts its sickle in the fields of life,
And mows its thousands, with their joys and cares.
2. 'T is but as yesterday since on yon stars,
Which now I view, the Chaldee shepherd^a gazed,
In his mid-watch, observant, and disposed
The twinkling hosts, as fancy gave them shape.
Yet, in the interim, what mighty shocks
Have buffeted mankind; whole nations razed;
Cities made desolate; the polished sunk
To barbarism, and once barbaric states
Swaying the wand of science and of arts;
Illustrious deeds and memorable names
Blotted from record, and upon the tongue
Of gray tradition voluble no more!
- 3 Where are the heroes of the ages past?
Where the brave chieftains? where the mighty ones
Who flourished in the infancy of days?
All to the grave gone down! On their fall'n fame,
Exultant, mocking at the pride of man,

^auding to the first astronomical observations, made by the Chaldean shepherds.

Sits grim forgetfulness. The warrior's arm
 Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame ;
 Hushed is his stormy voice, and quenched the blaze
 Of his red eye-ball

4. Yesterday, his name
 Was mighty on the earth ; to-day — 't is what ?
 The meteor of the night of distant years,
 That flashed unnoticed, save by wrinkled eld
 Musing at midnight upon prophecies,
 Who at her only lattice saw the gleam
 Point to the mist-poised shroud, then quietly
 Closed her pale lips, and locked the secret up
 Safe in the charnel's treasures.

5. O how weak
 Is mortal man ! how trifling ! how confined
 His scope of vision ! Puffed with confidence,
 His phrase grows big with immortality ;
 And he, poor insect of a summer's day,
 Dreams of eternal honors to his name,
 Of endless glory and perennial bays.
 He idly reasons of Eternity
 As of the train of ages ; when, alas !
 Ten thousand thousand of his centuries
 Are, in comparison, a little point
 Too trivial for account.

6. O, 't is strange,
 'T is passing strange, to mark his fallacies ;
 Behold him proudly view some pompous pile,
 Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies,
 And smile, and say, My name shall live with this
 Till Time shall be no more ; while at his feet,
 Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust
 Of the fallen fabric of the other day
 Preaches the solemn lesson. He should know
 That Time must conquer ; that the loudest blast
 That ever filled Renown's obstreperous trump,

ern sky ; the evening star gilding the shades of night ; the planets moving in their several orbs ; the stars, one after another, emerging from the blue ethereal, and gradually lighting up the firmament, till it appears all over spangled with a brilliant assemblage of shining orbs ; and, particularly, when we behold one cluster of stars gradually descending below the western horizon, and other clusters emerging from the east, and ascending, in unison, the canopy of heaven : when we contemplate the whole celestial vault, with all the shining orbs it contains, moving in silent grandeur, like one vast concave sphere, around this lower world, and the place on which we stand ; such a scene naturally leads a reflecting mind to such inquiries as these : Whence come those stars which are ascending from the east ? Whither have those gone which have disappeared in the west ?

3. What becomes of the stars during the day, which are seen in the night ? Is the motion which appears in the celestial vault real, or does a motion in the earth itself cause this appearance ? What are those immense numbers of shining orbs which appear in every part of the sky ? Are they mere studs or tapers fixed in the arch of heaven, or are they bodies of an immense size and splendor ? Do they shine with borrowed light, or with their own native luster ? Are they placed only a few miles above the region of the clouds, or at immense distances, beyond the range of human comprehension ? Can their distance be ascertained ? Can their bulk be computed ? By what laws are their motions regulated ? and what purposes are they destined to subserve in the great plan of the universe ? These, and similar questions, it is the great object of astronomy to resolve, so far as the human mind has been enabled to prosecute the path of discovery.

LESSON CII.

NUMBER AND MAGNITUDE OF THE STARS.

DICK.

1. If we extend our views from the solar system to the starry heavens, we have to penetrate, in our imagination, a space which the swiftest ball that was ever projected, though in perpetual motion, would not traverse in ten hundred thousand years. In those trackless regions of immensity, we behold an assemblage of resplendent globes, similar to the sun in size and in glory, and, doubtless, accompanied with a retinue of worlds, revolving, like our own, around their attractive influence. The immense distance at which the nearest stars are known to be placed, proves that they are bodies of a prodigious size, not inferior to our own sun, and that they shine, not by reflected rays, but by their own native light.

2. But bodies encircled with such refulgent splendor would be of little use in the economy of Jehovah's empire, unless surrounding worlds were cheered by their benign influence, and enlightened by their beams. Every star is, therefore, with good reason, concluded to be a sun, no less spacious than ours, surrounded by a host of planetary globes which revolve around it as a center, and derive from it light, and heat, and comfort.

3. Nearly a thousand of these luminaries may be seen in a clear winter night, by the naked eye ; so that a mass of matter equal to a thousand solar systems, or to thirteen hundred and twenty millions of globes of the size of the earth, may be perceived by every common observer, in the canopy of heaven. But all the celestial orbs which are perceived by the unassisted sight, do not form the eighty thousandth part of those which may be descried by the help of optical instruments.

4. The telescope has enabled us to descry, in certain spaces of the heavens, thousands of stars, where the naked eye could scarcely discern twenty. The late celebrated astronomer, Dr. Herschel, has informed us, that, in the most crowded parts of

the Milky-way, when exploring that region with his best glasses, he has had fields of view which contained no less than 588 stars, and these were continued for many minutes ; so that "in one quarter of an hour's time there passed no less than one hundred and sixteen thousand stars through the field of view of his telescope."

5. It has been computed that nearly one hundred millions of stars might be perceived by the most perfect instruments, were all the regions of the sky thoroughly explored. And yet all this vast assemblage of suns and worlds, when compared with what lies beyond the utmost boundaries of human vision, in the immeasurable spaces of creation, may be no more than the smallest particle of vapor to the immense ocean. Immeasurable regions of space lie beyond the utmost limits of mortal view, into which even imagination itself can scarcely penetrate, and which are, doubtless, replenished with the operations of Divine wisdom and omnipotence.

6. For it cannot be supposed that a being so diminutive as man, whose stature scarcely exceeds six feet ; who vanishes from the sight at the distance of a league ; whose whole habitation is invisible from the nearest star ; whose powers of vision are so imperfect, and whose mental faculties are so limited ; it cannot be supposed that man, who "dwells in tabernacles of clay, who is crushed before the moth," and chained down, by the force of gravitation, to the surface of a small planet, should be able to descry the utmost boundaries of the empire of Him who fills immensity, and dwells in "light unapproachable."

7. That portion of his dominions, however, which lies within the range of our view, presents such a scene of magnificence and grandeur, as must fill the mind of every reflecting person with astonishment and reverence, and constrain him to exclaim, "Great is our Lord, and of great power ; his understanding is infinite." "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained ; what is man, that thou art mindful of him !"

LESSON CHIL

HYMN TO THE STARS.

1. Ay! there ye shine, and there have shone
In one eternal hour of prime;
Each rolling, burningly, alone,
Through boundless space and countless time!
Ay! there ye shine! the golden dew
That pave the realms by seraphs trod;
There, through yon echoing vault diffuse
The song of choral worlds to God.
2. Ye visible spirits! bright as erst,
Young Eden's birth-night saw ye shine
On all her flowers and fountains first,
Yet sparkling from the hand divine.
Yes! bright as when ye smiled to catch
The music of a sphere so fair,
Ye hold your high immortal watch,
And gird your God's pavilion there!
3. Gold frets to dust, yet there ye are;
Time rots the diamond; there ye roll
In primal light, as if each star
Enshrined an everlasting soul!
And do they not? Since yon bright throngs
One all-enlightened Spirit own,
Praised there by pure sidereal tongues,
Eternal, glorious, blest, and lone.
4. Could man but see what ye have seen,
Unfold a while the shrouded past,
From all that is, to what has been,
The glance how rich, the range how vast.
The birth of time; the rise, the fall
Of empires; myriads, ages flown;

Thrones, cities, tongues, arts, worships, all
The things whose echoes are not gone !

5. And there ye shine, as if to mock
The children of an earthly sire ;
The storm, the bolt, the earthquake's shock,
The red volcano's cataract fire ;
Drought, famine, plague, and blood, and flame,
All nature's ills, and life's worst woes,
Are nought to you ; ye smile the same,
And scorn alike their dawn and close.
6. Ay ! there ye roll, emblems sublime
Of Him whose spirit o'er us moves,
Beyond the clouds of grief and crime
Still shining on the world he loves.
Nor is one scene to mortals given
That more divides the soul and sod,
Than yon proud heraldry of heaven,
Yon burning blazonry of God !

LESSON CIV.

A SUMMER SHOWER.

NORTON.

1. THE rain is o'er, how dense and bright
Yon pearly clouds reposing lie !
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
Contrasting with the dark blue sky .
2. In grateful silence earth receives
The general blessing ; fresh and fair
Each flower expands its shining leaves,
As glad the common joy to share.
3. The softened sunbeams pour around
A fairy light, uncertain, pale ;

vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written'

LESSON CXXXVIII.

IN FAVOR OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

CLAY.

1. AND has it come to this? Are we so humble, so low, so debased, that we dare not express our sympathy for suffering Greece; that we dare not articulate our detestation of the brutal excesses of which she has been the bleeding victim, lest we might offend some one or more of their imperial and royal majesties? If gentlemen are afraid to act rashly on such a subject, suppose, Mr. Chairman, that we unite in a humble petition, addressed to their majesties, beseeching them, that of their gracious condescension they would allow us to express our feelings and our sympathies. How shall it run? "We, the representatives of the FREE people of the United States of America, humbly approach the thrones of your imperial and royal majesties, and supplicate that, of your imperial and royal clemency"—I cannot go through the disgusting recital, my lips have not yet learned to pronounce the sycophantic language of a degraded slave!

2. Are we so mean, so base, so despicable, that we may not attempt to express our horror, utter our indignation, at the most brutal and atrocious war that ever stained earth or shocked high heaven? at the ferocious deeds of a savage and infuriated soldiery, stimulated and urged on by the clergy of a fanatical and inimical religion, and rioting in all the excesses of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the heart sickens and recoils!

3. If the great body of Christendom* can look on calmly

* Chris-ten-dom (kris-en-dum;) countries where the Christian religion prevails

read. The difficulty is they are not careful to improve it. Their hours of leisure are either idled away, or slept away or talked away, or spent in some other manner equally vain and useless; and then they complain that they have no time for the culture of their minds and hearts. This is all wrong.

4. The infinite value of time is not realized. It is the most precious thing in the world; the only thing of which it is a virtue to be covetous, and yet the only thing of which all men are prodigal. Time is so precious that there is never but one moment in the world at once, and that is always taken away before another is given. Only take care to gather up your fragments of time, my friends, and you will never want leisure for the reading of useful books.

5. And in what way can you spend your unoccupied hours more pleasantly, than in holding converse with the wise and good through the medium of their writings? To a mind not altogether devoid of curiosity, books open an inexhaustible source of enjoyment. And it is a high recommendation of this sort of enjoyment that it always abides with us. Nothing can take it away. It is in the mind; and go where we may, if our minds are well furnished and in good order, we can never want for means of enjoyment. The grand volume of nature will always lie spread out before us; and if we know how to read its wonders, the whole world will pour at our feet its treasures, and we shall hold converse with God himself.

6. But to those who are unaccustomed to read other books, this sublime volume must of course appear an unmeaning blank. They cannot read the glorious lines of wisdom and power, of majesty and love, which the Creator has inscribed upon it. All is to them a sealed book, and they pass through the world none the wiser for all the wonders of creative power and goodness by which they are surrounded.

7. A taste for useful reading is an effectual preservation from vice. Next to the fear of God, implanted in the heart, nothing is a better safeguard to the character than the love of good books. They are handmaids of virtue and religion. They quicken our sense of duty, unfold our responsibilities,

strengthen our principles, confirm our habits, inspire in us the love of what is right and useful, and teach us to look with disgust upon what is low and groveling and vicious.

S. Knowledge is power. It is the philosopher's stone, the true alchemy* that turns every thing it touches into gold. It is the scepter that gives us our dominion over nature ; the key that unlocks the store houses of creation, and opens to us the treasures of the universe. And suppose you that her last victory has been won, the utmost limits of her dominion reached ? Nay, my friends, she has but commenced her march.

9. Her most splendid triumphs are yet future. What new honors she has to bestow on her followers, into what new fields of conquest and of glory she will lead them, no one can tell. Her voice to all is, to rally around her standard and go forward and aid her victories, and share in the honor of her achievements. None are excluded from this high privilege. Her rewards are proffered to all, and all, though in different measures, may share in her distinctions, her blessings, and hopes.

10. The circumstances in which you are placed, as members of a free and intelligent community, demand of you a careful improvement of the means of knowledge you enjoy. You live in an age of great mental excitement. The public mind is awake, and society in general is fast rising in the scale of improvement. At the same time the means of knowledge are most abundant. They exist every where and in the richest variety. Nor were stronger inducements ever held out to engage all classes of people in the diligent use of these means.

11. Useful talents of every kind are in great demand. The field of enterprise is widening and spreading around you, the road to wealth, to honor, to usefulness and happiness, is opened to all ; and all who will, may enter upon it with the almost certain prospect of success. In this free community there are no privileged orders. Every man finds his level. If he has talents, he will be known and estimated, and rise in the respect and confidence of society.

* Al'chemy ; sublime Chemistry.

LESSON CVI.

THE LOSS OF NATIONAL CHARACTER.

MAXCY.

1. THE loss of a firm national character, or the degradation of a nation's honor, is the inevitable prelude to her destruction. Behold the once proud fabric of a Roman empire ; an empire carrying its arts and arms into every part of the eastern continent ; the monarchs of mighty kingdoms dragged at the wheels of her triumphal^a chariots ; her eagle^b waving over the ruins of desolated countries. Where is her splendor, her wealth, her power, her glory ? Extinguished forever.

2. Her moldering temples, the mournful vestiges of her former grandeur, afford a shelter to her solitary monks. Where are her statesmen, her sages, her philosophers, her orators, her generals ? Go to their solitary tombs and inquire. She lost her national character, and her destruction followed. The ramparts of her national pride were broken down, and Vandalism^c desolated her classic fields.

3. Place their example before you. Let the sparks of their veteran wisdom flash across your minds, and the sacred altars of your liberty, crowned with immortal honors, rise before you. Relying on the virtue, the courage, the patriotism, and the strength of our country, we may expect our national character will become more energetic, our citizens more enlightened, and may hail the age as not far distant when will be heard, as the proudest exclamation of man ; I am an American !

^a In the Roman triumphs, the victorious general, seated in a gilded chariot, drawn by white horses, clad in purple, crowned with laurel, and bearing a scepter, with the eagle, led the procession ; while the conquered monarchs followed, being sometimes chained to the triumphal car. ^b Eagle ; the brazen eagle of the Roman standard. ^c The Vandals were a fierce and barbarous people, once inhabiting the shores of the Baltic Sea.

LESSON CVII.

OUR OBLIGATIONS AS CITIZENS.

KNOWLEDGE.

1. Let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those are daily dropping from among us, who established our liberty and our government. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object.

2. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon,^a and Alfred,^b and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defense and preservation; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us.

3. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects, which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these thirty states are one country.

4. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And by the blessing of God, may that country itself become

^a Solon one of the seven wise men of Greece, and the lawgiver of Athens, B. C. 600.

^b Alfred (Alfred;) one of the wisest of England's kings, and founder of Oxford university.

a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration, forever!

LESSON CVIII.

THE JUST JUDGE.

1. A GENTLEMAN, who possessed an estate worth about five hundred a year, in the eastern part of England, had also two sons. The eldest, being of a rambling disposition, went abroad. After several years, his father died; when the younger son, destroying his will, seized upon the estate. He gave out that his elder brother was dead, and bribed false witnesses to attest the truth of it.

2. In the course of time the elder brother returned; but came home in miserable circumstances. His younger brother repulsed him with scorn, and told him that he was an imposter and a cheat. He asserted that his real brother was dead long ago, and he could bring witnesses to prove it. The poor fellow, having neither money nor friends, was in a most dismal situation. He went round the parish making complaints, and at last to a lawyer, who, when he had heard the poor man's story, replied, "You have nothing to give me. If I undertake your cause and lose it, it will bring me into disgrace, as all the wealth and evidence are on your brother's side.

3. "But, however, I will undertake your cause on this condition: you shall enter into an obligation to pay me one thousand guineas, if I gain the estate for you. If I lose it, I know the consequences; and I venture with my eyes open." Accordingly, he entered an action against the younger brother, which was to be tried at the next general assizes^a at Chelmsford, in Essex.

4. The lawyer having engaged in the cause of the young

^a As-si'zes; a court in England.

Sits grim forgetfulness. The warrior's arm
Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame ;
Hushed is his stormy voice, and quenched the blaze
Of his red eye-ball

4. Yesterday, his name
Was mighty on the earth ; to-day — 't is what ?
The meteor of the night of distant years,
That flashed unnoticed, save by wrinkled old
Musing at midnight upon prophecies,
Who at her only lattice saw the gleam
Point to the mist-poised shroud, then quietly
Closed her pale lips, and locked the secret up
Safe in the charnel's treasures.

5. O how weak
Is mortal man ! how trifling ! how confined
His scope of vision ! Puffed with confidence,
His phrase grows big with immortality ;
And he, poor insect of a summer's day,
Dreams of eternal honors to his name,
Of endless glory and perennial bays.
He idly reasons of Eternity
As of the train of ages ; when, alas !
Ten thousand thousand of his centuries
Are, in comparison, a little point
Too trivial for account.

6. O, 't is strange,
'T is passing strange, to mark his fallacies ;
Behold him proudly view some pompous pile,
Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies,
And smile, and say, My name shall live with this
Till Time shall be no more ; while at his feet,
Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust
Of the fallen fabric of the other day
Preaches the solemn lesson. He should know
That Time must conquer ; that the loudest blast
That ever filled Renown's obstreperous trump,

without giving a reason why, and, if possible, get me chosen in his room, and I will do you all the service in my power."

8. Accordingly, when the clerk had called over the names of the jurymen, the plaintiff excepted to one of them. The judge on the bench was highly offended with this liberty. "What do you mean," said he, "by excepting against that gentleman?" "I mean, my lord, to assert my privilege as an Englishman, without giving a reason why."

9. The judge, who had been highly bribed, in order to conceal it by a show of candor, and having a confidence in the superiority of his party, said, "Well, sir, as you claim your privilege in one instance, I will grant it. Whom would you wish to have in the room of that man excepted?" After a short time taken in consideration, "My lord," says he, "I wish to have an honest man chosen;"—and, looking round the court,—"My lord, there is that miller in the court, we will have him, if you please." Accordingly the miller was chosen.

10. As soon as the clerk of the court had given them all their oaths, a little dexterous fellow came into the apartment, and slipped ten guineas into the hands of eleven jurymen, and gave the miller but five. He observed that they were all bribed, as well as himself, and said to his next neighbor, in a soft whisper, "How much have you got?" "Ten pieces," said he. But he had concealed what he had got himself. The cause was opened by the plaintiff's counsel, and all the scraps of evidence they could pick up were adduced in his favor.

11. The younger brother was provided with a great number of witnesses and pleaders, all plentifully bribed, as well as the judge. The evidence deposed that they were in the self-same country when the brother died, and saw him buried. The counsellors pleaded upon this accumulated evidence; and everything went with a full tide in favor of the younger brother. The judge summed up the evidence with great gravity and deliberation. "And now, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "lay your heads together, and bring in your verdict as you shall deem most just."

12. They waited but a few minutes before they determined in favor of the younger brother. The judge said, "Gentlemen, are you agreed; and who shall speak for you?" "We are all agreed, my lord," replied one; "our foreman shall speak for us." "Hold, my lord," replied the miller, "we are not all agreed." "Why," said the judge, in a very surly manner, "what's the matter with you? what reasons have you for disagreeing?"

13. "I have several reasons, my lord," replied the miller. "The first is, they have given to all these gentlemen of the jury ten broad pieces of gold, and to me but five; which, you know, is not fair. Besides, I have many objections to make to the false reasonings of the pleaders, and the contradictory evidence of the witnesses." Upon this, the miller began a discourse, which discovered such vast penetration of judgment, such extensive knowledge of law, and was expressed with such energetic and manly eloquence, that it astonished the judge and the whole court.

14. As he was going on with his powerful demonstrations, the judge, in a surprise of soul, stopped him. "Where did you come from, and who are you?" "I came from Westminster Hall," replied the miller; "my name is Matthew Hale. I am lord chief justice of the King's Bench. I have observed the iniquity of your proceedings this day; therefore, come down from a seat which you are no ways worthy to hold. You are one of the corrupt parties in this iniquitous business. I will come up this moment and try the cause all over again."

15. Accordingly, Sir Matthew went up, with his miller's dress and hat on, began the trial from its very commencement, and searched every circumstance of truth and falsehood. He evinced the elder brother's title to the estate from the contradictory evidence of the witnesses, and the false reasoning of the pleaders; unraveled all the sophistry to the very bottom, and gained a complete victory in favor of truth and justice.

LESSON CIX.

CHARACTER OF MR. BROUGHAM.^a

1. BROUGHAM is a thunderbolt. He may come in the dark, he may come at random, his path may be in the viewless and graspless air, but still, give him something solid, let him come in contact with the earth, and be it beautiful or barren it feels the power of his terrible visitation. You see not, or rather you heed not, the agent which works; but just as when the arch-giant of physical destroyers rends his way, you see the kingdoms of nature yielding at his approach, and the mightiest of their productions brushed aside as though they were dust, or torn as though they were gossamer.^b

2. While he raises his voice in the house, while he builds firmly and broadly the bases of his own propositions, and snatches from every science a beam to enlarge and strengthen his work; and while he indignantly beats down and tramples upon all that has been reared by his antagonist, you feel as if the wind of annihilation were in his hand, and the power of destruction in his possession.

3. There cannot be a greater treat than to hear Brougham upon one of those questions which give scope for the mighty swell of his mind, and which permit him to launch the bolts of that tremendous sarcasm, for which he has not now, and perhaps never had, an equal in the house. When his display is a reply, you see his long and lathy figure drawn aside from others, and coiled up within itself like a snake, and his eyes glancing from under the slouched hat, as fiery and as fatal as those of the basilisk^c; you mark the twin demons of irony and contempt playing about the tense and compressed line of his mouth.

4. Up rises the orator slowly and clumsily. His body

^a Brougham (Brow'am); an eminent English statesman and orator, born 1779.
^b Gossamer, a filmy substance, like cobwebs, floating in the air. ^c Basilisk; a kind of serpent, with a very pointed head and fiery eyes, said to have been found in the deserts of Africa. It is supposed by some that this animal, as described by the ancients, was fabulous.

swung into an attitude which is none of the most graceful. His long and sallow visage seems lengthened and deepened in its hue. His eyes, his nose and mouth, seem huddled together, as if, while he presses every illustration into his speech, he were at the same time condensing all his senses into one. There is a lowering sublimity in his brows, which one seldom sees equalled; and the obliquity of the light shows the organization of the upper and lateral parts of his forehead, proud and palpable as the hills of his native north.

5. His left hand is extended with the palm, prepared as an anvil, upon which he is ever and anon to hammer, with the forefinger of his right, as the preparation to that full swing which is to give life to every muscle, and motion to every limb. He speaks! In the most powerful and sustained, and at the same time the most close, clear, and logical manner, does he demolish the castle which his opponent had built for himself. You hear the sounds, you see the flash, you look for the castle, and it is not. Stone after stone, turret after turret, battlement after battlement, and wing after wing, are melted away, and nothing left save the sure foundation, upon which the orator himself may build.

LESSON · CX.

GENIUS WAKING.

1. SLUMBER's heavy chain hath bound thee;
Where is now thy fire?
Feebler wings are gathering round thee;
Shall they hover higher?
Can no power, no spell, recall thee
From inglorious dreams?
O, could glory so appal thee
With his burning beams!
2. Thine was once the highest pinion
In the midway air;

With a proud and sure dominion,
 Thou didst upward bear.
 Like the herald, winged with lightning,
 From the Olympian* throne,
 Ever mounting, ever brightening,
 Thou wert there alone.

- 3 Where the pillared props of heaven
 Glitter with eternal snows,
 Where no darkling clouds are driven,
 Where no fountain flows ;
 Far above the rolling thunder,
 When the surging storm
 Rent its sulphury folds asunder,
 We beheld thy form.
4. From that cloudless region stooping,
 Downward thou didst rush,
 Not with pinion faint and drooping,
 But the tempest's gush.
 Up again undaunted soaring,
 Thou didst pierce the cloud,
 When the warring winds were roaring
 Fearfully and loud.
5. Hark ! his rustling plumage gathers
 Closer to his side,
 Close, as when the storm-bird weathers
 Ocean's hurrying tide.
 Now his nodding beak is steady ;
 Wide his burling eye ;
 Now his opening wings are ready,
 And his aim, how high !
6. Now he curves his neck, and proudly
 Now is stretched for flight ;
 Hark ! his wings, they thunder loudly,

* Olympian ; pertaining to Olympus, a high mountain of ancient Greece, now in the southern part of Turkey in Europe.

And their flash, how bright !
Onward, onward over mountains,
Through the rock and storm,
Now, like sunset over fountains,
Flits his glancing form.

LESSON CXI.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.*

WOLFE.

[Charles Wolfe, a young Irish divine, and author of the following ode, which Byron pronounced "the most perfect in the language," was born in Dublin in 1791, and died in 1823.]

1. Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.
2. We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moon-beam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.
3. No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud, we bound him ;
But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.
4. Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.
5. We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,

* Sir John Moore; a distinguished general who was born in Glasgow, 1761, and fell in the battle of Corunna, in Spain, in 1809.

How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

6. Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But nothing he 'll reckon, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.
7. But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring ;
And we heard, by the distant, random gun,
That the foe was suddenly firing.
8. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But left him, alone with his glory.

LESSON CXII.

SELF-INSTRUCTION.

CLARK.

1. SELF-CULTURE has called forth the hidden energies of the soul and fitted its votaries to become the pillars and bulwarks of society. It has taught them that man is not a "leaning willow," but a being "noble in reason and infinite in faculties;" that he must not rely wholly on foreign aid, but must task his own powers, and be able fully to measure his own abilities. This resolute spirit, though latent, can, when fanned into a flame, lead him through every trying emergency, and teach him to remove obstacle after obstacle, till the path lies open to the goal of his ambition, the proudest pinnacle of science.

2. In taking a survey of the master-spirits that have at different periods swayed the world, we find the most prominent among them to be those who have risen by their own exertions, and overcome all opposition with their own hands ;

men who have emerged from obscurity, and by dint of unremitting labor passed every milestone on the high-road to wisdom; men who, deprived of all outward aid, have turned inward to their own understandings, and found a teacher there.

3. This teacher continually urged them "onward and upward," until the aspirations of that mind which God has made immortal, have impelled them forward to their high and honorable destiny. And all have this teacher, this quenchless spirit, and might have this same unconquerable resolution.

4. Poor men might, did they choose it, become kings, not of a state or empire, but of the broad dominions of the world of intelligence; they might grasp the scepter of knowledge and reign in prouder state than does the monarch in his jeweled robes and glittering tiara;* for what diadem so priceless as that of wisdom? They might search the pages of ancient lore, and win many a gem to sparkle in that crown, of which the proudest kings of earth might still be prouder.

5. A life of luxury induces sloth, dims the mental perceptions, and enervates a frame naturally vigorous; while the senses, sharpened by privation, are rendered better capable of deep reflection, and the eye of the soul becomes expanded till its piercing vision can gaze undimmed upon the sparkling treasures of intellect.

6. Learning delights to visit the hut of the backwoodsman as well as the lofty mansion of the citizen; all may drink, yet still her unfailing fountain will be ever full. How sweet is the reward of that mind which can say, "I have been my own teacher." How much more enjoyment does it know than he who, having all the advantages which learning could bestow, has cast them lightly aside, and refused instruction. It feels that the knowledge it has gained is its own, by a right which none can either question or take away.

7. And it knows that the treasures it may have acquired, can never be lost or perverted to ignoble purposes, because

* *Tiara*; crown, head-dress.

being obliged to toil for them, it has learned to estimate them at their real value. As no theory can be sustained without illustration, I will point out one from among the mass of numerous instances in which men have risen, by their own exertions, to fill exalted stations in the world of letters; the self-educated Franklin, the father of American science.

8. When a rough, awkward boy, the governor of New York, having heard of his uncommon abilities, sent for him in order to test his acquirements, thinking, no doubt, with a very short line, to sound the mind of the untutored "Yankee." In the course of conversation the youthful Franklin quoted Locke, at which the astonished lawgiver started back in amazement.

9. "Locke! and pray, sir, where did you study Locke?" "At home, in a tallow chandler's shop," was the answer. The same persevering spirit which led him to search the secrets of philosophy impelled him forward until science gave into his hand the keys of her power, and "the lightning" played harmlessly at his feet."

LESSON CXIII.

WASHINGTON'S RESIGNATION.^b

RAMSEY.

1. THE hour now approached, in which it became necessary for the American chief to take leave of his officers, who had been endeared to him by a long series of common sufferings and dangers. This was done in a solemn manner. The officers having previously assembled for the purpose, General Washington joined them, and with a heart full of love and gratitude, said, "I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable. I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you if each will come and take me by the hand."

^a Dr. Franklin invented the lightning rod, by which he rendered the electric fluid to some extent harmless. ^b This took place in the city of New York, 1783.

2. General Knox,^a being next, turned to him. Incapable of utterance, Washington grasped his hand, and embraced him. The officers came up successively, and he took an affectionate leave of each of them. Not a word was articulated on either side. A majestic silence prevailed. The tear of sensibility glistened in every eye. The tenderness of the scene exceeded all description. When the last of the officers had taken his leave, Washington left the room, and passed through the corps of light infantry to the place of embarkation.

3. The officers followed in a solemn, mute procession, with dejected countenances. On his entering the barge to cross the North river,^b he turned toward the companions of his glory, and, by waving his hat, bid them a silent adieu. Some of them answered this last signal of respect and affection with tears; and all of them gazed upon the barge, which conveyed him from their sight, till they could no longer distinguish in it the person of their beloved commander-in-chief.

4. The army being disbanded, Washington proceeded to Annapolis, then the seat of congress, to resign his commission. On his way thither, he, of his own accord, delivered to the comptroller of accounts in Philadelphia, an account of the expenditure of all the public money he had ever received. This was in his own hand-writing, and every entry was made in a very particular manner.

5. After accounting for all his expenditures of public money, with all the exactness which established forms required from the inferior officers of his army, he hastened to resign into the hands of the fathers of his country the powers with which they had invested him. This was done in a public audience. Congress received him as the founder and guardian of the republic. While he appeared before them, they silently retraced the scenes of danger and distress, through which they had passed together.

6. They recalled to mind the blessings of freedom and peace purchased by his arm. They gazed with wonder on their

^a Knox (Henry;) a major general of the United States army, born in Boston, 1730

^b North river; the Hudson river.

fellow-citizen, who appeared more great and worthy of esteem in resigning his power, than he had done in gloriously using it. Every heart was big with emotion. Tears of admiration and gratitude burst from every eye. The general sympathy was felt by the resigning hero, and wet his cheek with a manly tear. After a decent pause, he addressed Thomas Mifflin, the president of congress, in the following words:

7. "The great events on which my resignation depended having at length taken place, I have now the honor of offering my sincere congratulations to congress, and of presenting myself before them, to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country.

8. "Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a respectable nation, I resign with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with diffidence; a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task, which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the union, and the patronage of Heaven.

9. "The successful termination of the war has verified the most sanguine expectations; and my gratitude for the interposition of Providence, and for the assistance I have received from my countrymen, increases with every review of the momentous contest.

10. "While I repeat my obligations to the army in general, I should do injustice to my own feelings not to acknowledge in this place the peculiar services and distinguished merits of the persons who have been attached to my person during the war. It was impossible that the choice of confidential officers to compose my family should have been more fortunate. Permit me, sir, to recommend, in particular, those who have continued in the service to the present moment, as worthy of the favorable notice and patronage of congress.

Sits grim forgetfulness. The warrior's arm
 Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame;
 Hushed is his stormy voice, and quenched the blaze
 Of his red eye-ball!

4. Yesterday, his name
 Was mighty on the earth; to-day — 't is what?
 The meteor of the night of distant years,
 That flashed unnoticed, save by wrinkled eld
 Musing at midnight upon prophecies,
 Who at her only lattice saw the gleam
 Point to the mist-poised shroud, then quietly
 Closed her pale lips, and locked the secret up
 Safe in the charnel's treasures.

5. O how weak
 Is mortal man! how trifling! how confined
 His scope of vision! Puffed with confidence,
 His phrase grows big with immortality;
 And he, poor insect of a summer's day,
 Dreams of eternal honors to his name,
 Of endless glory and perennial bays.
 He idly reasons of Eternity
 As of the train of ages; when, alas!
 Ten thousand thousand of his centuries
 Are, in comparison, a little point
 Too trivial for account.

6. O, 't is strange,
 'T is passing strange, to mark his fallacies;
 Behold him proudly view some pompous pile,
 Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies,
 And smile, and say, My name shall live with this
 Till Time shall be no more; while at his feet,
 Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust
 Of the fallen fabric of the other day
 Preaches the solemn lesson. He should know
 That Time must conquer; that the loudest blast
 That ever filled Renown's obstreperous trump,

will particularly charge ourselves with the interest of these confidential officers, who have attended your person to this affecting moment.

15. "We join you in commending the interest of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, beseeching him to dispose the hearts and minds of its citizens to improve the opportunity afforded them, of becoming a happy and respectable nation; and for you, we address to him our earnest prayers that a life so beloved may be fostered with all his care; that your days may be happy as they have been illustrious, and that he will finally give you that reward which this world cannot give."

LESSON CXIV.

ONE CENTURY AFTER WASHINGTON.

1. GENTLEMEN, we are at the point of a century from the birth of Washington; and what a century it has been! During its course, the human mind has seemed to proceed with a sort of geometric velocity,^a accomplishing for human intelligence and human freedom more than had been done in fives or tens of centuries preceding.

2. Washington stands at the commencement of a new era,^b as well as at the head of a new world.^c A century from the birth of Washington has changed the world. The country of Washington has been the theater on which a great part of that change has been wrought; and Washington himself a principal agent by which it has been accomplished. His age and his country are equally full of wonders; and of both he is the chief.

3. Washington had attained his manhood when that spark of liberty was struck out in his own country, which has since kindled into a flame, and shot its beams over the earth. In

^a Geometric velocity; a velocity increasing by a common ratio, as 2, 4, 8, &c.
^b Era; an epoch, a date. ^c New world; the western continent.

the flow of a century from his birth, the world has changed in science, in arts, in the extent of commerce, in the improvement of navigation, and in all that relates to the civilization of man. But it is the spirit of human freedom, the new elevation of individual man, in his moral, social, and political character, leading the whole long train of other improvements, which have most remarkably distinguished the era,

4. It has assumed a new character; it has raised itself from beneath governments to a participation in governments; it has mixed moral and political objects with the daily pursuits of individual men; and, with a freedom and strength before altogether unknown, it has applied to these objects the whole power of the human understanding. It has been the era, in short, when the social principle has triumphed over the feudal principle; when society has maintained its rights against military power, and established on foundations never hereafter to be shaken, its competency to govern itself.

LESSON CXV.

SONG OF THE MODERN GREEKS.

CAMPBELL.

[The learner may scan the following piece of poetry, and tell to what kind it belongs. See Construction of Verse, p. 68.]

1. AGAIN to the battle, Achaeans!^a

Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;

Our land, the first garden of liberty's tree,

It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free;

For the cross of our faith is replanted,

The pale, dying crescent is daunted,

And we march, that the foot-prints of Mahomet's^b slaves

May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves.

^a Achaeans, (A-ke'ans;) Grecians, so called from Achaea (now Morea) in Greece
^b Ma'homet; the founder of the Mahometan religion, born at Mecca, A. D. 569.

Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us!

2. Ah! what though no succor advances,
Nor Christendom's^a chivalrous lances
Are stretched in our aid? Be the combat our own!
And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone.
For we've sworn, by our country's assaulters,
By the virgins they've dragged from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That living we will be victorious,
Or, that dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

3. A breath of submission we breathe not:
The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not;
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide, waves engulf, fire consume us,
But they shall not to slavery doom us;
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves;
But we've smote them already with fire on the waves,
And new triumphs on land are before us.
To the charge! Heaven's banner is o'er us.

4. This day shall ye blush for its story?
Or brighten your lives with its glory?
Our women; O, say, shall they shrink in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest, with wreaths in their hair?
Accursed, may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be that would slacken,
Till we've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth
Being sprung from, and named for, the godlike of earth.
Strike home! and the world shall revere us
As heroes descended from heroes.

^a Christendom; the regions inhabited by Christians.

my character to obloquy, for there must be guilt somewhere, whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine.

4. A man in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me.

5. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field, in defence of their country and virtue, this is my hope. I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government, which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High; which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest; which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or less than the government standard; a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which its cruelty has made.

6. I swear by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear, by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me, that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superhuman oppression under which she has so long, and too patiently, travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope (wild and chimerical as it may appear) there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noble enterprise.

7. Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attain my memory by believing that I

For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden ! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Wizard. Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn.
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home in the dark rolling clouds of the north ?
Lo ! the death-shot of foeman outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad :
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !
Ah ! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?
'T is the fire-shower of ruin all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
O, crested Lochiel, the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlement's height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn ;
Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel. False wizard, avaunt ! I have marshaled my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And, like reapers, descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws ;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array —

Wizard. Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal:
'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight!
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'T is finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling. Oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots, that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale —

Lochiel. Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
Though my perishing ranks should be strewn in their gore
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall, victor, exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe.
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.

LESSON CXVII.

EXORDIUM OF A SPEECH.

WEBSTER.

[The learner may note the most emphatic words in this piece, and tell why they are emphatic. See Rules for emphasis, p. 18, &c.]

1. AGAINST the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I cannot have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how much soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern, that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice.

2. Gentlemen, it is a most extraordinary case. In some respects, it has hardly a precedent anywhere; certainly none in our New-England history. An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace.

3. The assassin enters through the window, already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall half-lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continual pressure, till it turns on its hinges; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light.

4. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The

fatal blow is given ! and the victim passes without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death ! The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder ; no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him.

5. The secret is his own, and it is safe ! Ah ! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe no where. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, and every circumstance, connected with the time and place ; a thousand ears catch every whisper ; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery.

6. Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself ; or rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience* to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks that the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts.

7. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed ; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

* Conscience ; that moral faculty of the mind which decides what is right or wrong from the facts presented.

LESSON CXVIII.

EULOGY ON HAMILTON.*

MASON.

1. He was born to be great. Whoever was second, Hamilton must be first. To his stupendous and versatile mind no investigation was difficult, no subject presented which he did not illuminate. Superiority in some particular, belongs to thousands. Preëminence, in whatever he chose to undertake, was the prerogative of Hamilton. No fixed criterion could be applied to his talents. Often has their display been supposed to have reached the limit of human effort; and the judgment stood firm till set aside by himself.

2. When a cause of new magnitude required new exertions, he rose, he towered, he soared; surpassing himself as he surpassed others. Then was nature tributary to his eloquence! Then was felt his despotism over the heart! Touching, at his pleasure, every string of pity or terror, of indignation or grief, he melted, he soothed, he roused, he agitated; alternately gentle as the dews, and awful as the thunder.

3. Yet, great as he was in the eyes of the world, he was greater in the eyes of those with whom he was most conversant. The greatness of most men, like objects seen through a mist, diminishes with the distance; but Hamilton, like a tower seen afar off under a clear sky, rose in grandeur and sublimity with every step of approach. Familiarity with him was the parent of veneration.

4. Over these matchless talents, probity threw her brightest luster. Frankness, suavity, tenderness, benevolence, breathed through their exercise. And to his family! but he is gone. That noble heart beats no more; that eye of fire is dimmed; and sealed are those oracular lips. Americans, the serenest beam of your glory is extinguished in the tomb!

* Hamilton (Alexander;) an orator and statesman, born at Nevis, one of the West India Islands.

LESSON CXIX.

LAFAYETTE'S LAST VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY.

1. AGAIN, in his old age, Lafayette determined to look on the young republic that had escaped the disasters which had overwhelmed France. When his plans were made known, our government offered to place a national vessel at his disposal; but he declined accepting it, and embarked at Havre^a in a merchantman, and arrived at New York, August 15, 1824. He was at this time sixty-seven years old.

2. His reception in this country, and triumphal march through it, is one of the most remarkable events in the history of the world. Such gratitude and unbounded affection were never before received by a man from a foreign nation. As he passed from Staten Island to New York, the bay was covered with barges decorated with streamers; and when the beautiful fleet shoved away, the bands struck up, "Where can one better be, than in the bosom of his family?"

3. Never did this favorite French air seem so appropriate; not even when the shattered Old Guard closed sternly around its Emperor, and sang it amid the fire of the enemy's guns; as when a free people thus chanted it around the venerable Lafayette. As he touched the shore, the thunder of cannon shook the city; old soldiers rushed weeping into his arms; and, "Welcome Lafayette!" waved from every banner, rung from every trumpet, and was caught up by every voice, till

Welcome, welcome!" rose and fell in deafening shouts from the assembled thousands.

4. During the four days he remained in the city, it was one constant jubilee; and when he left for Boston, all along his route, the people rose to welcome him. He traveled every night till 12 o'clock, and watch-fires were kept burning on the hill-tops, all along his line of progress. Blazing through the darkness, they outshone the torches that heralded him,

^a Havre (Hav'r;) a seaport town in the northern part of France.

while in the distance, the pealing of bells from every church spire announced his coming. The same enthusiastic joy received him at Boston; and when he returned to New York, the city was wilder than ever with excitement.

5. In Castle-garden there was a splendid illumination in honor of him; the bridge leading to it was surmounted by a pyramid sixty feet high, with a blazing star at the top, from the center of which flashed the name of Lafayette. The planks were covered with carpets, and trees and flowers innumerable lined the passage. Over the entrance was a triumphal arch of flowers; huge columns arose from the area, supporting arches of flowers, and flags, and statues.

6. As he entered this wilderness of beauty, the bands struck up, "See, the conquering hero comes!" and shouts shook the edifice to its foundations. He had scarcely taken his seat in a splendid marquee, prepared for his reception, when the curtain before the gallery in front of him lifted, and there was a beautiful transparency, representing La Grange,* with its grounds and towers, and beneath it, "This is his home." Nothing could be more touching and affectionate than this device; and as Lafayette's eye fell upon it, a tear was seen to gather there, and his lip to quiver with feeling.

7. Thus the people received the "people's friend." From New York he went to Albany and Troy, and one long shout of welcome rolled the length of the Hudson, as he floated up the noble stream. Returning, he went to Philadelphia, and, passing through the same scenes that had been enacted in every city he had visited, continued his route to Mount Vernon, to visit the tomb of Washington. The thunder of cannon announced his arrival at the consecrated ground, calling to his mind the time when he had seen that now lifeless chief-tain move through the tumult of battle.

8. Wishing no one to witness his emotions, as he stood beside the ashes of his friend, he descended alone into the vault. With trembling steps and uncovered head he passed down to the tomb. The secrets of that meeting of the living

* La Grange; Lafayette's place of residence in France.

with the dead no one knows; but when the aged veteran came forth again, his face was covered with tears.

9. He then took his son and secretary by the hand, and led them into the vault. He could not speak; his bursting heart was too full for utterance, and he mutely pointed to the coffin of Washington. They knelt reverently beside it, kissed it, then rising, threw themselves into Lafayette's arms, and burst into tears. It was a touching scene, there in the silent vault, and worthy the noble sleeper.

10. From thence he went to Yorktown, where a magnificent reception was given him. Proceeding south, he passed through all the principal cities to New Orleans, and thence up the Mississippi to Cincinnati, and across to Pittsburg, and finally to western New York, through which he hastened rapidly to Boston, to be present at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker's Hill monument.*

11. Previously to his southern trip, however, he had visited congress, and been received by that body with distinguished honor. A few days after this a bill was passed, giving him a hundred and forty thousand dollars, as payment, in part, for the money he had expended in our behalf. He had clothed and fed our naked, starving soldiers at his own cost; expended money for the State; fought our battles; endured, suffered, and toiled for our welfare; yet he never asked, never expected, compensation. His had been entirely a free-will offering; his youth, his wealth, his life, all, an unselfish, noble sacrifice to a weak, but brave people, struggling to be free.

12. This generous, and yet only just, remuneration, took Lafayette by surprise, and affected him deeply. Indeed, to a heart like his, the open arms and overflowing affection of the people were a sufficient reward. The entire nation had risen to do him homage. "Honor to Lafayette!" "Welcome to Lafayette, the nation's guest!" and such like exclamations, had met him at every step.

* Bunker's Hill monument; a monument built of granite, two hundred and twenty feet high. It is situated in Charlestown, near Boston.

13. Flowers were strewed along his pathway ; his carriage detached from the horses, and dragged by the enthusiastic crowd, along ranks of grateful freemen, who rent the heavens with their acclamations. From the heads of government, down to the lowest menial, all had united in pouring blessings on his venerable head. Melted to tears by these demonstrations of love, he had moved like a father amid his children, scattering blessings wherever he went.

14. One of his last acts in this country was to lay the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill monument. He had placed the stone over Baron De Kalb's^a grave, in South Carolina, and now it was fit that he, the last survivor of the major-generals of the American Revolution, should consecrate the first block in that grand structure. Amid the silent attention of fifty thousand spectators, this aged veteran and friend of Washington, with uncovered head, performed the imposing ceremonies, and "Long live Lafayette," swelled up from the top of Bunker Hill.

15. At length, after having passed through almost the entire Union in the space of a few months, he embarked, the eighth of September, for his native land. The Brandywine was sent out by government to convey him home ; and when it reached Havre, the officers, wishing to express their admiration of him, deputed their first lieutenant, Gregory, to convey their sentiments.

16. The young officer, overcome by his feelings, was unable to utter a word ; but in the spirit of true heroism, ran to the stern of the vessel, and snatching the flag that waved there, handed it to him, saying, "We cannot confide it to more glorious keeping." He then made a short address, to which Lafayette replied, saying : "I hope, that displayed from the most prominent part of my house, at La Grange, it will always testify to all who may see it, the kindness of the

^a Baron De Kalb ; a major-general in the American army. He was born in Germany, about the year 1717. In 1777, he came to this country, and took part in the war of the Revolution.

American nation toward its adopted and devoted son." The people thronged around him as he traveled through France and he was everywhere hailed "The people's friend!"

LESSON CXX.

LAMENT FOR LAFAYETTE.

1. ALL lonely and cold, in the sepulcher slumbers
 The giant of freedom,^a the chosen of fame!
 Too high is the theme for my harp's lowly numbers;
 Yet fain would I twine me a wreath for that name
 Which proudly shines forth in the tablet of glory,
 Unsullied by faction, untarnished by guile;
 The loftiest theme for the bard's raptured story;
 The name by which freemen met death with a smile.

2. Then arise, ye proud bards! give our hearts' mighty sad-
 A voice not unworthy a theme so sublime, [ness,
 For him, the bright day-star of freedom and gladness,
 Whose memory will glow through the far flight of time
 He is gone, and forever! the pride of our nation;
 That bright sun of freedom in glory hath set;
 The heroes who bled for our country's salvation,
 Now joy in thy presence, O brave Lafayette!

3. Thou camest to our shore when the day-star of freedom
 Was proudly dispelling dark tyranny's night,
 When millions awoke to the rank she decreed them,
 And the millions of despots were scattered in flight;
 When the star-spangled banner waves sheen^b in the morn-
 The heart of the freeman will bound at thy name; [ing,
 Thou champion of freedom! fell tyranny scorning,
 One world was too small for the blaze of thy fame!

^a "Giant of freedom," Lafayette. ^b Sheen; bright, shining.

4. Bright, bright is the path thou hast left of thy glory,
 Amid the world's darkness, which ne'er shall decline,
 For the light of thy fame on the ages before thee,
 With splendor unsullied, forever will shine;
 When freedom's bright fabric lay blackened in ruin,
 While bloodthirsty tyrants usurped the dread sway,
 At the roots of the proud tree of liberty hewing,
 All hopes for the land of thy love died away.
5. Thou art gone! thy pure soul on its voyage hath started;
 From its ashes the phoenix^a of freedom hath flown,
 To join the bright phalanx^b of heroes departed,
 Who dwell in the light of a fame like thine own.
 Farewell, thou last star of that bright constellation
 Of heroes whose glory can never depart;
 Thy fame hath no limit of kindred or nation;
 Thy name is enshrined in each patriot's heart.
6. With Washington's blended, for ever thy glory
 Shall form the proud theme of our bard's burning lays,
 While the banner of freedom shall proudly wave o'er thee,
 Thou mighty departed! thou light of our days;
 But still! my wild harp, all in vain we lament him;
 His praise must be sung by some loftier lyre;
 Let the soul-raptured bard use the gift heaven hath lent
 And weave for our hero a requiem of fire! [him,

LESSON CXXI.

ELOQUENCE.

1. THAT I may not stand alone in my views on the subject of genuine eloquence, I will give the language of those able statesmen of our country, John Adams and Daniel Webster.

^a Phoenix; a fabled bird, which the ancients supposed to live for a long period, and finally to burn itself, and rise again from its own ashes. ^b The departed heroes of the American Revolution.

2. Mr. Adams remarked, "Oratory, as it consists in the expression of the countenance, graces of attitude and motion, and intonation of voice, although it is altogether superficial and ornamental, will always command admiration, yet it deserves little veneration.

3. "Flashes of wit, coruscations of imagination, and gay pictures; what are they? Strict truth, rapid reason, and pure integrity, are the only essential ingredients in oratory. I flatter myself that Demosthenes, by his action, action, action,' meant to express the same opinion."

4. Mr. Webster observes, "When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are qualities that produce conviction.

5. "True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it; but they toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way; but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it, but they cannot reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force.

6. "The graces taught in schools, the courtly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the lives of their wives and children, and their country, hang on the decision of an hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Then, even genius feels rebuked and subdued, as if in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent, then self-devotion is eloquent.

7. "The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic; the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing

every feature, and urging the whole man onward, onward to his object ; this, this is eloquence, or rather, something greater than eloquence ; it is action noble, sublime, and god-like action."

8. Rhetoric, as taught in our seminaries, and by itinerant elocutionists, is one thing ; genuine, heart-thrilling, soul-stirring eloquence, is a very different thing. The one is like the rose in wax, without odor ; the other like the rose on its native bush, perfuming the atmosphere with the rich odors, distilled from the dew of heaven.

9. The one is the finely finished statue of a Cicero or Demosthenes, more perfect in its lineaments than the original ; pleasing the eye and enrapturing the imagination ; the other is the living man, animated by intellectual power, rousing the deepest feelings of every heart, and electrifying every soul, as with vivid lightning. The one is a picture of the passions all on fire ; the other is the real conflagration ; pouring out a volume of words that burn, like liquid flames bursting from the crater of a volcano.

10. The one attracts the admiring gaze, and tickles the fancy of an audience ; the other sounds an alarm, that vibrates through the tingling ears to the soul, and drives back the rushing blood upon the aching heart. The one falls upon the multitude like April showers, glittering in the sunbeams, animating and bringing nature into mellow life ; the other rouses the same mass to deeds of noble daring, and imparts to it the terrific force of an avalanche.

11. The one moves the cerebral foliage in waves of recumbent beauty, like a gentle wind passing over a prairie of tall grass and flowers ; the other strikes a blow, that resounds through the wilderness of mind, like rolling thunder through a forest of oaks. The one fails when strong commotions and angry elements agitate the public peace ; the other can ride upon the whirlwind, direct the tornado, and rule the storm.

LESSON CXXII.

AMES'S^a SPEECH ON THE BRITISH TREATY.^b

1. **MR. SPEAKER :** If any, against all these proofs, should maintain, that the peace with the Indians will be stable without the posts, to them I will urge another reply. From arguments calculated to produce conviction, I will appeal directly to the hearts of those who hear me, and ask whether it is not already planted there ? I resort especially to the convictions of the western gentlemen, whether, supposing no posts and no treaty, the settlers will remain in security ? Can they take it upon them to say, that an Indian peace, under these circumstances, will prove firm ?

2. No, sir, it will not be peace, but a sword ; it will be no better than a lure to draw victims within the reach of the tomahawk. On this theme my emotions are unutterable. If I could find words for them, if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal, I would swell my voice to such a note of remonstrance, that it should reach every log house beyond the mountains.

3. I would say to the inhabitants, wake from your false security ; your cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehensions, are soon to be renewed ; the wounds, yet unhealed, are to be torn open again. In the day-time, your path through the woods will be ambushed ; the darkness of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father, the blood of your sons shall fatten your corn-field ; you are a mother, the war whoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle.

4. On this subject you need not suspect any deception on your feelings ; it is a spectacle of horror, which cannot be overdrawn. If you have nature in your hearts, they will speak a language, compared with which all I have said, or can say, will be poor and frigid.

^a Ames (Fisher ;) one of the most eloquent of American statesmen and writers, a native of Dedham, Massachusetts. ^b British Treaty ; the Treaty of 1783, executed at Paris, by Adams, Franklin, &c.

5. Will it be whispered, that the treaty has made me a new champion for the protection of the frontiers? It is known that my voice, as well as vote, have been uniformly given in conformity with the ideas I have expressed. Protection is the right of the frontiers; it is our duty to give it.

6. Who will accuse me of wandering from the subject? Who will say, that I exaggerate the tendencies of our measures? Will any one answer by a sneer, that all this is idle preaching? Will any one deny, that we are bound, and I would hope to good purpose, by the most solemn sanctions of duty, for the vote we give? Are despots alone to be reproached for unfeeling indifference to the tears and blood of their subjects?

7. Have the principles on which you ground the reproach upon cabinets and kings, no practical influence, no binding force? Are they merely themes of idle declamation, introduced to decorate the morality of a newspaper essay, or to furnish pretty topics of harangue from the windows of the state-house? I trust it is neither too presumptuous nor too late to ask, Can you put the dearest interest of society to hazard, without guilt, and without remorse?

8. By rejecting the posts, we light the savage fires, we bind the victim. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our decision will make; to the wretches that will be roasted at the stake; to our country, and, I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God. We are answerable; and if duty be any thing more than a word of imposture, if conscience be not a bugbear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country.

9. There is no mistake in this case, there can be none; experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The western inhabitants are not a silent and uncomplaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of the wilderness; it exclaims, that while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk.

10. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open.

It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance and the shrieks of torture ; already they seem to sigh in the western wind ; already they mingle with every echo from the mountains.

LESSON CXXIII.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

1. My neighbor was a man of expedients, and had spent his whole life, and exhausted all his ingenuity, in that adroit presentation of pretences, which in common speech, is called keeping up appearances. In this art he was really skillful ; and I often suspected then, and have really concluded since, that if he had turned half the talent to procuring an honest livelihood, which he used to ponder over his ill-dissembled poverty, it would have been better for his soul and body both. He was a man that never equivocated unless it was to keep up appearances.

2. How often have I seen him put to his trumps, steering between Scylla and Charybdis, adroitly adjusting his language so as to make an impression, without incurring a falsehood, and reduced to shifts by which none were deceived, because all understood them ! At one time after a week's starvation to procure a velvet collar for his best coat, his family were sitting down to a dinner of hasty-pudding and molasses, when, unluckily, I happened to walk in without knocking ; a very improper course ; and the family having no time to slip away the plates and table-cloth, were taken in the very act.

3. I never saw a man more confounded. A hectic flush passed over his long, sallow cheek, like the last, sad bloom on the visage of a consumptive man. He looked, for a moment, almost like a convicted criminal ; but, however, he soon recovered himself, and returned to his expedients.

4. "We thought," said he, "we would have a plain dinner

to-day; always to eat roast turkeys makes one sick." There was no disputing this broad maxim. But happy would it have been for this ill-fated family, if there had been no sickness among its members, either of the head or heart, but such as is produced by eating roasted turkey.

5. Yet my neighbor, with all his expedients, was a very unpopular man. Though he was always angling for public favor, he never had skill enough to put on the bait so as to conceal the hook, even to the gudgeons that floated in our shallow streams. There was a broken bridge near his habitation, and one year he was plotting and expecting to be surveyor of the highways, that he might mend it for the public convenience, at the public expense.

6. He was disappointed; and old Mr. Slider, his rival and enemy, was put in the office, who suffered the bridge to remain unrepaired, with the ungenerous sarcasm, that a man who lived in such a shattered house, might well endure to ride over a rotten bridge.

7. There was a militia company, and my neighbor was expecting to be chosen captain, especially as he had been in the revolutionary army, and had actually spoken to General Washington. But at the age of forty-one, they chose him orderly-sergeant; which office he refused, declaring with much spitting and sputtering, that he would never serve his ungrateful country again. Thus closed his military honors; he was reduced to the necessity of finding the post of virtue in a private station.

8. I have heard that the only way to cure ambition is, to starve it to death; and all the world seemed to combine to remove his favorite passion by that unwelcome medicine. Once he had determined to have a large party at his house and he desired to get it up in the very best style. He had invited all the grandees of Bundleborough; Esquire Wilson, and his one-eyed daughter; Mrs. Butterfly, a retired milliner; Mrs. Redrose, a jolly widow; Mr. Wallflower, a broken merchant; and Captain Casket, supposed to be a pensioner on the king of Great Britain.

9. The family had raked and scraped, and twisted and turned, to procure all the money they could ; his wife had sold pickled mangoes ; his daughter was sent to pick up mushrooms, in the great pasture ; and he disposed of about two tons of old salt hay, the remaining wheel of an old ox-cart, all his pumpkins and turnips, and about half his Indian corn, to make up the sum of fifteen dollars thirty-seven and a half cents, with which he was to shine out, for one evening at least, in all the peacock-feathers with which ingenious poverty could cover over its hide-bound, frost-bitten, hunger-wasted frame.

10. He sent for all the china and glass he could beg or borrow ; and Mr. Planewell, the carpenter, was summoned to repair the front gate, set up the fence, and new lay the step before the front door ; but as there was very little prospect of, his ever being paid, he could not come. Two of the legs of the dining-table were broken, and his daughter was ordered to glue them ; but failing in that, she tied them together with a piece of fish-line, which was to be concealed by the depending table-cloth.

11. The table-cloth itself was of the finest and nicest damask ; but unluckily, there was a thin spot in the middle of it, almost verging to a hole ; but this was to be concealed by the mat on which was laid the great dish in the center. His wife had spent the previous week in preparation, keeping the whole house in confusion, washing, scouring, cleaning, adjusting the best chamber, where the ladies were to take off their bonnets, mending the carpet, and polishing the shovel and tongs ; and, considering her means, she put things in tolerable order.

12. An old, half-blind negro woman, by the name of Joice, who had formerly waited on parties, but was now nearly superannuated, was to come and assist them ; and it was stipulated that she should have the fragments of the feast, for her pay. The evening came ; the company assembled ; the old barn-lantern, with one broken and three cracked glasses, was hung up in the entry for an introductory light ; the turkey, chickens, jellies, and confectionary, were prepared.

13. Joice was busy, and his wife was directing, and all were happy. But let no man hereafter pronounce an evening blessed, before the hour of supper has closed. Joice had complained already, that she wanted things to do with; and on the narrow table in the kitchen she had overturned a lamp, and oiled the bottom of the great dish on which the turkey was to be presented on the supper-table.

14. It became slippery, her fingers were slippery, and she was half blind; as she came waddling into the supper-room, with the treasures of her cookery, she stumbled, struck the poor spliced legs of the dining-table, the patchwork gave way, down went the table, dishes, and sauces on the ladies' gowns; down went poor Joice in the midst of them; the fish-line was revealed, the torn place in the table-cloth was seen, torn still more disastrously; my neighbor looked aghast, his wife was in tears, and the whole company were in confusion.

15. My neighbor, however, tried to jump out of his condition like a cat out of a corner. "So much for Mr. Hardwood, our cabinet-maker; I had just ordered a new table, but he never sends home his work in time." In saying this, he did not tell a lie; he just told half the truth. He had ordered a new table, and Mr. Hardwood had not sent it in time; but then he distinctly told the reason, and that was, he should not send it until he had settled off the old score.

16. "O poverty, poverty!" I must allow, poverty is bad enough, though not so terrible when it comes alone. But avert from me the mingled horrors of pride and poverty, when they come upon us together!

LESSON CXXIV.

FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

MRS. TUTHILL.

1. WHEN a young man has finished his collegiate course of education, he enters immediately upon the study of the profession, or into the business which he is to pursue. He

looks forward with eager anticipation to the time when his name shall be honored among his fellow-men, or his coffers overflow with wealth, or when he shall be the messenger of mercy, and win many from the error of their ways. His course of study is still plainly marked out. He does not waste time in the choice of a pursuit, for his natural talents, the habitual bias of his mind, or the wishes of friends, have already decided the question.

2. Not so with a young lady. Having passed through the usual studies at school in a desultory manner, generally too desultory to produce a disciplined, well-balanced mind, she considers her education finished, or continues it without any special object in view.

3. Perhaps, my young friends, you have been absent for years from the home of your childhood; its gayer visions have flitted away; life begins to assume a sober reality. Casting a mournful glance of retrospection, you inquire, Of what value is the little knowledge acquired, if I go no farther? Like an armory in time of peace, arranged with much attempt at display, it seems brilliant and useless. You have, indeed, been collecting the weapons for life's warfare; their temper is not yet tried, but the strife has already begun.

4. This is the season for castle-building. How fascinating the rainbow visions that flit before a vivid imagination, yet how dangerous the indulgence! Exhausted with these wanderings, wild lassitude and ennui succeed.

"Fancy enervates, while it soothes the heart,
And, while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight;
To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold night."

5. As their only resource, many young ladies in town rush with eagerness into society, drowning reflection in the all-absorbing career of fashionable gayety, filling up its brief intervals with novel-reading. Those whose home is in the country are disgusted with this "working-day world," and its plain, good folks.

6. Their refined education has unfitted them for cordial

companionship with their friends and neighbors, whose useful common sense they cannot appreciate, and whose virtues, unadorned by the graces of polished life, they cannot admire. Too often, making no effort to settle themselves to the employments that should now devolve upon them, they live in a world of their own creation, or find one equally well fitted to their taste in the contents of the nearest circulating library.

7. Instead of wasting this precious period in fascinating dreams of future happiness, in enervating idleness, or unsatisfying gayety, let me urge upon you, my kind readers, the importance of the present golden moments. Sheltered beneath the paternal roof, guarded from outward evil by the vigilance of love, the perplexing cares and overwhelming anxieties of life are not yet yours. You now enjoy the best possible opportunity to gain a knowledge of yourself, your disposition, habits, prejudices, purposes, acquirements, deficiencies, principles.

8. Much may have been done for you by parents and teachers; the strength of the foundation they have laid will be tested by the superstructure which must be built by yourself. Cheerfully, then, commence that self-education, without which all other education is comparatively useless. Shrink not from your high responsibilities; He who has encompassed you with them will give you strength for their fulfilment.

9. Has he not showered benefits upon you with unsparing hand? Your country, is it not a blessed one? Parents, kindred, friends, talents, and the means for improving them; competence, wealth, does not your heart overflow with gratitude to the Giver? Even now, he grants you that quiet home, where you may prepare yourself for another, with more tender affections, and more solemn responsibilities, and for another still beyond, and not very far distant, a home in heaven!

10. Woman's lot may be deemed a lowly one by those who look not into the deeper mysteries of human life, who know not the silent, resistless influences that mold the in-

intellectual and moral character of mankind. Woman's lot is a high and holy one; and she "who fulfils the conditions required by conscience, takes the surest way of answering the purposes of Providence." Conscientiously and cheerfully, then, go on with your own education, mental, physical, and moral.

LESSON CXXV.

MELANCHOLY.

[The reader may scan the following piece, in which the Iambus occurs with the Anapest.]

1. THE sun^a | of the morn | ing,
 Unclou | ded and bright, |
 The landscape adorning
 With luster and light,
 To glory and gladness
 New bliss may impart;
 But, O, give to sadness
 And softness of heart

A moment to ponder, a season to grieve,
 The light of the moon, or the shadows of eve.

2. Then soothing reflections
 Arise on the mind,
 And sweet recollections
 Of friends who were kind;
 Of love that was tender
 And yet could decay,
 Of visions whose splendor
 Time withered away;

In all that for brightness and beauty may seem
 The painting of fancy, the work of a dream.

^a The Iambus is sometimes introduced into Anapestic verse, especially at the beginning of the line. It will be observed, that the pairs of short lines are, in fact, only one broken into two parts.

3. The soft cloud of whiteness,
The stars beaming through,
The full noon of brightness,
The deep sky of blue,
The rush of the river,
Through vales that are still,
The breezes that ever
Sigh lone o'er the hill,
Are sounds that can soften, and sights that impart
A bliss to the eye, and a balm to the heart.

LESSON CXXVI.

TO A SISTER ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY SON.

1. GENTLY, sister! Thy beauteous child
Heeds not thy bitter weeping;
Not floods of tears, nor wailings wild,
Can move his silent sleeping.
Like passing dream his spirit came,
And, ere it burned, expired the flame.
2. How sadly now his brilliant eye
With lifeless lid is shaded!
The death-drops on his forehead lie,
His ruddy cheek, how faded!
But yet a smile is on thy boy,
As erst it gave his mother joy.
3. Thy heart alone its anguish knows,
Nor can thy grief be spoken;
That bitter moan too truly shows
That "golden bowl" is broken!
Nor would I quell affection's grief,
For 'tis the soul's most sweet relief.

4. Yet listen, sister ! while I lave
 The swelling tide of sorrow,
 For rests thy babe within its grave
 Ere sets the sun to-morrow ;
 And then, no more its form we see,
 Till death shall call for thee and me.
5. Hast heard it told, when infants smile
 In calm and tranquil slumbers,
 That angels round them watch awhile
 And chant their heavenly numbers ?
 'Tis said, that in their sleep they hear
 Soft tones, unknown to other ear.
6. Then, sister ! hear the silent voice
 Thine infant's smile is giving ;
 " O, mother ! weep not, but rejoice ;
 Thy child in heaven is living.
 I ne'er again can come to thee,
 But soon thou 'lt come from earth to me."

LESSON CXXVII.

SCOTLAND.

FLAGE.

1. SCOTLAND ! There is magic in the sound. Statesmen scholars, divines, heroes, and poets ! do you want exemplars worthy of study and imitation ? Where will you find them brighter than in Scotland ? Where can you find them purer than in Scotland ? Here no Solon, indulging imagination, has pictured the perfectability of man ; no Lycurgus,^a viewing him through the medium of human frailty alone, has left for his government an iron code, graven on eternal adamant. No Plato, dreaming in the luxurious gardens of the academy, has fancied what he should be, and bequeathed a republic of love.

^a Lycurgus ; a Spartan legislator, born about 898, B. C.

But sages, knowing their weakness, have appealed to his understanding, cherished his virtues, and chastised his vices.

2. Friends of learning! would you do homage at the shrine of literature? Would you visit her clearest founts? Go to Scotland. Are you philosophers, seeking to explore the hidden mysteries of mind? Bend to the genius of Stewart!^a Student, merchant, or mechanic, do you seek usefulness? Consult the pages of Black and of Adam Smith. Grave barrister! would you know the law; the true, the sole expression of the people's will? There stands the mighty Mansfield!^b

3. Do we look for high examples of noble daring? Where shall we find them brighter than in Scotland? From the "bonny highland heather" of her lofty summits, to the modest lily of the vale, not a flower but has blushed with patriot blood. From the proud foaming crest of Solway, to the calm polished breast of Loch Katrine, not a river or lake but has swelled with the life-tide of freedom! Would you witness greatness? Contemplate a Wallace^c and a Bruce.^d They fought not for honors, for party, for conquest. 'T was for their country and their country's good, religion, liberty and law.

4. Would you ask for chivalry? that high and delicate sense of honor, which deems a stain upon one's country, as individual disgrace; that moral courage which measures danger, and meets it against known odds; that patriot valor, which would rather repose on a death-bed of laurels than flourish in wealth and power under the night-shade of despotism? Citizen soldier! turn to Lochiel; "proud bird of the mountain!" Though pierced with the usurper's arrow, his plumage still shines through the cloud of oppression, lighting to honor all who nobly dare to "do or die." Where then can we better look for all that is worthy of honest ambition, than to Scotland?

^a Stewart, Dugald; an eminent philosopher, born at Edinburgh in 1753. ^b Mansfield, William Murray; born at Perth in 1706, and became chief justice of the King's Bench in 1756. ^c Wallace, Sir William; a Scottish patriot, born in 1276. ^d Bruce, Robert; the deliverer of Scotland from the English yoke, by the defeat of Edward II, in 1314, at Bannockburn.

LESSON CXXVIII.

THE CHARACTER OF GREENE.

RECAPIT.

1. NEXT to Washington, Greene^a was the ablest commander in the revolutionary army. In person he was above the middle height, and strongly made. He had a fine face, with a florid complexion, lit up by brilliant blue eyes. His natural expression was frank and benevolent, but in battle it assumed a sternness, which showed that beneath his easy and gentle manners was a strength of purpose not easily overcome. When highly excited, or absorbed in intense thought, he had a curious habit of rubbing violently his upper lip with his fore-finger.

2. Inured by exposure and toil, his frame possessed a wonderful power of endurance, rendered still greater by the indomitable will it enclosed. A self-made man, he rose from the ranks to major-general of the army, solely by his own genius and force. Ignorant at first of military tactics,^b he applied himself with such diligence to the subject, that he mastered them in less time than many employ on the rudiments; and the knowledge he obtained was not merely so many maxims and rules stowed away, but principles, out of which he wrought his own plans and system.

3. He had almost intuitive perception of character. He resembled Washington in this respect, and seemed to take the exact measure of every man who approached him. Many of his actions in the field were based upon this knowledge of his adversaries, and hence, though often inexplicable to others, perfectly clear and rational to himself.

4. Thus, in the southern campaign against Cornwallis^c his movements were sometimes considered rash in the extreme,

^a Greene; Major General Nathaniel Greene was born in Warwick, Rhode Island, May 27th, 1742. ^b Tactics; the science and art of disposing military and naval forces in order of battle. ^c Cornwallis; the British commander.

by those who judged of them merely from the relative position and strength of the armies. But to him, who could judge more correctly from his knowledge of men's views and character, than from their transient movements, what course they would take, they appeared the wisest he could adopt.

5. A more fearless man never led an army ; and his courage was not the result of sudden enthusiasm, or even of excitement, but of a well-balanced and strong character. He was never known to be thrown from his perfect self-possession by any danger, however sudden ; and was just as calm and collected when his shattered army tossed in a perfect wreck around him, as in his tent at night. The roar of artillery, and the tumult of a fierce-fought battle, could not disturb the natural action of his mind ; his thoughts were as clear, and his judgment was as correct, in the midst of a sudden and unexpected overthrow, as in planning a campaign.*

6. This gave him tremendous power, and was the great reason that, though beaten, he could not be utterly routed. No matter how superior his antagonist, or how unexpected the panic of his troops, he was never, like Gates, driven a fugitive from the field. He possessed two qualities seldom found united ; great caution, and yet great rapidity. His blow was carefully planned, and when it came it fell like falling lightning.

7. His mind was clear and comprehensive, and worked with ceaseless activity and energy. Nothing could escape his glance, and he seemed to forecast all the contingencies that did or could happen. His fortitude was wonderful. All exposures, all privations, all embarrassments, toils and sufferings, he bore with a patience that filled his soldiers with astonishment and admiration. During his southern campaign he never took off his clothes, except to change them, for seven months ; and sometimes would be in the saddle two days on a stretch, without a moment's repose.

* The time an army is in the field.

7. Let us, then, with courage and confidence, pursue our own federal and republican principles; our attachment to union and representative government. Kindly separated by nature and a wide ocean from the exterminating havoc of one quarter of the globe; too high-minded to endure the degradations of the others; possessing a chosen country, with room enough for our descendants to the thousandth and thousandth generation; entertaining a due sense of our equal right to the use of our own faculties, to the acquisitions of our own industry, to honor and confidence from our fellow-citizens, resulting not from birth, but from our actions, and their sense of them; enlightened by a benign religion, professed, indeed, and practiced in various forms, yet all of them inculcating honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude, and the love of man; acknowledging and adoring an overruling Providence, which, by all its dispensations, proves that it delights in the happiness of man here, and his greater happiness hereafter; with all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and prosperous people?

8. Still, one thing more, fellow-citizens; a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another; shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement; and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government; and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities.

LESSON CXXXV.

REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH OF ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.*

WEBSTER.

1. ADAMS and JEFFERSON are no more! On our fiftieth anniversary, the great day of National Jubilee, in the very hour of public rejoicing, in the midst of echoing and re-

* They died July 4th, 1826.

to a precipitate flight. No sooner was Cornwallis beyond his reach, than he turned furiously on his posts in South Carolina, and carrying them one after another, brought the war to the doors of Charleston. His combinations, throughout the whole campaign, were admirable, and succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations. He did not commit a single error, and every failure that befell him was the result of the most arrant cowardice on the part of some of his militia.

13. Years before, the English officer opposed to him in Jersey, wrote, saying, "Greene is dangerous as Washington; he is vigilant, enterprising, and full of resources." The Chevalier de la Luzerne, Knight of Malta, in speaking of his southern campaign, said: "Other generals subdue their enemy by the means which their country or sovereign furnishes them; but Greene appears to reduce his enemy by his own means. He commenced his campaign without either an army, provisions, or military stores. He has asked for nothing since; and yet, scarcely a post arrives from the South that does not bring intelligence of some new advantage gained over the foe. He conquers by magic. History furnishes no parallel to this."

14. The resources of his mind were inexhaustible; there was no gulf out of which he could not find a way of escape, and no plan, if necessary, too hopeless for him to attempt. Without a dollar from government, and penniless himself, he nevertheless managed to keep an army in the field, and conquer with it. True, it was half-naked and half-starved; but by his wonderful power he succeeded in holding it together.

15. His soldiers loved him with devotion, and having seen him extricate himself so often from apparently inevitable ruin, they at length came to regard him as invincible. Sharing all their toils and dangers, and partaking of all their sufferings, he so wound himself into their affections, that they would go wherever he commanded. He made of raw militia all that ever can be made of them, in the short time he had them under his control.

16. His patriotism was of the purest kind, and Washington

spoke from correct knowledge when he said : " Could he but promote the interests of his country in the character of a corporal, he would exchange, without a murmur, his epaulets for the knot." His own reputation and life he regarded as nothing in the cause of freedom. Next to his country, he loved Washington ; and no mean ambition, or envy of his great leader, ever sullied his noble character.

17. That affection was returned, and the two heroes moved side by side, as tried friends, through the revolutionary struggle. He was a man whose like is seldom seen ; and placed in any country, opposed to any commander, would have stood first in the rank of military chieftains. In the heart of Europe with a veteran army under his command, he would have astonished the world.

LESSON CXXIX.

CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE NEW WORLD TO THE OLD.

WEBSTER.

1. Few topics are more inviting, or more fit for philosophical discussion, than the action and influence of the new world upon the old ; or the contributions of America to Europe. Her obligations to Europe for science and art, laws, literature and manners, America acknowledges as she ought, with respect and gratitude.

2. And the people of the United States, descendants of the English stock, grateful for the treasures of knowledge derived from their English ancestors, acknowledge also, with thanks and filial regard, that among those ancestors, under the culture of Hampden and Sydney, and other assiduous friends, that seed of popular liberty germinated, which on our soil has shot up to its full height, until its branches overshadow all the land.

3. But America has not failed to make returns. If she has not canceled the obligation, or equaled it by others of like weight, she has, at least, made respectable advances, and some approaches toward equality. And she admits, that standing

in the midst of civilized nations, there is a high part which she is expected to act, for the general advance of human interests and human welfare.

4. American mines have filled the mints of Europe with the precious metals. The productions of the American soil and climate have poured out their abundance of luxuries for the tables of the rich, and of necessities for the sustenance of the poor. Birds and animals of beauty and value have been added to the European stock; and transplantations from the transcendent and unequalled riches of our forests have mingled themselves profusely with the elms, and ashes, and Druidal oaks, of England.

5. America has made contributions far more vast. Who can estimate the amount, or the value, of the augmentation of the commerce of the world that has resulted from America? Who can imagine to himself what would be the shock to the Eastern Continent, if the Atlantic were no longer traversable, or there were no longer American productions, or American markets? But America exercises influences, or holds out examples, for the consideration of the Old World, of a much higher, because they are of a moral and political, character. America has furnished to Europe proof of the fact, that popular institutions, founded on equality and the principle of representation, are capable of maintaining governments; able to secure the rights of person, property, and reputation.

6. America has proved that it is practicable to elevate the mass of mankind; — that portion which in Europe is called the laboring, or lower class; — to raise them to self-respect, to make them competent to act a part in the great right and great duty of self-government; and this she has proved may be done by education and the diffusion of knowledge. She holds out an example, a thousand times more enchanting than ever was presented before, to those nine-tenths of the human race who are born without hereditary fortune or hereditary rank.

7. America has furnished to the world the character of Washington! And if our American institutions had done

And fraud and rapine registered in blood,
As Europe's public law, e'en on the authority
Of thrones; this have I seen; yes, like a slave,
A coward, have I seen what well might burst
The patriot's heart, and from its scabbard force
The feeblest sword that ever slumbered at
A courtier's side; yet have I never stirred
My country, never roused her sons to vengeance:
But rather used the sway their love allowed me,
To calm the boiling tumult of their hearts,
Which else had chafed and foamed to desperation.

Hoh. The state is much beholden to Alasco;
And we, her humble instruments, must bow,
And to his interference owe our safety.

Alas. Tyrants, proud lord, are never safe, nor should be.
The ground is mined beneath them as they tread;
Haunted by plots, cabals, conspiracies,
Their lives are long convulsions, and they shake,
Surrounded by their guards and garrisons.

Hoh. Your patriot care, sir, would redress all wrongs
That spring from harsh restraints of law and justice.
Your virtue prompts you to make war on tyrants,
And like another Brutus free your country.

Alas. Why, if there were some slanderous tool of state,
Some taunting, dull, unmannered deputy,
Some district despot prompt to play the Tarquin,
By heaven! I well could act the Roman part,
And strike the brutal tyrant to the earth,
Although he wore the mask of Hohendahl.

Hoh. Ha! darest thou thus provoke me, insolent! (Draws.

Wal. [Advancing between them.] Rash boy, forbear! My lord
you are too hasty.

Alas. This reproof is your protection from my arm.

Wal. Methinks, young man, a friend of mine might claim
More reverence at your hands.

Alas. Thy friend! by heaven!
That sacred title might command my worship,

Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, 'ere he is aware.

2. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
Go forth unto the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings, while from all around,
Earth, and her waters, and the depths of air,
Comes a still voice ; yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course.

3. Nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again ;
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone ; nor could'st thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world ; with kings,
The powerful of the earth ; the wise, the good,
Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher.

4. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun ; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods ; rivers that move
In majesty ; and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadow green ; and poured round all
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man.

LESSON CXXXI.

INTELLECTUAL QUALITIES OF MILTON.

CHANNING.

1. In speaking of the intellectual qualities of Milton,* we may begin by observing that the very splendor of his poetic fame has tended to obscure or conceal the extent of his mind, and the variety of its energies and attainments. To many, he seems only a poet, when, in truth, he was a profound scholar, a man of vast compass of thought, imbued thoroughly with all ancient and modern learning, and able to master, to mold, to impregnate with his own intellectual power, his great and various acquisitions.

2. He had not learned the superficial doctrine of a later day, that poetry flourishes most in an uncultivated soil, and that imagination shapes its brightest visions from the mists of a superstitious age; and he had no dread of accumulating knowledge lest he should oppress and smother his genius.

3. He was conscious of that within him which could quicken all knowledge, and wield it with ease and might; which could give freshness to old truths, and harmony to discordant thoughts; which could bind together, by living ties and mysterious affinities, the most remote discoveries; and rear fabrics of glory and beauty from the rude materials which other minds had collected.

4. Milton had that universality of mind which marks the highest order of intellect. Though accustomed, almost from infancy, to drink at the fountains of classical literature, he had nothing of the pedantry and fastidiousness which disdain all other draughts. His healthy mind delighted in genius, in whatever soil, or in whatever age, it might have burst forth and poured out its fullness. He understood too well the right, and dignity, and pride of created imagination, to lay on it the laws of the Greek or Roman school. Parnassus^b was not to him the only holy ground of genius.

* Milton, John; the Homer of Britain; born in London, Dec. 9th, 1608. See p. 268.

^b Parnassus; the name of a mountain-chain in Phoebe, a small tract of country in

5. He felt that poetry was a universal presence. Great minds were everywhere his kindred. He felt the enchantment of oriental fiction, surrendered himself to the strange creations of "Araby the blest," and delighted still more in the romantic spirit of chivalry, and in the tales of wonder in which it was embodied. Accordingly, his poetry reminds us of the ocean, which adds to its own boundlessness, contributions from all regions under heaven.

6. Nor was it only in the department of imagination that his acquisitions were vast. He traveled over the whole field of knowledge, as far as it had then been explored. His various philological attainments were used to put him in possession of the wisdom stored in all countries where the intellect had been cultivated. The natural philosophy, metaphysics,* ethics, history, theology, and political science of his own and former times, were familiar to him. Never was there a more unconfined mind; and we would cite Milton as a practical example of the benefits of that universal culture of intellect, which forms one distinction of our times, but which some dread as unfriendly to original thought.

7. Let such remember that mind is, in its own nature, diffusive. Its object is the universe, which is strictly one, or bound together by infinite connections and correspondencies; and, accordingly, its natural progress is from one field of thought to another, and wherever original power or creative genius exists, the mind, far from being distracted or oppressed by the variety of its acquisitions, will see more and more bearings, and hidden and beautiful analogies in all the objects of knowledge, will see mutual light shed from truth to truth, and will compel, as with a kingly power, whatever it understands to yield some tribute of proof, or illustration, or splendor, to whatever topic it would unfold.

Greece proper. Between two rocks on this mountain issues what poets call the *Par-
naean spring.* * *Metaphysics*; the science of mind or intelligence.

LESSON CXXXII.

[Before reading this piece it would be well to consult the directions given on page 62.]

COL. WALSINGHAM — BARON HOHENDAHL — ALASCO.

SHEE.

Walsingham. Nay! my good lord! you carry this too far
Alasco leader of a band of rebels!

Impossible!

Hohendahl. I have it here in proof;
Rebellion wears his livery, and looks big
In promise of his aid: his followers
Are seen in midnight muster on our hills,
Rehearsing insurrection, and arrayed
In mimicry of war.

Wal. It cannot be!

By heaven it cannot be! your spies deceive you.
I know the madness of the time has reached him,
And when the fit is on, like other fools,
He raves of liberty and public rights;
But he would scorn to lead the low cabals
Of vassal discontent and vulgar turbulence.

Hoh. My good old friend! your loyal nature yields
Unwilling credence to such crimes as these;
But I have marked Alasco well, and found
Beneath the mask of specious seeming, still
The captious critic of authority;
Ready to clap sedition on the back,
And stir the very dregs and lees of life,
To foam upon its surface; at I see
The subject moves you.

Wal. Yes, it does, indeed!

His father was my friend and fellow-soldier;
A braver spirit never laid his life
Upon his country's altar. At my side
He fell; his wife and son, with his last breath,

Bequeathing to my care ; a sacred trust,
Of half its duties speedily curtailed ;
For grief soon bowed the widow to her grave.
Sole guardian of Alasco, 't was my pride
To form him like his father ; and indeed,
So apt in honor and all worth he grew,
My wishes scarce kept pace with his advancement.
While yet a boy, I led him to the field,
And there such gallant spirit he displayed,
That e'en the steady veteran in the breach
Was startled at his daring. To be brief,
I loved him as my son. **(Enter Alasco.)*
You were our theme, Alasco.

Alasco. A subject, sir, unworthy of discussion,
If slander have not given it a zest.

Wal. Slander, Alasco !

Alas. Ay, sir, slander 's abroad,
And busy ; few escape her ; she can take
All shapes ; and sometimes, from the blistered lips
Of galled authority, will pour her slime
On all who dare dispute the claims of pride,
Or question the high privilege of oppression.

Hoh. Your words seem pointed, sir, and splenetic.

Alas. They are honest, my lord, and you well understand
them.

Wal. What means this heat, Alasco ? Innocence
Can fear no slander, and suspects no foe.

Alas. He 's on his guard who knows his enemy,
And innocence may safely trust her shield
Against an open foe ; but who 's so mailed
That slander shall not reach him ? coward calumny
Stabs in the dark. *(Going.)*

Wal. Alasco ! Count Alasco !

Alas. *(Returning.)* Sir, your pleasure ?

Wal. 'T is now, methinks, some twenty years, or more,
Since that brave man, your father, and my friend,
While life scarce fluttered on his quivering lips,
Consigned your youthful fortunes to my care.

Alas. And nobly, sir, your generous spirit stands
Acquitted of that trust.

Wal. 'T is well ! perhaps
I may assume I've been Alasco's friend.

Alas. My friend ! my father ' say, my more than
father !

And let me still, with love and reverence, pay
The duty of a son.

Wal. A son of mine
Must be the soul of loyalty and honor ;
A scion worthy of the stock he grafts on ;
No factious mouther of imagined wrongs,
To sting and goad the maddening multitude,
And set the monster loose for desolation.

Alas. Is this to me ! has slander gone so far,
As dare to taint the honor of Alasco ?

Wal. How suits it with the honor of Alasco,
To plot against his country's peace, and league
With low confederates, for a lawless purpose ?
Manœuvring miscreants in the form of war,
And methodizing tumult ?

Alas. Have I done this ?

Wal. How must it soothe thy father's hovering shade,
To hear his name, so long to glory dear,
Profaned and sullied in sedition's mouth,
The countersign of turbulence and treason ?

Alas. The proud repulse that suits a charge like this,
I'ferred by lips less revered, I forbear.

Wal. Are you not stained
With foul disloyalty ; a blot indelible ?
Have you not practised on the senseless rabble,
Till disaffection breeds in every breast
And spawns rebellion ?

Alas. No ! by heaven, not so !
With most unworthy patience have I borne
My country's ruin ; seen an ancient state
Struck down by scepters, trampled on by kings,

And fraud and rapine registered in blood,
As Europe's public law, e'en on the authority
Of thrones; this have I seen; yes, like a slave,
A coward, have I seen what well might burst
The patriot's heart, and from its scabbard force
The feeblest sword that ever slumbered at
A courtier's side; yet have I never stirred
My country, never roused her sons to vengeance:
But rather used the sway their love allowed me,
To calm the boiling tumult of their hearts,
Which else had chafed and foamed to desperation.

Hoh. The state is much beholden to Alasco;
And we, her humble instruments, must bow,
And to his interference owe our safety.

Alas. Tyrants, proud lord, are never safe, nor should be.
The ground is mined beneath them as they tread;
Haunted by plots, cabals, conspiracies,
Their lives are long convulsions, and they shake,
Surrounded by their guards and garrisons.

Hoh. Your patriot care, sir, would redress all wrongs
That spring from harsh restraints of law and justice.
Your virtue prompts you to make war on tyrants,
And like another Brutus free your country.

Alas. Why, if there were some slanderous tool of state,
Some taunting, dull, unmannered deputy,
Some district despot prompt to play the Tarquin,
By heaven! I well could act the Roman part,
And strike the brutal tyrant to the earth,
Although he wore the mask of Hohendahl.

Hoh. Ha! darest thou thus provoke me, insolent! *(Draws.*

Wal. *(Advancing between them.)* Rash boy, forbear! My lord
you are too hasty.

Alas. This reproof is your protection from my arm.

Wal. Methinks, young man, a friend of mine might claim
More reverence at your hands.

Alas. Thy friend! by heaven!
That sacred title might command my worship,

But cover not with such a shield his baseness;
His country's foe can be the friend of no man.

Wal. Alasco, this is wild and mutinous;
An outrage, marking deep and settled spleen
To just authority.

Alas. Authority!
Show me authority in honor's garb
And I will down upon the humblest knee
That ever homage bent to sovereign sway:
But shall I reverence pride, and hate, and rapine?
No. When oppression stains the robe of state,
And power's a whip of scorpions in the hands
Of heartless knaves, to lash the o'erburdened back
Of honest industry, the loyal blood
Will turn to bitterest gall, and the o'ercharged heart
Explode in execration.

Hoh. (Going to the side scene.) My servants, there!
Audacious railer! thou provokest my wrath
Beyond forbearance. (Two of the Baron's servants enter.)
Seize the Count Alasco;
I here proclaim him rebel to the state.

Alas. (Drawing and putting himself on his defence.) Slaves!
At your peril venture on my sword.

Wal. My lord! my lord! this is my house; my castle
You do not, cannot mean this violation:
Beneath the sanctuary of a soldier's roof,
His direst foe is safe.

Hoh. But not his sovereign's;
You would not screen a traitor from the law!

Wal. Nor yield a victim, sir, to angry power;
He came in confidence, and shall depart
In safety. Here my honor guards him.

Hoh. Ha!
Your loyalty, my friend, seems rather nice,
And stands upon punctilio.

Wal. Yes, the loyalty
That is not nice, in honor and good faith,

LESSON CXXXVI

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY* ON LIFE AND DEATH.

SHAKESPEARE.

To ~~be~~, or not to be ? that is the question !
 Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
 Or, to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them ! To die ? to sleep ;
 No more ; and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 'That flesh is heir to : 't is a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished ! To die, to sleep :
 To sleep ? perchance to dream ; ay, there 's the rub ;
 For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause ! There 's the respect
 Which makes calamity of so long life :
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 Which patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin ? Who would fardles bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death ;—
 That undiscovered country from whose bourne
 No traveler returns ; puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of !
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,

* So-lilo-quy ; talking to one's self.

Cleaving her path majestic through the flood,
As if she were a goddess of the deep.
O, 'tis a thought sublime, that man can force
A path upon the waste, can find a way
Where all is trackless, and compel the winds,
Those freest agents of Almighty power,
To lend their untamed wings, and bear him on
To distant climes.

2. Thou, William, still art young,
And dost not see the wonder, Thou wilt tread
The buoyant deck, and look upon the flood,
Unconscious of the high sublimity,
As 'twere a common thing; thy soul unawed,
Thy childish sports unchecked; while thinking man,
Shrinks back into himself; himself so mean.
'Mid things so vast; and wrapped in deepest awe,
Bends to the might of that mysterious Power,
Who holds the waters in his hand, and guides
The ungovernable winds. 'Tis not in man
To look unmoved upon that heaving waste,
Which, from horizon to horizon spread,
Meets the o'erarching heavens on every side,
Blending their hues in distant faintness there.
3. 'Tis wonderful! and yet, my boy, just such
Is life. Life is a sea, as fathomless,
As wide, as terrible, and yet sometimes
As calm and beautiful. The light of Heaven
Smiles on it, and 'tis decked with every hue
Of glory and of joy. Anon, dark clouds
Arise, contending winds of fate go forth,
And hope sits weeping o'er a general wreck.
4. And thou must sail upon this sea, a long,
Eventful voyage. The wise may suffer wreck
The foolish must. O, then, be early wise!
Learn from the mariner his skillful art,
To ride upon the waves, and catch the breeze

my character to obloquy, for there must be guilt somewhere, whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine.

4. A man in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me.

5. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field, in defence of their country and virtue, this is my hope. I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government, which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High; which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest; which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or less than the government standard; a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which its cruelty has made.

6. I swear by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear, by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me, that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long, and too patiently, travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope (wild and chimerical as it may appear) there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noble enterprise.

7. Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attain my memory by believing that I

could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence ; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the provincial government speaks for our views ; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad.

8. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant ; in the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and her enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the vengeance of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights ; am I to be loaded with calumny, and not to be suffered to resent or repel it ? No ; God forbid !

9. If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life ; O, ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father ! look down with scrutiny on the conduct of your suffering son ; and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instill into my youthful mind, and for an adherence to which I am now to offer up my life !

10. My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice ; the blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim ; it circulates warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven ! Be yet patient ! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my silent grave ; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished ; my race is run ; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom.

11. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world ; it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph ; for, as no one who knows my motives dare now

vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written'

LESSON CXXXVIII.

IN FAVOR OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

CLAY.

1. AND has it come to this? Are we so humble, so low, so debased, that we dare not express our sympathy for suffering Greece; that we dare not articulate our detestation of the brutal excesses of which she has been the bleeding victim, lest we might offend some one or more of their imperial and royal majesties? If gentlemen are afraid to act rashly on such a subject, suppose, Mr. Chairman, that we unite in a humble petition, addressed to their majesties, beseeching them, that of their gracious condescension they would allow us to express our feelings and our sympathies. How shall it run? "We, the representatives of the FREE people of the United States of America, humbly approach the thrones of your imperial and royal majesties, and supplicate that, of your imperial and royal clemency"—I cannot go through the disgusting recital, my lips have not yet learned to pronounce the sycophantic language of a degraded slave!

2. Are we so mean, so base, so despicable, that we may not attempt to express our horror, utter our indignation, at the most brutal and atrocious war that ever stained earth or shocked high heaven? at the ferocious deeds of a savage and infuriated soldiery, stimulated and urged on by the clergy of a fanatical and inimical religion, and rioting in all the excesses of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the heart sickens and recoils!

3. If the great body of Christendom* can look on calmly

* Chris-ten-dom (kris-en-dum;) countries where the Christian religion prevails

and coolly, whilst all this is perpetrated on a Christian people in its own immediate vicinity, in its very presence, let us, at least, evince that one of its remote extremities is susceptible of sensibility to Christian wrongs, and capable of sympathy for Christian sufferings; that in this remote quarter of the world there are hearts not yet closed against compassion for human woes, that can pour out their indignant feelings at the oppression of a people endeared to us by every ancient recollection and every modern tie.

4. Sir, the committee has been attempted to be alarmed by the dangers to our commerce in the Mediterranean; and a wretched invoice of figs and opium has been spread before us to repress our sensibilities and to eradicate our humanity. Ah! sir, "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" or what shall it avail a nation to save the whole of a miserable trade, and lose its liberties?

LESSON CXXXIX.

SPEECH OF CHATHAM* (THEN MR. PITT) ON BEING TAUNTED WITH HIS YOUTH.

In reply to Mr. Walpole, the minister, (1740,) who had ridiculed the youth of Pitt and the florid style of his oratory.

1. SIR: The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appear to prevail when the passions have subsided.

* Chatham, (Earl of;) formerly prime minister of Great Britain.

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So, after having seen the consequences of
, continues still to blunder, and whose age
obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object
of derision or contempt, and deserves not that his
should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is
he abhorred who, as he has advanced in age, has receded
from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation;
who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and
spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

3. But youth, sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

4. In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modeled by experience.

5. But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves; nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment; age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

6. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that, if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them is the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavor

ors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villany, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

LESSON CXL.

ON TIME.

WHITE.

1. Who needs a teacher to admonish him
That flesh is grass? — that earthly things are mist?
What are our joys but dreams? And what our hopes
But goodly shadows in the summer cloud?
There's not a wind that blows but bears with it
Some rainbow promise. Not a moment flies
But puts its sickle in the fields of life,
And mows its thousands, with their joys and cares.
2. 'T is but as yesterday since on yon stars,
Which now I view, the Chaldee shepherd^a gazed,
In his mid-watch, observant, and disposed
The twinkling hosts, as fancy gave them shape.
Yet, in the interim, what mighty shocks
Have buffeted mankind; whole nations razed;
Cities made desolate; the polished sunk
To barbarism, and once barbaric states
Swaying the wand of science and of arts;
Illustrious deeds and memorable names
Blotted from record, and upon the tongue
Of gray tradition voluble no more!
- 3 Where are the heroes of the ages past?
Where the brave chieftains? where the mighty ones
Who flourished in the infancy of days?
All to the grave gone down! On their fall'n fame,
Exultant, mocking at the pride of man,

^auding to the first astronomical observations, made by the Chaldean shepherds.

Sits grim forgetfulness. The warrior's arm
 Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame ;
 Hushed is his stormy voice, and quenched the blaze
 Of his red eye-ball

4. Yesterday, his name
 Was mighty on the earth ; to-day — 't is what ?
 The meteor of the night of distant years,
 That flashed unnoticed, save by wrinkled eld
 Musing at midnight upon prophecies,
 Who at her only lattice saw the gleam
 Point to the mist-poised shroud, then quietly
 Closed her pale lips, and locked the secret up
 Safe in the charnel's treasures.

5. O how weak
 Is mortal man ! how trifling ! how confined
 His scope of vision ! Puffed with confidence,
 His phrase grows big with immortality ;
 And he, poor insect of a summer's day,
 Dreams of eternal honors to his name,
 Of endless glory and perennial bays.
 He idly reasons of Eternity
 As of the train of ages ; when, alas !
 Ten thousand thousand of his centuries
 Are, in comparison, a little point
 Too trivial for account.

6. O, 't is strange,
 'T is passing strange, to mark his fallacies ;
 Behold him proudly view some pompous pile,
 Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies,
 And smile, and say, My name shall live with this
 Till Time shall be no more ; while at his feet,
 Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust
 Of the fallen fabric of the other day
 Preaches the solemn lesson. He should know
 That Time must conquer ; that the loudest blast
 That ever filled Renown's obstreperous trump,

Fades in the lapse of ages, and expires.
 Who lies inhumed in the terrific gloom
 Of the gigantic pyramid? Or who
 Reared its huge wall? Oblivion laughs, and says,
 The prey is mine. They sleep, and never more
 Their names shall strike upon the ear of man,
 Their memory burst its fetters.

7. Where is Rome?

She lives but in the tale of other times.
 Her proud pavilions are the hermit's home;
 And her long colonnades, her public walks,
 Now faintly echo to the pilgrim's feet,
 Who comes to muse in solitude, and trace,
 Through the rank moss revealed, her honored dust.

8. But not to Rome alone has Fate confined
 The doom of ruin; cities numberless,
 Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Babylon, and Troy,
 And rich Phœnicia; they are blotted out,
 Half razed from memory, and their very name
 And being in dispute!

LESSON CXLI.

TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON.

HARRISON.

1. HARD, hard indeed, was the contest for freedom, and the struggle for independence. The golden sun of liberty had nearly set in the gloom of an eternal night, ere its radiant beams illumined our western horizon. Had not the tutelar saint of Columbia hovered around the American camp, and presided over her destinies, freedom must have met with an untimely grave.

2. Never can we sufficiently admire the wisdom of those statesmen, and the skill and bravery of those unconquerable veterans, who, by their unwearied exertions in the cabinet

my character to obloquy, for there must be guilt somewhere, whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine.

4. A man in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me.

5. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field, in defence of their country and virtue, this is my hope. I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government, which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High; which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest; which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or less than the government standard; a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which its cruelty has made.

6. I swear by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear, by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me, that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long, and too patiently, travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope (wild and chimerical as it may appear) there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noble enterprise.

7. Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attaint my memory by believing that I

giving offence, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

2. Mr. President, it is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

3. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss.

4. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort.

5. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir; she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other.

They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging.

6. And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

7. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne.

8. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained; we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us.

9. They tell us, sir, we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the

delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

10. Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable; and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!!

11. It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace; but there is no peace. The war has actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

LESSON CXLIII.

INDUSTRY NECESSARY TO FORM THE ORATOR.

WARE.

1. THE history of the world is full of testimony to prove how much depends upon industry; not an eminent orator has lived, but is an example of it. Yet, in contradiction to all this, the almost universal feeling appears to be, that industry

vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written'

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IN FAVOR OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

CLAY.

1. AND has it come to this? Are we so humble, so low, so debased, that we dare not express our sympathy for suffering Greece; that we dare not articulate our detestation of the brutal excesses of which she has been the bleeding victim, lest we might offend some one or more of their imperial and royal majesties? If gentlemen are afraid to act rashly on such a subject, suppose, Mr. Chairman, that we unite in a humble petition, addressed to their majesties, beseeching them, that of their gracious condescension they would allow us to express our feelings and our sympathies. How shall it run? "We, the representatives of the FREE people of the United States of America, humbly approach the thrones of your imperial and royal majesties, and supplicate that, of your imperial and royal clemency"—I cannot go through the disgusting recital, my lips have not yet learned to pronounce the sycophantic language of a degraded slave!

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and coolly, whilst all this is perpetrated on a Christian people in its own immediate vicinity, in its very presence, let us, at least, evince that one of its remote extremities is susceptible of sensibility to Christian wrongs, and capable of sympathy for Christian sufferings; that in this remote quarter of the world there are hearts not yet closed against compassion for human woes, that can pour out their indignant feelings at the oppression of a people endeared to us by every ancient recollection and every modern tie.

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In reply to Mr. Walpole, the minister, (1740,) who had ridiculed the youth of Pitt and the florid style of his oratory.

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* Chatham, (Earl of;) formerly prime minister of Great Britain.

2. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

3. But youth, sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

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ON TIME.

WHITE.

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That flesh is grass? — that earthly things are mist?
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But goodly shadows in the summer cloud?
There's not a wind that blows but bears with it
Some rainbow promise. Not a moment flies
But puts its sickle in the fields of life,
And mows its thousands, with their joys and cares.
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Which now I view, the Chaldee shepherd* gazed,
In his mid-watch, observant, and disposed
The twinkling hosts, as fancy gave them shape.
Yet, in the interim, what mighty shocks
Have buffeted mankind; whole nations razed;
Cities made desolate; the polished sunk
To barbarism, and once barbaric states
Swaying the wand of science and of arts;
Illustrious deeds and memorable names
Blotted from record, and upon the tongue
Of gray tradition voluble no more!
3. Where are the heroes of the ages past?
Where the brave chieftains? where the mighty ones
Who flourished in the infancy of days?
All to the grave gone down! On their fall'n fame,
Exultant, mocking at the pride of man,

*Alluding to the first astronomical observations, made by the Chaldean shepherds.

Sits grim forgetfulness. The warrior's arm
 Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame ;
 Hushed is his stormy voice, and quenched the blaze
 Of his red eye-ball!

4. Yesterday, his name
 Was mighty on the earth ; to-day — 't is what ?
 The meteor of the night of distant years,
 That flashed unnoticed, save by wrinkled eld
 Musing at midnight upon prophecies,
 Who at her only lattice saw the gleam
 Point to the mist-poised shroud, then quietly
 Closed her pale lips, and locked the secret up
 Safe in the charnel's treasures.

5. O how weak
 Is mortal man ! how trifling ! how confined
 His scope of vision ! Puffed with confidence,
 His phrase grows big with immortality ;
 And he, poor insect of a summer's day,
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 He idly reasons of Eternity
 As of the train of ages ; when, alas !
 Ten thousand thousand of his centuries
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 'T is passing strange, to mark his fallacies ;
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 Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies,
 And smile, and say, My name shall live with this
 Till Time shall be no more ; while at his feet,
 Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust
 Of the fallen fabric of the other day
 Preaches the solemn lesson. He should know
 That Time must conquer ; that the loudest blast
 That ever filled Renown's obstreperous trump,

Fades in the lapse of ages, and expires.
 Who lies inhumed in the terrific gloom
 Of the gigantic pyramid? Or who
 Reared its huge wall? Oblivion laughs, and says,
 The prey is mine. They sleep, and never more
 Their names shall strike upon the ear of man,
 Their memory burst its fetters.

7. Where is Rome?
 She lives but in the tale of other times.
 Her proud pavilions are the hermit's home;
 And her long colonnades, her public walks,
 Now faintly echo to the pilgrim's feet,
 Who comes to muse in solitude, and trace,
 Through the rank moss revealed, her honored dust.
8. But not to Rome alone has Fate confined
 The doom of ruin; cities numberless,
 Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Babylon, and Troy,
 And rich Phœnicia; they are blotted out,
 Half razed from memory, and their very name
 And being in dispute!

LESSON CXLI.

TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON.

HARRISON.

1. **HARD**, hard indeed, was the contest for freedom, and the struggle for independence. The golden sun of liberty had nearly set in the gloom of an eternal night, ere its radiant beams illumined our western horizon. Had not the tutelar saint of Columbia hovered around the American camp, and presided over her destinies, freedom must have met with an untimely grave.

2. Never can we sufficiently admire the wisdom of those statesmen, and the skill and bravery of those unconquerable veterans, who, by their unwearied exertions in the cabinet

and in the field, achieved for us the glorious Revolution. Never can we duly appreciate the merits of a Washington, who, with but a handful of undisciplined yeomanry, triumphed over a royal army, and prostrated the Lion of England at the feet of the American Eagle. His name, so terrible to his foes, so welcome to his friends, shall live for ever upon the brightest page of the historian, and be remembered with the warmest emotions of gratitude and pleasure by those whom he has contributed to make happy, and by all mankind, when kings, and princes, and nobles, for ages, shall have sunk into their merited oblivion.

3. Unlike them, he needs not the assistance of the sculptor or the architect to perpetuate his memory; he needs no princely dome, no monumental pile, no stately pyramid, whose towering height shall pierce the stormy clouds, and rear its lofty head to heaven, to tell posterity his fame. His deeds, his worthy deeds, alone have rendered him immortal! When oblivion shall have swept away thrones, kingdoms, and principalities; when every vestige of human greatness, and grandeur, and glory, shall have moldered into dust, and the last period of time become extinct; eternity itself shall catch the glowing theme, and dwell with increasing rapture on his name!

LESSON CXLII.

SPEECH ON THE QUESTION OF WAR WITH ENGLAND.

PATRICK HENRY.*

1. THIS, sir, is no time for ceremony. The question before the house is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery. And in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at this time, through fear of

* Patrick Henry: a distinguished Virginian.

giving offence, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

2. Mr. President, it is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

3. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss.

4. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort.

5. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir; she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other.

They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging.

6. And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

7. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne.

8. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained; we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us.

9. They tell us, sir, we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the

delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

10. Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable; and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!!

11. It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace; but there is no peace. The war has actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

LESSON CXLIII.

INDUSTRY NECESSARY TO FORM THE ORATOR.

WARE.

1. THE history of the world is full of testimony to prove how much depends upon industry; not an eminent orator has lived, but is an example of it. Yet, in contradiction to all this, the almost universal feeling appears to be, that industry

can effect nothing, that eminence is the result of accident, and that every one must be content to remain just what he may happen to be.

2. Thus multitudes, who come forward as teachers and guides, suffer themselves to be satisfied with the most indifferent attainments, and a miserable mediocrity, without so much as inquiring how they might rise higher, much less making any attempt to rise. For any other art they would have served an apprenticeship, and would be ashamed to practise it in public before they had learned it.

3. If any one would sing, he attends a master, and is drilled in the very elementary principles, and only after the most laborious process, dares to exercise his voice in public. This he does, though he has scarce any thing to learn but the mechanical execution of what lies, in sensible forms, before his eyes. But the extempore speaker, who is to invent as well as to utter, to carry on an operation of the mind as well as to produce sound, enters upon the work without preparatory discipline, and then wonders that he fails!

4. If he were learning to play on the flute for public exhibition, what hours and days would he spend in giving facility to his fingers, and attaining the power of sweetest and most impressive execution! If he were devoting himself to the organ, what months and years would he labor, that he might know its compass, and be master of its keys, and be able to draw out, at will, all its various combinations of harmonious sound, and its full richness and delicacy of expression!

5. And yet he will fancy that the grandest, the most various, the most expressive of all instruments, which the infinite Creator has fashioned, by the union of an intellectual soul with the powers of speech, may be played upon without study or practice; he comes to it a mere uninstructed tyro, and thinks to manage all its stops, and command the whole compass of its varied and comprehensive power. He finds himself a bungler in the attempt, is mortified at his failure, and settles in his mind forever that the attempt is vain.

6. Success in every art, whatever may be the natural talent,

is always the reward of industry and pains. But the instances are many, of men of the finest natural genius, whose beginning has promised much, but who have degenerated wretchedly as they advanced, because they trusted to their gifts, and made no effort to improve.

7. That there have never been other men of equal endowments with Cicero and Demosthenes, none would venture to suppose; but who have so devoted themselves to this art, or become equal in excellence? If those great men had been content, like others, to continue as they began, and had never made their persevering efforts for improvement, what could their countries have benefited from their genius, or the world have known of their fame? They would have been lost in the undistinguished crowd that sank to oblivion around them.

8. Of how many more will the same remark prove true! What encouragement is thus given to the industrious! With such encouragement, how inexcusable is the negligence which suffers the most interesting and important truths to seem heavy and dull, and fall ineffectual to the ground, through mere sluggishness in the delivery!

9. How unworthy of one who performs the high function of a religious instructor; upon whom depend, in a great measure, the religious knowledge, and devotional sentiment, and final character, of many fellow-beings; to imagine that he can worthily discharge this great concern by occasionally talking for an hour, he knows not how, and in a manner he has taken no pains to render correct, impressive, or attractive! and which, simply through that want of command over himself which study would give, is immethodical, verbose, inaccurate, feeble, trifling! It has been said of the good preacher,

"That truths divine come mended from his tongue."

10. Alas! they come ruined and worthless from such a man as this! They lose that holy energy by which they are to convert the soul and purify man for heaven, and sink in interest and efficacy below the level of those principles which govern the ordinary affairs of this lower world.

LESSON CXLIV.

CATO'S SPEECH OVER HIS DEAD SON.

ADDISON.

1. THANKS to the gods! my boy has done his duty.
 Welcome, my son! Here set him down, my friends,
 Full in my sight; that I may view at leisure
 The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
 How beautiful is death when earned by virtue!
 Who would not be that youth? what pity is it
 That we can die but once to save our country!
 Why sits this sadness on your brow, my friends?
 I should have blushed, if Cato's house had stood
 Secure, and flourished in a civil war.
2. Porcius, behold thy brother! and remember
 Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it!
 When Rome demands — but Rome is now no more!
 The Roman empire's fallen! (Oh! cursed ambition!)
 Fallen into Caesar's hands! Our great forefathers
 Had left him nought to conquer but his country.
3. Porcius, come hither to me! Ah! my son,
 Despairing of success,
 Let me advise thee to withdraw, betimes,
 To our parental seat, the Sabine field,
 Where the great Censor toiled with his own hands,
 And all our frugal ancestors were blessed
 In humble virtues and a rural life.
 There live retired; content thyself to be
 Obscurely good.
 When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
 The post of honor is a private station!
4. Farewell, my friends! If there be any of you
 Who dares not trust the victor's clemency,
 Know, there are ships prepared by my command
 Their sails already op'ning to the winds,
 That shall convey you to the wished-for port.

5. The conqueror draws near ; once more farewell !
 If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
 In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
 Where Cæsar never shall approach us more !
 There, the brave youth with love of virtue fired,
 Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
 Shall know he conquered ! The firm patriot there,
 Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
 Though still by faction, vice, and fortune crossed,
 Shall find the generous labor was not lost.

LESSON CXLV.

IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.*

BONNOTE.

1. To make a proper use of that short and uncertain portion of time allotted us for our mortal pilgrimage, is a proof of wisdom ; to use it with economy, and dispose of it with care, discovers prudence and discretion. Let, therefore, no part of your time escape without making it subservient to the wise purposes for which it was given ; it is the most inestimable of treasures.

2. You will find a constant employment of your time conducive to health and happiness, and not only a sure guard against the encroachments of vice, but the best recipe for contentment. Seek employment ; languor and ennui shall be unknown ; avoid idleness ; banish sloth ; vigor and cheerfulness will be your enlivening companions ; admit not guilt to your hearts, and terror shall not interrupt your slumbers. Follow the footsteps of virtue ; walk steadily in her paths ; she will conduct you through pleasant and flowery paths to the temple of peace ; she will guard you from the wily snares of vice, and heal the wounds of sorrow and disappointment which time may inflict.

* The sentiment of the following piece should be indelibly impressed on the mind of every youth.

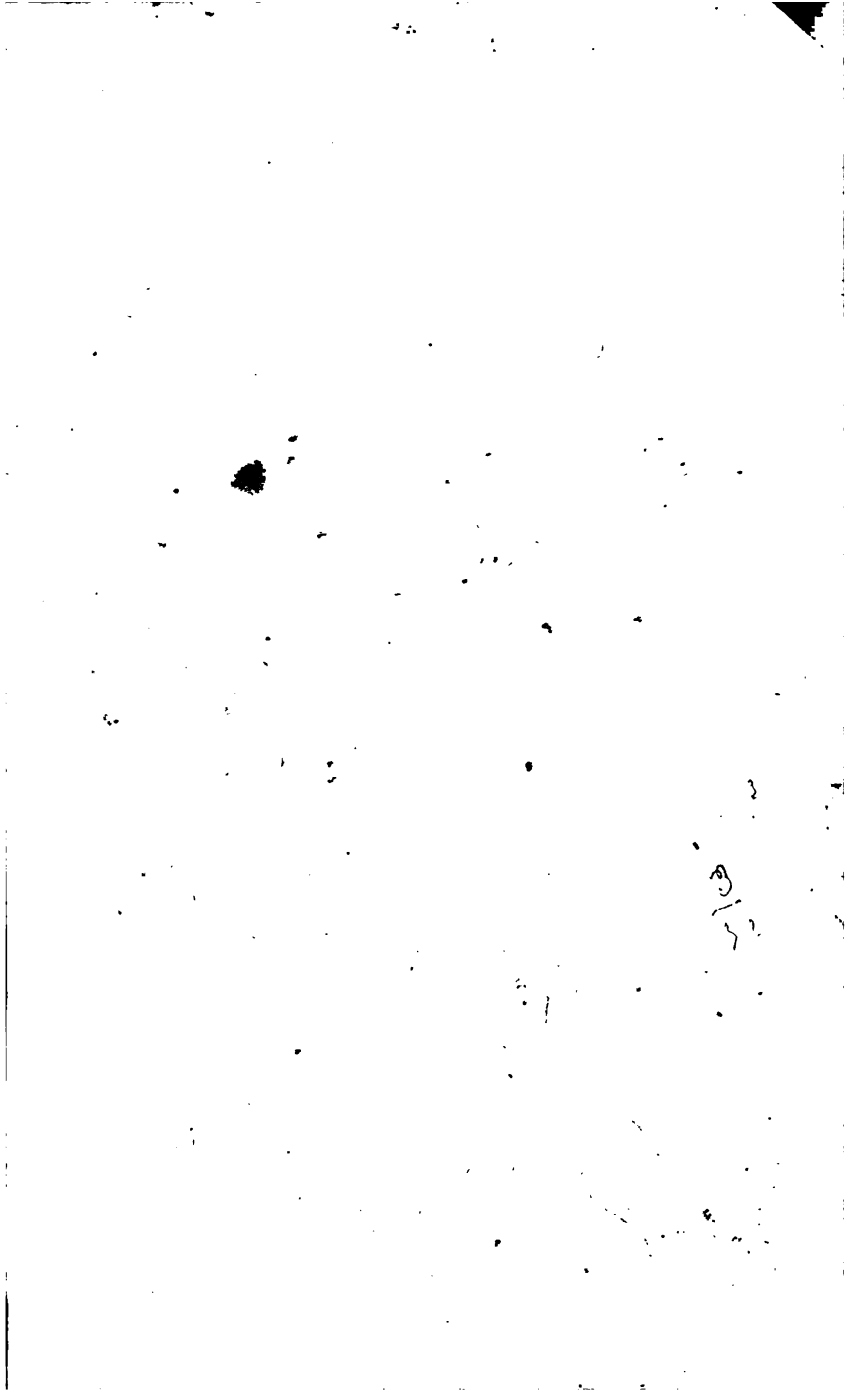
3. By being constantly and usefully employed, the destroyer of mortal happiness will have but few opportunities of making his attacks; and by regularly filling up your precious moments, you will be less exposed to dangers. Venture not, then, to waste an hour, lest the next should not be yours to squander. Hazard not a single day in guilty or improper pursuits, lest the day which follows should be ordained to bring you an awful summons to the tomb; a summons to which youth and age are equally liable.

4. Reading improves the mind; and you cannot better employ a portion of your leisure time than in the pursuit of knowledge. By observing a regular habit of reading, a love of it will soon be acquired. It will prove an unceasing amusement, and a pleasant resource in the hours of sorrow and discontent; an unfailing antidote against languor and indolence. Much caution is, however, necessary in the choice of books; it is among them as among human characters—many would prove dangerous and pernicious advisers; they tend to mislead the imagination, and give rise to a thousand erroneous opinions and ridiculous expectations.

5. I would not, however, wish to deprive you of the pleasures of society or of rational amusement; but let your companions be select; let them be such as you can love for their good qualities, and whose virtues you are desirous to emulate; let your amusements be such as will tend, not to corrupt and vitiate, but to correct and amend the heart.

6. Finally, I would earnestly request you never to neglect employing a portion of your time in addressing your heavenly Father, in paying him that tribute of prayer and praise which is so justly his due as "the Author of every good and perfect gift," as our Creator, Preserver, and Redeemer, "in whom we live, and move, and have our being," and without whose blessing none of our undertakings will prosper.

7. Thus, by employing the time given you in the service of virtue, you will pass your days with comfort to yourself and those around you, and by persevering to the end, shall at length obtain "a crown of glory which fadeth not away."



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